MAY 1 1 '59

The Saturday Evening
POST

May 16, 1959 – 15¢

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Our Gamble With Destiny

By STEWART ALSOP

WARNING TO YOUNG MEN

By Eric Sevareid

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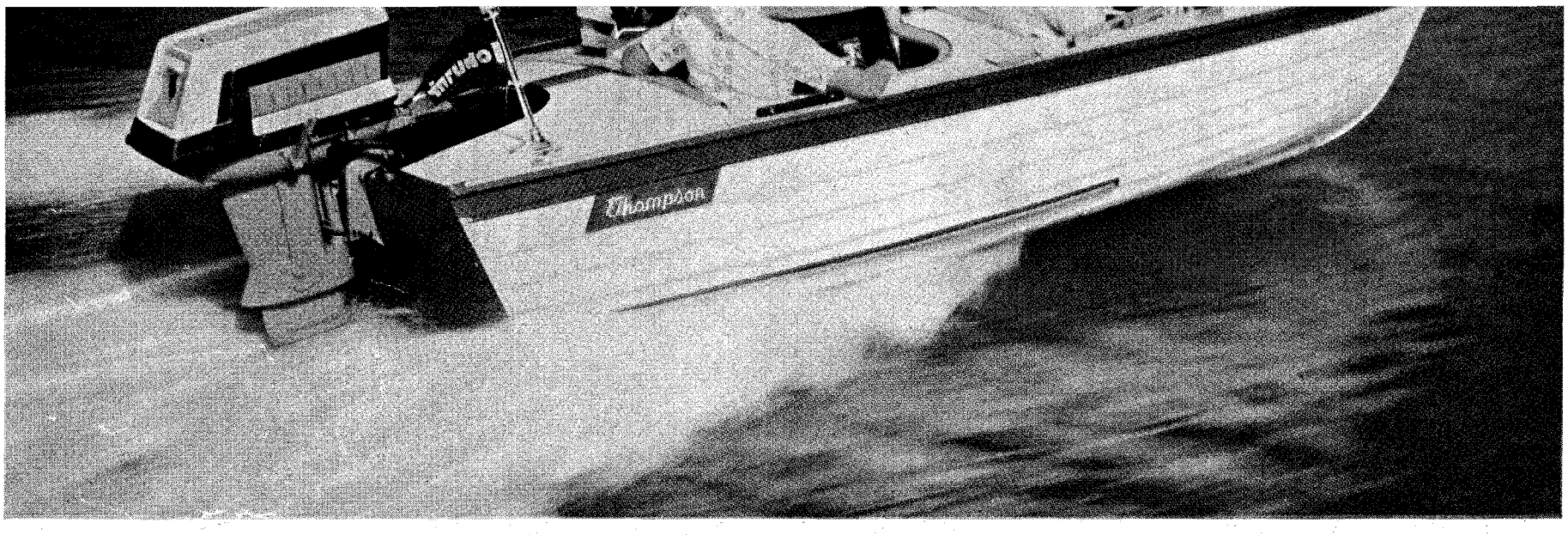

ISN'T IT TIME YOU TRIED IT?

be our guest...fun test an Evinrude!

What can you do today half so wonderful? One ride with a Golden Jubilee Evinrude will be a revelation in performance, economy, handling ease, safety . . . and family fun! It's REVELATION RIDE time now at your Evinrude dealer's. Call him—he's listed under "Outboard Motors" in your phone book. Catalog free—write: Evinrude Motors, 4175 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wis. *A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation.* In Canada: Mfd. by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough

Feel that urge to be outdoors? Wouldn't it be wonderful to be winging across the sparkling blue water? And why not!

Your Evinrude dealer would like nothing better than to welcome your family aboard . . . to let you turn the key and feel that sleek new Evinrude leap to life. Listen to its soft purr. That's *sound-sealed cushioned power* . . . quietest, smoothest power afloat! Shift gears, hold onto your hat, and hit the throttle. You'll know—instantly—why these new *thermostat-controlled* Evinrudes are setting the pace in performance! You'll know the tingling sense of excitement that comes every time you step aboard your Evinrude-powered outfit . . . the golden days of adventure ahead . . . cruising, relaxing, skiing, fishing, *living!*

The plain truth is—you're missing a rewarding experience until you try a "Revelation Ride!" Your Evinrude dealer invites you to make a date for *your* "Revelation Ride" now!

EVINRUDE

50th JUBILEE

FIRST IN OUTBOARDS . . .

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Bufferin® gives twice-as-fast pain relief without upset stomach!

1 **Aspirin can cause stomach upset!** All 3 leading pain remedies contain aspirin, (a) Bufferin, (b) the remedy advertised as a "combination of ingredients" and (c) plain aspirin. But aspirin alone is acid, *acetylsalicylic acid*. It can increase stomach acidity, upset your stomach.

2 **Bufferin protects against stomach upset!** *Only* Bufferin adds to its aspirin Di-Alminate*, an exclusive combination of two special antacids, that protects you against the *aspirin irritation* so often associated with the other two leading brands of pain relievers.

3 **Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin** for millions, even faster for many others. That's because Bufferin gets its pain reliever into the blood stream, where it must go to relieve pain, with truly *incredible speed*. And clinical tests prove it again and again!

FOR SAFE, FASTER RELIEF of headaches, muscular aches and pains, neuralgia and painful cold miseries, take 2 Bufferin tablets, the modern pain remedy. They contain no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine.

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin for millions . . . even faster for many others!

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

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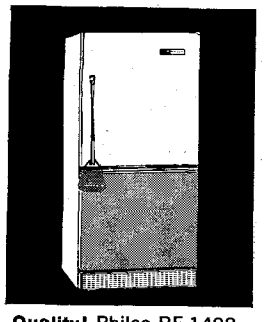
This is why I bought a Philco

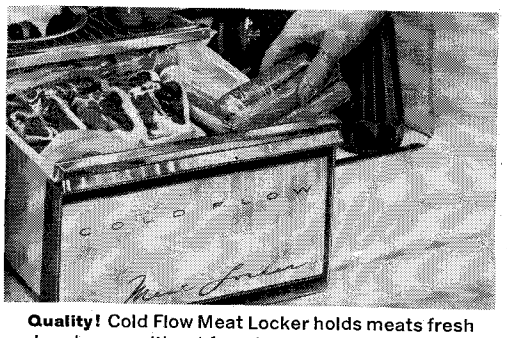
THIS TAG MAKES CHOOSING PHILCO EASY because it makes comparing so easy. It's the new Philco Quality Comparison Purse that shows you how you can see, touch and compare Philco's outstanding quality for yourself — before you put down one dollar for *any* refrigerator.

WHEN YOU COMPARE, YOU, TOO, WILL FIND true quality: careful construction, fine workmanship . . . only the sturdiest materials where strength is needed . . . plus ingenious features not found in any other refrigerator! Look for the new 1959 models with their red tags—at Philco dealers now.



Quality! Philco RF-1498 with Tri-frigeration has "True Zone" automatic defrost refrigerator.

Quality! Zero Zone Freezer of nearly 5.18 cu. ft. has room for up to 181 lbs. of frozen foods. Glide-out basket. Stores large reserve of frozen juices, soups, ice cubes, etc.



Quality! Cold Flow Meat Locker holds meats fresh days longer without freezing or spoiling, at proper storage temperature. Smooth porcelain, easy to clean.

Quality! New Lazy-Susan Pull-Out Shelf is the easiest-to-use storage shelf ever designed. Pulls out, pulls to the right or left, revolves completely. There are no posts anywhere.

PHILCO

QUALITY FIRST!

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Why is papa not going to church—is he ill? No, his health is sound, except that he is suffering a momentary chill as his family coldly passes by. Is the poor man just hopelessly tired out? From what—yesterday's golf? Well, is he taking a vacation from church because he attended the last six Sundays? So did his family. All right, the defense not only rests but gives up. Papa may be an estimable man, but right now he has lapsed into a red-devil phase, and artist Norman Rockwell is quite warranted in equipping him with horns. May papa's chill last until he repents, until he resolves that sinning in this way is just too uncomfortable to be fun. When Norman Rockwell was asked, "Those two lasses are twins, right?" he said, "They ought to be. I only hired one model."

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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

One of the fascinating facts turned up by research is that this country has five million more women than men—and lots of men like it that way. If you doubt it, just ask any girl, or better yet, go see M-G-M's "Ask Any Girl", one of the freshest comedy ideas in years.

Filmed in Metrocolor and CinemaScope, it stars David Niven, Shirley MacLaine, Gig Young and a delightful cast of males and females trailing each other with frankly sinister intent.

On a day like any other, pert Meg Wheeler (Shirley) arrives in New York searching for a career, which means one wedding ring. Immediately all sorts of guys gallivant through her life. Object—anything but matrimony. There is the sweater tycoon who tries to take inventory of his merchandise, with Meg wearing it; or the lonesome lad who lures her for a weekend to his aunt's house, which is auntless; or the beatniks whose feverish cha-cha-cha forces her to spend the night in the bathtub.

But Meg fights bravely for her fair name, finally landing a job at Doughton & Doughton (David Niven and Gig Young), a research agency. When Meg goes for Gig, an altar glint in her eye, Niven collaborates with scientific sorcery. In the name of research on another guy's love life, he digs into Gig's little black book, dating the prettiest of pets, ferreting out each girl's romantic secret: the fatal perfume of one, the flaming red hair of another—the fluttery eyelashes, the art of the sweet, spiritual kiss.

Packaging Meg with all these attributes, Niven makes her provocative, impudent, pensive, unconventional, hilarious—and stuns Gig into sudden yearnings. But Niven is caught in his own tender trap and the big question is into whose arms will Meg fall.

The acting is all topnotch, including some superb portrayals of prowlers in the vineyards of Venus by Claire Kelly, Rod Taylor and Jim Backus. Winifred Wolfe wrote the riotous book that inspired the Euterpe production. A rousing salute to vet producer Joe Pasternak, director Charles Walters and script writer George Wells for this freshest, frankest, funniest of film entertainments. So ask absolutely anyone to see "Ask Any Girl."

P.S. This is David Niven's first starring appearance since winning the Academy Award as "Best Actor of the Year!"

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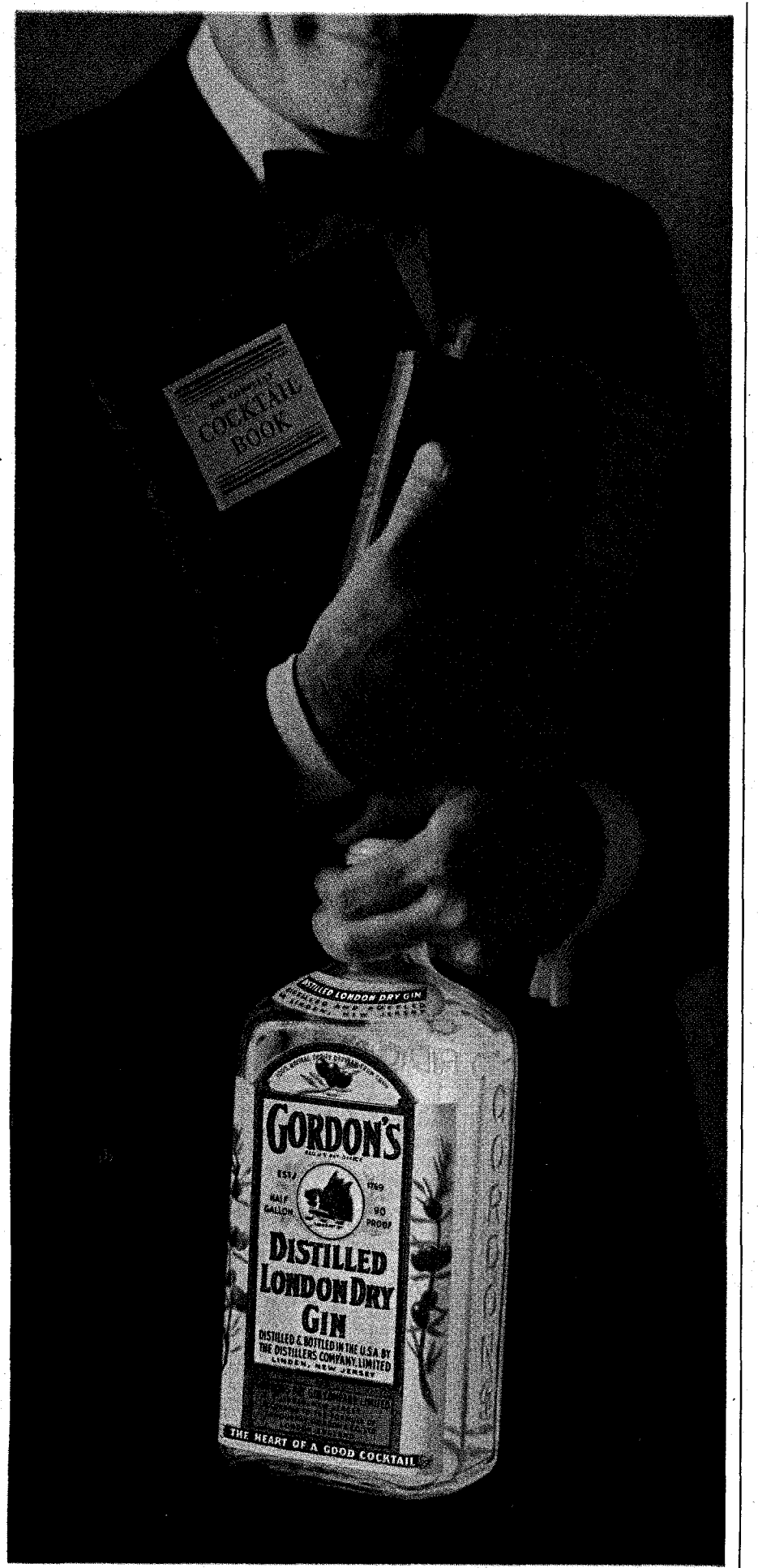
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THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Gordon's Gin comes to you with the best of references . . . Traditional drink recipe books name Gordon's as the original base of many of the world's classic gin drinks. For over 189 years, Gordon's has been recognized as the gin essential to any authentically fine gin creation. Gordon's Gin—first distilled in 1769 according to Gordon's Original English Recipe—is still traditionally distilled for perfect flavor. *There's no Gin like* GORDON'S GIN

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Letters

Medical Malpractice

Dear Sirs:

After reading the [first] article on MEDICINE'S LEGAL NIGHTMARE [by Milton Silverman, Apr. 11–25] telling about the seemingly unjust lawsuits brought against doctors for malpractice, I happened to turn to this cartoon of Ted Key's in the same issue. Unfortunately

"He was quietly filling out his income tax...."

this poor doctor does not even realize that taking his patient's pulse with his thumb will be ineffective, since he will be able to feel only his own pulse which runs through his thumb.

PEGGY BEEBE
Nashua, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

Excellently written and reported.

R. B. RICHARDS, M.D.
Fort Morgan, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

A very lucid presentation.

Is it possible that this same searching spotlight could now be turned upon two other problems? The first, the problem of collecting malpractice damages against lawyers in the event that their services are negligent; the second, the problem of collecting damages for suffering which may be caused by a necessarily free press.

JAMES T. CONNORS, M.D.
Lake Arrowhead, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Decidedly prejudiced in favor of doctors and the A.M.A. As it happens, I am one of those with a malpractice case pending in New Jersey. My experience in no way parallels the cases pointed out by Silverman.

Although I . . . know many prominent lawyers, I had one hell of a time getting a lawyer—even among those fresh from law school—to even read a brief summary of my case. They all told me frankly that they were not interested in taking *any* kind of case against a doctor because they could get no doctor to testify as an expert—as required by New Jersey law. . . . And don't think all of the doctors don't know this.

The case briefly is this: My wife is an Rh Negative, so we went to a doctor who had personal experience along these lines. When my wife was pregnant for the third time (usually when the Rh factor hits) she began to bleed very badly and I called the doctor, who lived nearby. He was having a party and refused to attend her even if I brought her to his home. He told me to put her to bed and she would be okay.

I finally took her to the hospital and a strange doctor had to take over. As a result, our baby died. . . . The autopsy showed the delay in giving the baby a transfusion had cost him his life. My wife, incidentally, had suffered a ruptured placenta (afterbirth) and would have died if I hadn't disregarded my own physician's advice.

Complaints to the A.M.A. and other medical bodies did no good. Our only recourse was to file suit. . . .

My wife and I are not chronic suit filers. It is the first time we have brought legal action against anyone. . . .

I have no quarrel with the A.M.A. and I am not an exponent of socialized medicine in any form. My best friend is a doctor and I have a high respect for the profession after seeing them in action in the Pacific. But don't you think the bad members of the profession should be exposed?

NAME WITHHELD

Dear Sirs:

"The doctor not only applied the wrong procedures, but he deliberately tried to conceal his wrongdoing, and he sent the patient an extortionate bill." Outcome: a quick cash settlement out of court.

Please tell me why such a man is allowed to pay for his crime with money.

MRS. LEONARD WEISMAN
Baldwin, L.I., N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

How ignorant and ungrateful can people be?

As a student nurse, I know the plight of the medical men and the schemes of patients, lying in hospital beds, just waiting for a chance to sue the men who labor to save and protect their lives.

KAREN FADELEY, S. N.
Struthers, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Should be an eye opener to the general public. . . .

It is a horrible state of affairs that a profession must be under a continual threat of being sued and must practice according to the precedents set by judges and juries. If a few jurors could be sued, it might change the trend of things.

DAYTON T. PULFORD, M.D.
Toledo, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I'm afraid you've been caught off base. . . .

Juries do not hate doctors; they are sympathetic to them. Malpractice cases are easy to defend and hard for a plaintiff to win. But doctors may err, and sometimes do, badly; many undertake tasks for which they are completely unfitted. And when patients emerge maimed, crippled, paralyzed or blinded, they, like all other citizens, are entitled to justice.

Let me assure you that courts and juries have done a pretty reasonable job in sifting the facts of the cases presented—and the better lawyers turn down fifteen unworthy such cases for every one they accept.

JOHN ALAN APPLEMAN
Attorney at Law
Urbana, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

What a shame that "malpractice" suits cannot be [brought against] those laymen treating themselves and friends with an unknown drug that "cured my fever, you take one and see if it doesn't cure yours."

JEANNE THOMAS
Savannah, Ga.

(Continued on Page 6)

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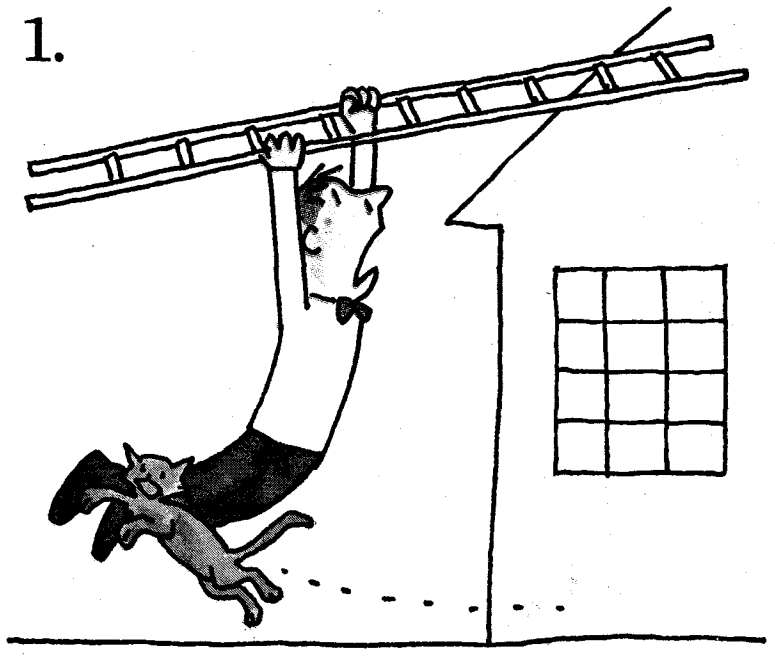
How Lou Piper outwits black cats

1.

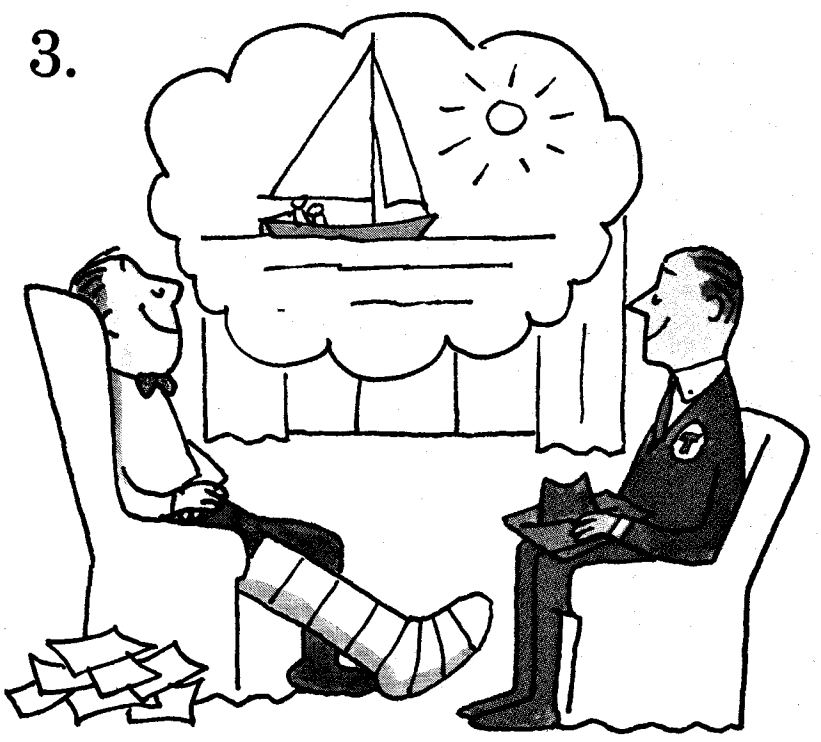


Lou Piper was a careful man, he knew the safety rules.
He'd always think before he'd act and always check his tools.
But one day holding ladder high, he didn't see the cat,
So over flew our hero Lou. Now who could foresee *that!*

2.

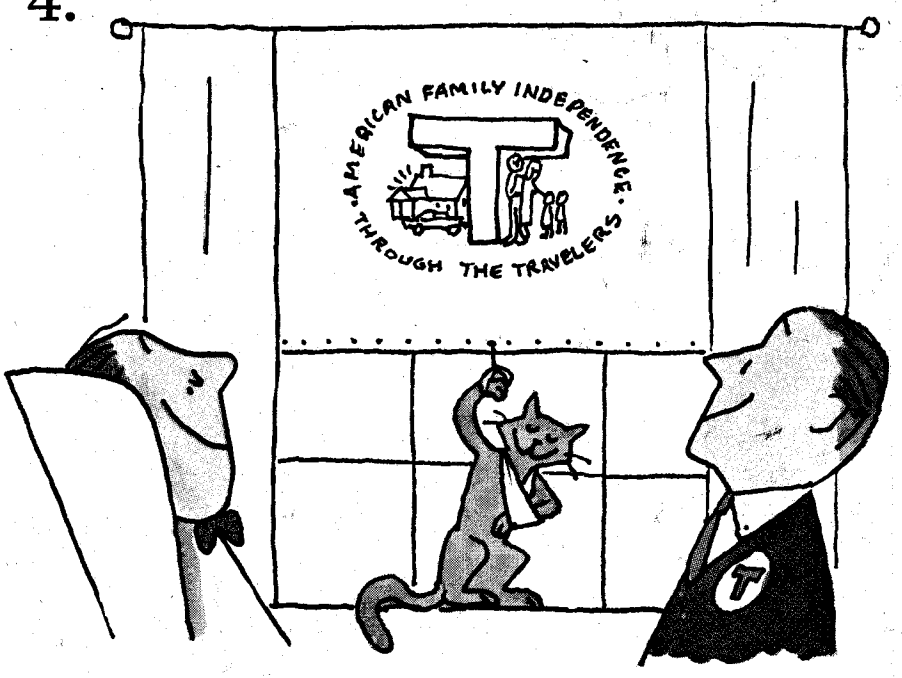
Poor Lou sustained a fractured leg, all nicely cased in plaster,
And piles of bills, yet as they came our hero's grin grew vaster.
For under Health and Accident, The Travelers eased the cost,
And every week they sent a check offsetting wages lost.

3.



Lou Piper is a happy man, his family's secured
Against most all contingencies. He's Travelers well-insured.
His Travelers life insurance can pay off his mortgaged home,
Or when retirement day arrives, he'll have the cash to roam.

4.



Lou's property, his health and life—the family sedan,
One monthly payment covers all with Travelers' Budget Plan.
American Family Independence—a carefree life for all—
Can be *yours*, too! Just give your trusty Travelers man a call.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through **THE TRAVELERS**
Insurance Companies
HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

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NEW! Seamfree Boxers*
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Only Jockey brand boxers have it: a new, one-piece tailoring technique! Constructed from a single piece of cloth, these Seamfree boxers provide generous roominess where you need it. No seams to sit on . . . no seams to mar the flawless, smooth styling. And, of course, no creeping, no chafing, no binding—just the ultimate in comfort! Jockey Seamfree boxers wear easily, wash easily. You'll like them!

fashioned by the House of Coopers®

COOPER'S, INCORPORATED · KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

*PAT. APP. FOR

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Suitable

In Answer to Your Question, Son . . .

Your belly button, little man,
Is what holds on your coat of tan.

Tom Congdon
(in Apr. 4 Post)

Dear Sirs:

Second thoughts on "In Answer to Your Question, Son . . .":

It has another use, to boot;
It buttons up your birthday suit.

RUTH WARNER WEBSTER
Holliston, Mass.

Enteresting Monster

Dear Sirs:

Surprisingly to know I am 7 yrs. old and find THE TALE OF THE FOURTH STRANGER [by Anthony Coburn, Apr. 4] enteresting.

DALE RHODES
Centerdale, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

Coburn writes: "I reasoned that the monster [below, painting by Ben Stahl] was probably a mammal . . . in which case the cavern should be ventilated." Fine! So I carry in my mind the idea of a mammal, and figure toward the end of the tale that a young monster is what is

left on the ledge. But it turns out to be an *egg!* Please, what mammal lays eggs?

PRUDENCE GREEN
Arlington, Mass.

● *Says Coburn: "There are in fact two species of mammals only found in Australia which both lay eggs and suckle their young, and these are The Duck-Billed Platypus and The Echidna or Spiny Anteater. Nobody believed in either of these species when they were first reported, and I fear that my Oomallunga Monster will be awarded the same reception."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

A fine tale which captured the atmosphere of legend, witchcraft and Beowulf. The ending was superb.

W. D. BURDICK
Cortland, N.Y.

Criticizing the Teachers

Dear Sirs:

DON'T STOP CRITICIZING US TEACHERS [by Earl H. Hanson, Apr. 11] proves that things are getting better.

I well remember that some years ago a mother of a high-school student told me about a professor who appeared before the local P.T.A. and declared, "It's completely unjustified—what is being said about *we* English teachers."

JEROME BEATTY
Roxbury, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Hanson welcomes criticism of American schools and teaching.

Here goes, then, to oblige him. In my humble but necessary work as a post-office mail sorter, I have handled large amounts of mail matter coming from the U.S.A. Few of these items have been

legibly addressed. Indeed, the handwriting on most American letters and even on valuable parcels is so poor that it is the cause of much delay and confusion. . . .

Illegible handwriting is also proof of selfishness and bad manners. The writer takes no trouble to make his words clear, but expects the reader to take a lot of trouble to puzzle them out. . . .

Of course, the deciphering of American writing acts as a stimulus, to keep us on the alert.

JOHN C. BUCKLEY
Kitscoty, Alberta

Dear Sirs:

Splendid display of good common sense. . . . It is leadership of this quality which will guide the schools through the current wave of criticism to higher levels of service to our country.

ABEL A. HANSON, *General Secretary*
Teachers College, Columbia U.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Hanson said that students of all kinds of intelligence like rock-'n'-roll music. May I inform him that we recently completed tests at the school at which I teach, comparing I.Q. marks with musical tastes. Testing 600 students, we found that students with high I.Q.'s prefer classical music and modern jazz. Students with average intelligence quotients will tolerate rock 'n' roll . . . but seem to prefer semi-classical, swing, dance bands, etc. It was only in the lower I.Q. brackets that we found a zealous love of rock 'n' roll. Apparently these students make the most noise, and radio stations follow with poor music.

M. L. FORD
Monroe, Conn.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

24–Roul Tunley; George Hunter from FPG; Erich Hartmann from Magnum. • 25–Roul Tunley; map by Zen Yonkovig; Roul Tunley; Erich Hartmann from Magnum; George Hunter from FPG. • 26, 27–Fred Ludekens. • 28, 29–Bill Shrout. • 30–Fred Otnes. 31–United Press International; Ollie Atkins. • 32, 33–Joern Gerdts. • 34–Wide World; Ollie Atkins. • 35–Amos Sewell. • 36–Gus Pasquarella; Tom V. Matthews. • 37–Gus Pasquarella. • 38, 39–Peter Stevens. • 40–Philippe Halsman. • 42, 43–James R. Bingham. 47–Earl Mayan. • 124–Frank Garner; Frank Smith; anonymous.

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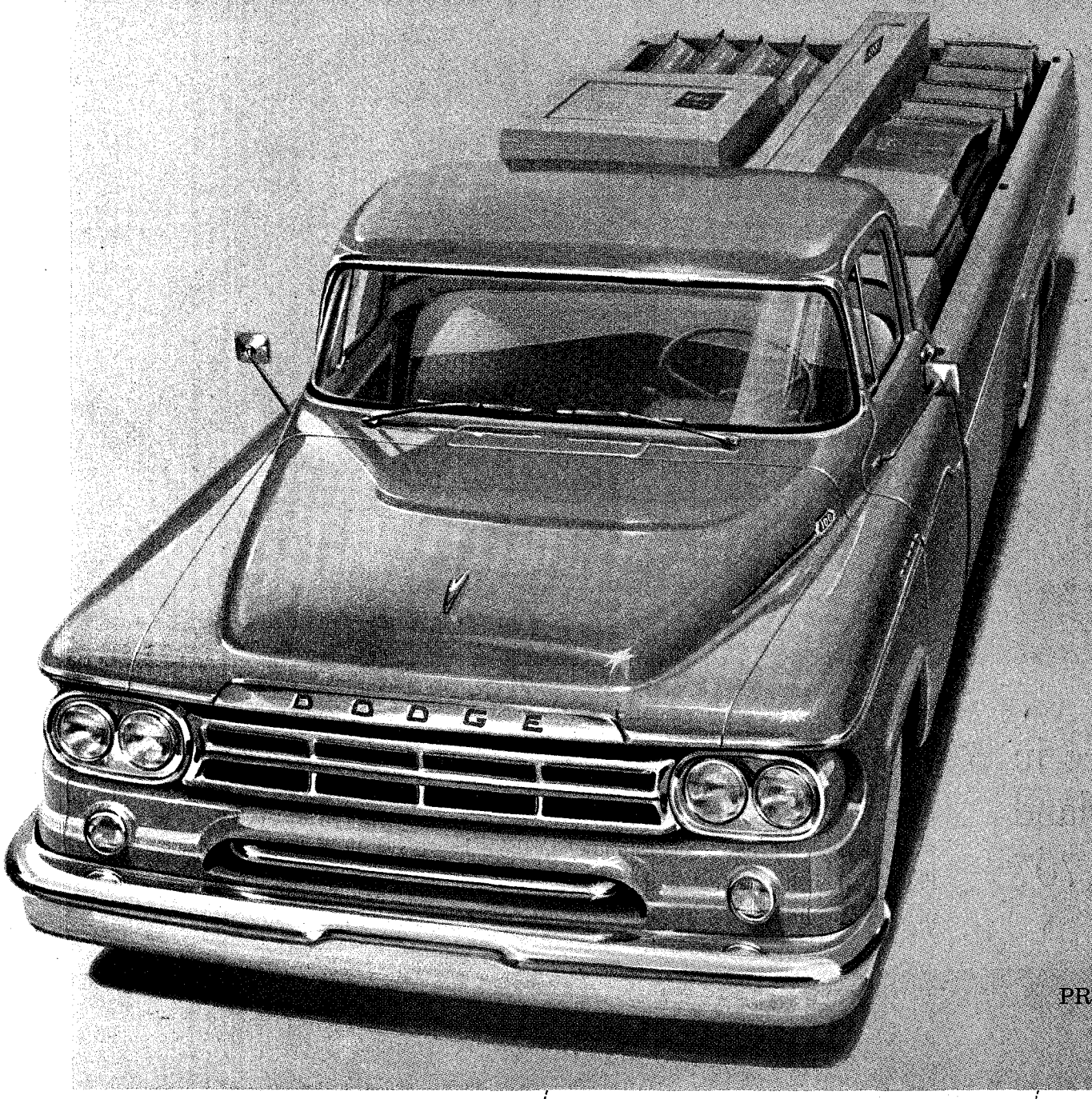
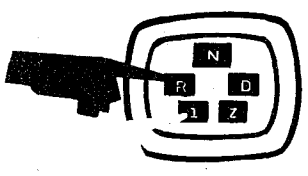


'59 DODGE SWEPTLINE

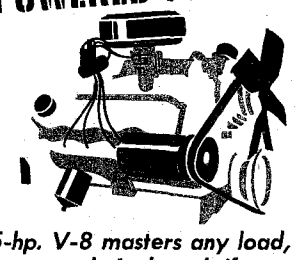
Empty or loaded, this handsome pick-up performs with the same get-up-and-go. Its spirited 205-horsepower V-8 handles capacity loads with pep and zip to spare. Try this comfortable Sweptline . . . it has the ride and handling you'd expect in a passenger car. Let your Dodge dealer show you that the truck with the most is PRICED WITH THE LOWEST.

PUSH-BUTTON DRIVING



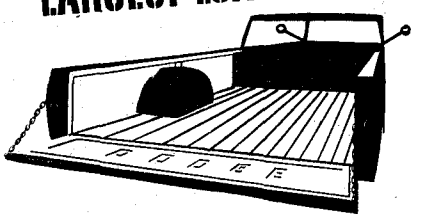
Another Dodge Truck exclusive— just push the button and away you go!

POWERED FOR ACTION



This lively 205-hp. V-8 masters any load, any road. And on thrifty regular gas!

LARGEST LOAD SPACE



More payload space than in any pick-up. Save trips and time by hauling more each trip!

TODAY IT'S REAL SMART TO CHOOSE

DODGE TRUCKS *the trucks with the most*

SEE YOUR DODGE TRUCK DEALER AND TAKE A DODGE DISCOVERY DRIVE NOW!

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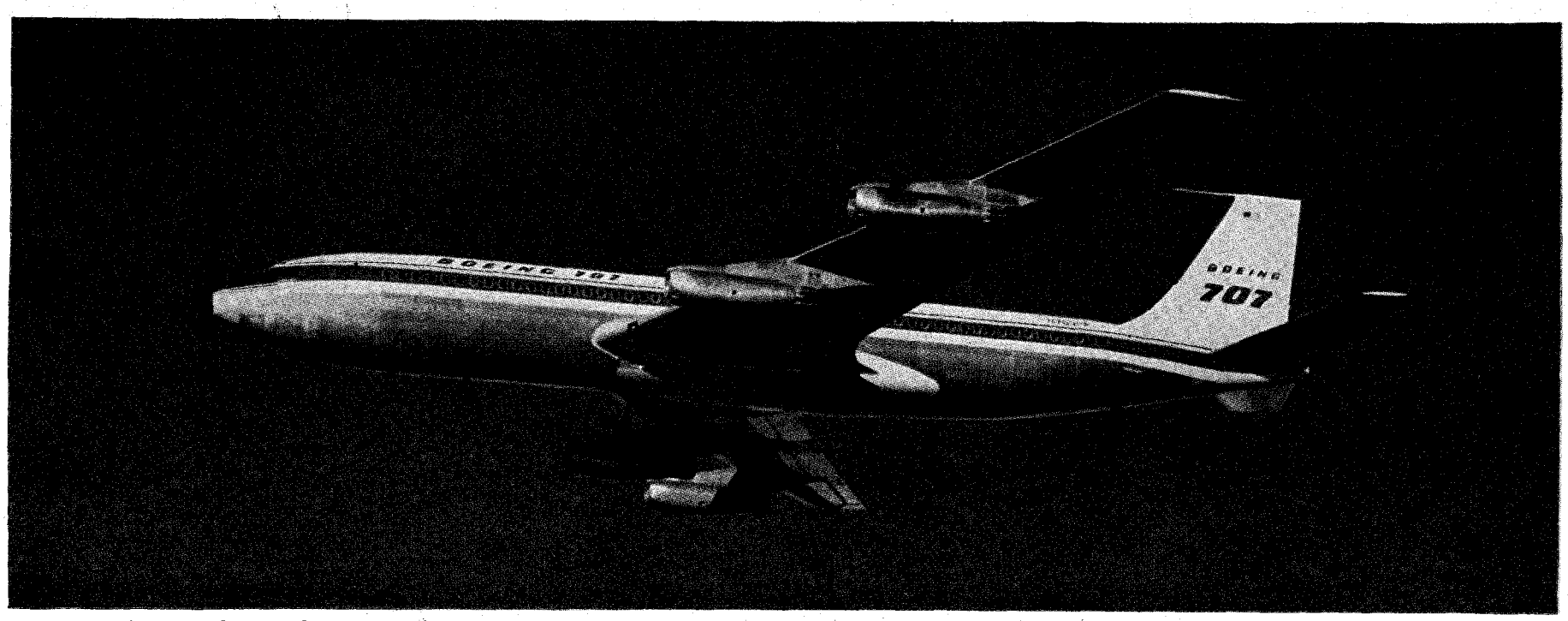
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alice in today's wonderland ...the jet 707

Softly, surely and oh so smoothly—at a mere 600 miles an hour!
That's flight in the wonderland world of the Boeing 707, the most thoroughly flight-tested airliner ever to enter commercial service. Already more than 230,000 little girls, mothers, dads and brothers have been whisked over the weather, above the rainbow, on the calmest, yet most thrilling flight of their lives . . . aboard the Boeing 707, the most popular new airliner in aviation history. Take *your* next trip in the wonderful 707!



These airlines have ordered 707s or shorter-range 720s: AIR FRANCE • AIR-INDIA INTERNATIONAL • AMERICAN AIRLINES • BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS • BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION • CONTINENTAL AIR LINES • CUBANA DE AVIACION • IRISH AIR LINES • LUFTHANSA GERMAN AIRLINES • PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS • QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS • SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES • SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS • TRANS WORLD AIRLINES • UNITED AIR LINES • VARIG AIRLINES OF BRAZIL • *Also the* MILITARY AIR TRANSPORT SERVICE

BOEING 707 and 720

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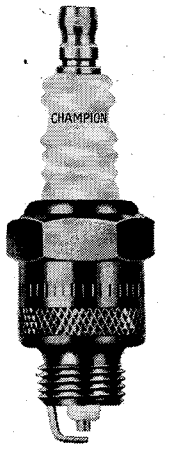
For the safe, dependable power they *must* have, more aircraft use Champions than any other spark plug. Above, Cessna float plane

Q. Why do more aircraft the world over use Champions than any other spark plug?

A. In the air, *dependable* power is vital! To get that same dependable power in your car, put in new Champions every 10,000 miles. You'll save gasoline, too!



World's favorite spark plug—engineered for every car built by Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors, Studebaker-Packard and every major foreign maker.

CHAMPION

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Editorials

Must Our Food Surplus be Treated as an Evil?

By JOHN BIRD

Science fiction utilizes a mysterious nerve gas which destroys the victim's sense of reality, rendering him aimless. The hot air surrounding the farm problem has much the same effect.

Certainly, the hodgepodge of Federal farm programs, which are costing taxpayers $5,400,000,000 this fiscal year, can't claim to have solved the farm problem. Surpluses of corn, wheat and cotton mount higher and higher. Contrary to a popular impression, the farmers' net income from all sources, including Government payments, has declined; in 1958 it was 23 per cent less than in 1947 in terms of a stable dollar. Per-capita income of farmers is only about half that of nonfarmers. In many respects the outlook of the people on the land is as uncertain as ever.

The Federal farm programs have but slight actual bearing on the challenges the farmer faces today, as a great technological upheaval swiftly changes the face and foundation of rural America. The programs fail to answer the increasingly urgent question: How can the nation use the bounty that its agriculture provides?

The systematic application of research to agriculture has resulted in break-throughs which vastly increase the ability of the farmer to produce food and fiber. Last year on the smallest acreage in forty years, United States farmers harvested the largest crop output in history. Within the past generation the amount of food that a farmer can produce from an acre has increased 70 per cent. Our agriculture has become superproductive.

Like nuclear fission, our explosive farm productivity can bring disaster if not wisely guided. Any realistic national farm policy must recognize that United States farmers aren't farming half as well as they know how.

For example, the average milk cow now gives more than three tons of milk a year—a great improvement over a generation ago, but still far from the eight or ten tons that the best cows, scientifically bred and fed, can yield. Through the use of artificial insemination, the inheritance of the most productive dairy animals is being widely distributed. The average United States corn yield now is around fifty-one bushels an acre, but science has made it possible to double or triple it.

Meanwhile, researchers are unlocking more of nature's secrets through the use of new scientific tools. Where plant breeders in the past relied on rare accidents in nature to produce "sports" with new characteristics, they now bombard seeds with radioactivity to create mutations in a hurry.

As yet, our patchwork of farm laws has given no answers to questions such as the following:

1. *How can agriculture become even more productive—as it will—without repeatedly putting farm people through an economic wringer?* Theoretically, the laws of supply and demand eventually would bring farm output into balance with effective markets—but this harsh kind of "adjustment" can bring all of agriculture close to bankruptcy, a price this country no longer is prepared to pay. At the same time, the present so-called control programs have been overridden by rocketing yields.

2. *Is the family-type farm going to be able to maintain its traditional key place in the new kind of agriculture that rapidly is evolving? If so, how?* The tide of mechanization and specialization means, as a rule, that small farm units must consolidate into larger ones to utilize modern machines and methods. Capital investment and costs per farm unit continue to expand. A corn-belt farm, which represented a prewar investment of $29,000, now stands at $97,000. Perhaps just as the small, independent craftsman disappeared from industry, so the small, independent farmer is doomed to disappear from our agriculture, to be replaced by large, industrial-type operations. In any event, within the past ten years alone the farm population has shrunk by more than 5,000,000.

3. *Must national farm policies continue to be negative in concept, designed only to fight rear-guard actions against advancing technology?* The most urgent need of agriculture today is a positive means to move its booming output into useful consumption. If a positive attack on the problem requires subsidy, the taxpayers' money might be more effectively employed for the expansion of consumption, aiding needed improvement of the United States diet, rather than futile acreage control. In addition, the vast supplies of dried milk, flour, soybeans, butter and rice that are sterile "surplus" can become highly useful capital when transferred to backward, hunger-ridden nations. The United States now is disposing of some surplus commodities to such nations—but the times call for a much bolder approach, such as large-scale loans of surplus commodities to friendly countries, wherever these can become sources of energy for self-development.

We can, of course, drift along, risking a farm depression and the sorry spectacle of the leading capitalistic nation smothering in its own plenty. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson has urged that Government price supports to farmers be made flexible, so that they could be used to discourage, rather than encourage, the output of surplus crops. No doubt this would lessen the heavy drain on the Treasury, but it will take far more than a rejiggering of price supports to convert our farms' superproductivity from a liability into the national and international asset that it should be.

Mr. Bird, a member of the Post staff, has been a student of the agricultural problem for many years. He was formerly an associate editor of Country Gentleman and for some years was associated with the Department of Agriculture in a technical capacity. —THE EDITORS

Science Predicts "Soft, Warm Mothers" Made of Foam Rubber and Terry Cloth!

"Mom" takes some hard knocks in a scientific investigation into The Nature of Love. The president of the American Psychological Association, Dr. Harry F. Harlow, used himself and his associates as mothers for baby monkeys, and reached the conclusion that "we know we are better monkey mothers than are real monkey mothers."

They also conducted experiments using surrogate, or substitute, mothers fashioned from wire, cloth or blocks of wood. On this he reports: "We built a surrogate mother . . . dependent neither upon the capriciousness of evolutionary processes nor upon mutations produced by chance radioactive fallout. We designed . . . a perfectly streamlined body stripped of unnecessary bulges and appendices. Redundancy in the surrogate mother's system was avoided by reducing the number of breasts from two to one. . . .The surrogate was made from a block of wood, covered with sponge rubber and sheathed in tan terry cloth. A light bulb behind her radiated heat. The result was a mother, soft, warm and tender. . . . We engineered a very superior monkey mother."

Now, the psychologists did find that the baby spent many hours a day clinging to its real mother. When frightened, it rushed to her, and in her presence showed comfort. Doctor Harlow adds, "The infant monkey's affection for the real mother is strong, but no stronger than that of the experimental monkey for the surrogate cloth mother."

Advancing to human mothers, Doctor Harlow concluded, "We now know that women . . . are not needed in the home because of their primary mammalian capabilities; and it is possible that in the foreseeable future, neonatal (newborn infant) nursing will be regarded as a form of conspicuous consumption limited perhaps to the upper classes."

We contemplate a rosy future which will include a "mother factory" in which wood-cloth-and-rubber surrogate mommies drop off the assembly line neatly wrapped.

The slogan: "Cheerful, well-adjusted adults—untouched by human hand from factory to you."

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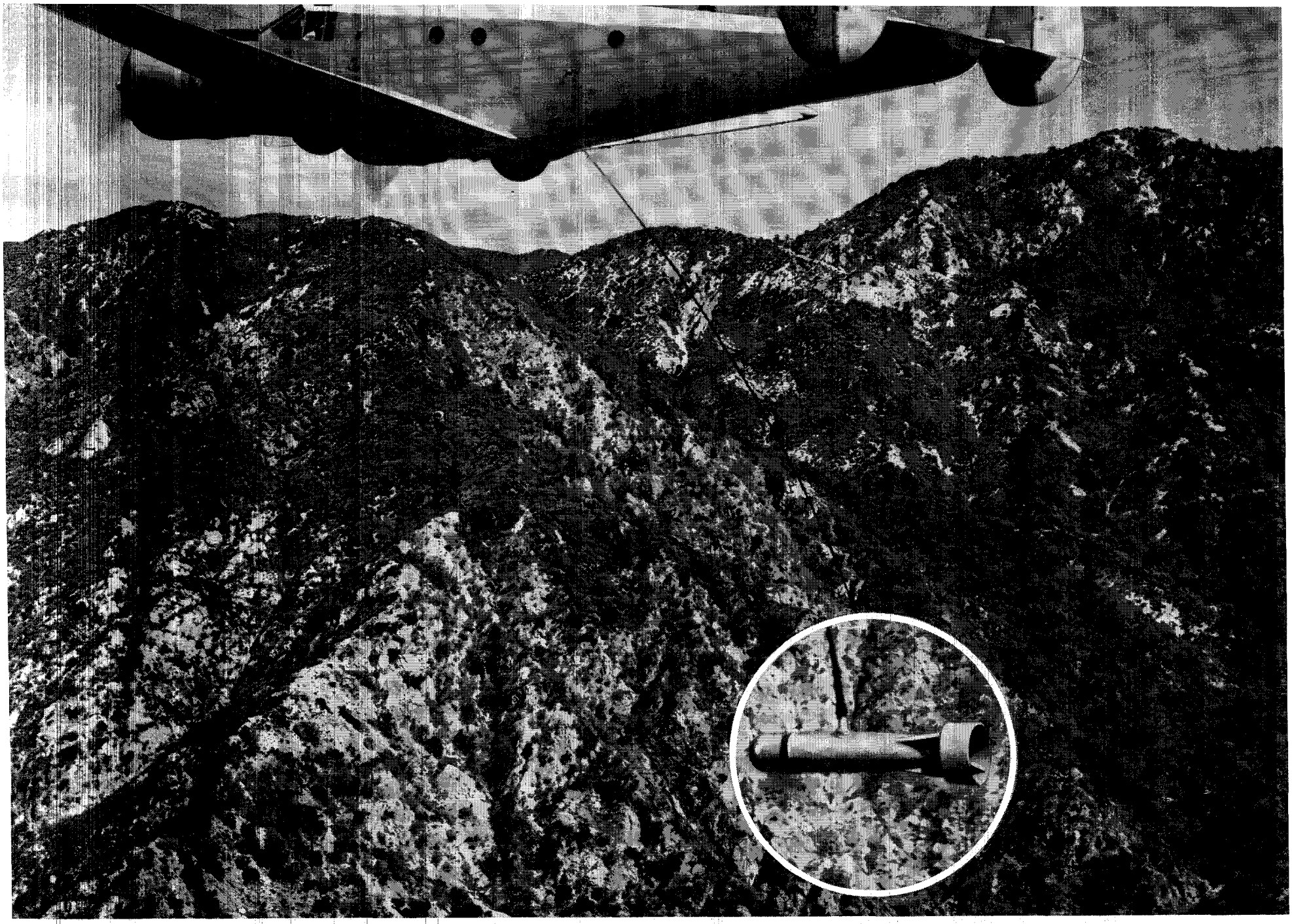


Airborne magnetometer (magnified in circle) can explore large areas fast

How PURE takes to the air to find oil under the ground

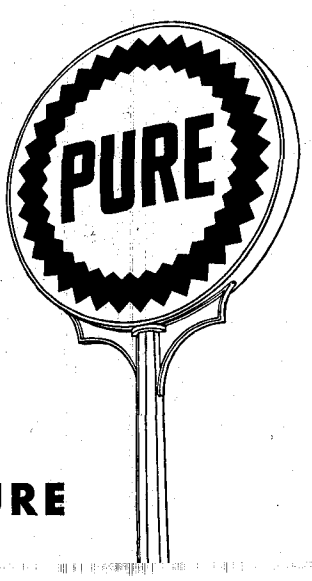
Mapping the earth's magnetic field is a first step in hunting new sources for tomorrow's oil

The bomb-shaped object you see being towed above is an airborne magnetometer. It's an instrument used by PURE and other oil companies to measure variations in the magnetic intensity of the earth's crust—variations that hint at the presence of possible oil-bearing structures beneath the ground.

With this technique, PURE has compiled "magnetic maps" of large areas in the U. S. and Latin America. However, in the arduous search for oil, use of the magnetometer is only a preliminary to far more detailed and intensive exploratory efforts. These later efforts, one or all of which may be tried before a test well is drilled, include surface mapping, gravity meter surveys, and seismic exploration.

In exploration and in all the other phases of our business, PURE is constantly looking for ways to reduce the element of chance. That's one reason for the uniform quality of the products you buy at the nearly 16,000 Pure Oil dealers' in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

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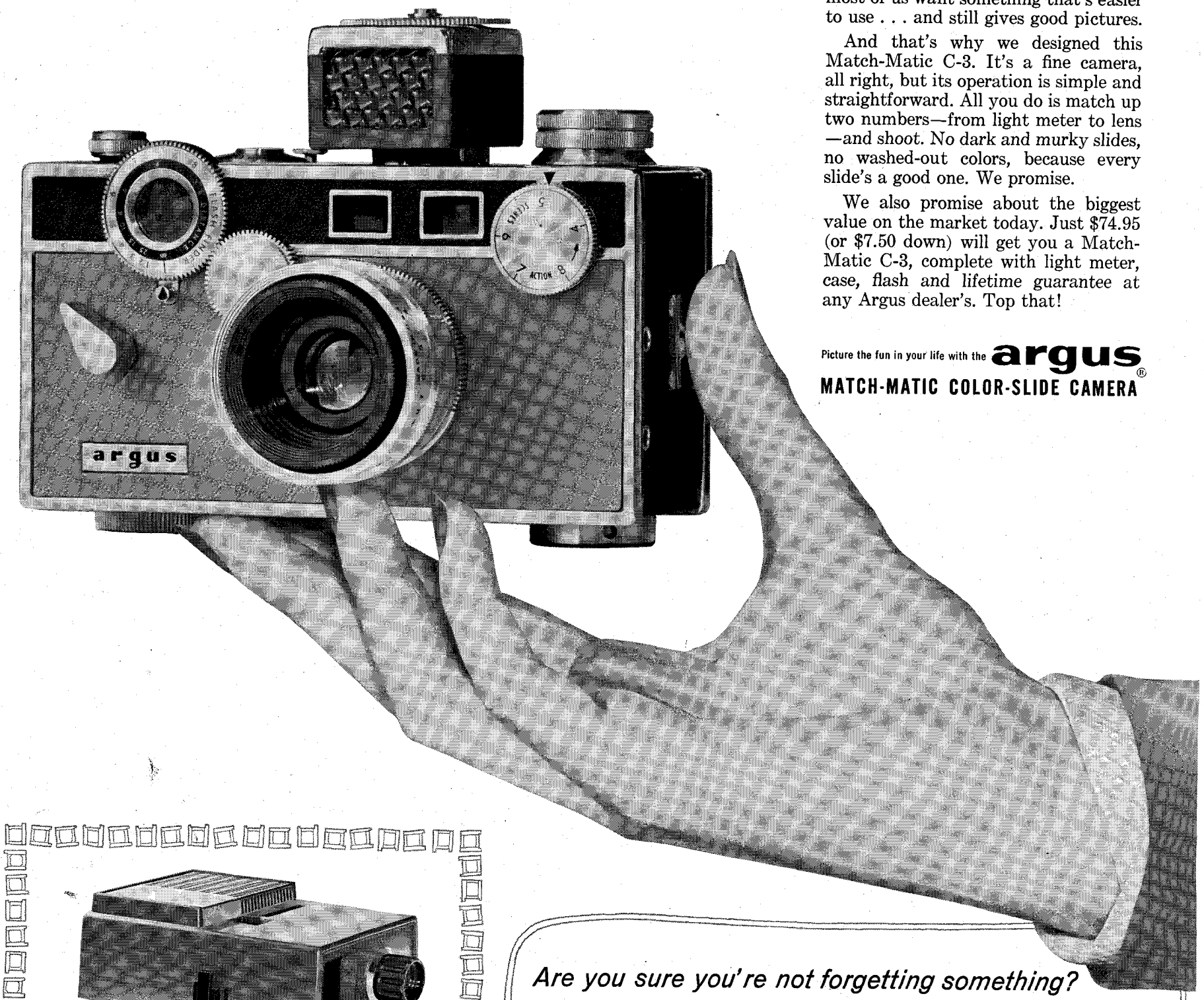
THIS ARGUS MATCH-MATIC C-3

is as easy to set as a clock!

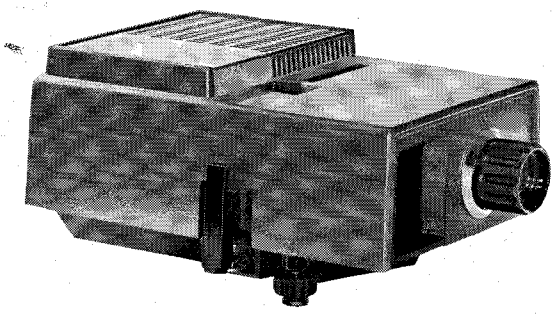


There are some people who enjoy fiddling with a complicated camera, but most of us want something that's easier to use . . . and still gives good pictures.

And that's why we designed this Match-Matic C-3. It's a fine camera, all right, but its operation is simple and straightforward. All you do is match up two numbers—from light meter to lens—and shoot. No dark and murky slides, no washed-out colors, because every slide's a good one. We promise.

We also promise about the biggest value on the market today. Just $74.95 (or $7.50 down) will get you a Match-Matic C-3, complete with light meter, case, flash and lifetime guarantee at any Argus dealer's. Top that!

Picture the fun in your life with the **argus**®
MATCH-MATIC COLOR-SLIDE CAMERA

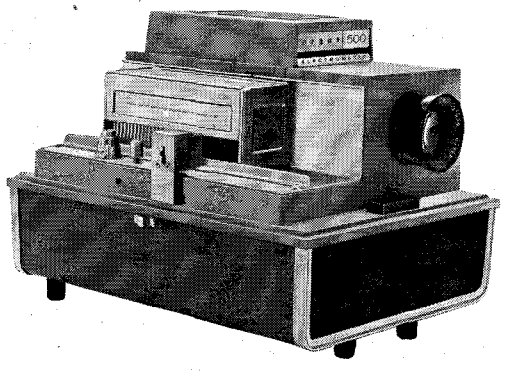


Webster has a word for it!

His definition of "special" is: "Distinguished by some unusual quality, uncommon, noteworthy, extraordinary." And that fits the new Argus Special Color-Slide Projector to a "T." Except for the price, which is extra special. Just $29.95, complete with 30-slide magazine and changer. At any Argus dealer's.

Picture the fun in your life with the
ARGUS SPECIAL PROJECTOR

Are you sure you're not forgetting something?



Unless you're showing your color slides with a new 500-watt Argus Electromatic, you're probably forgetting how good they are.

You see, it's designed to bring out every last bit of beauty in your slides. This is a ***fine*** *projector!*

Best of all, the Electromatic shows your slides three ways: with an automatic timer, with remote control and with a projector push-button.

All this, for just $99.95, at any Argus dealer's.

Picture the fun in your life with this . . .
ARGUS ELECTROMATIC SLIDE PROJECTOR

Argus Cameras, Ann Arbor, Michigan, Division of Sylvania Electric Products, Inc.

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new dip!

and new zip with DEL MONTE CATSUP

✓ Dazzle Dip (makes 2 cups)

6 oz. pimiento cream cheese	½ tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
	½ tsp. salt
½ cup sour cream	4 Tbsps. DEL MONTE Catsup
½ tsp. paprika	½ cup minced cucumber (or
¼ tsp. Tabasco	celery and green pepper)

Blend softened cream cheese with sour cream, seasonings, 2 tablespoons catsup until smooth. Only DEL MONTE Catsup can add such subtle savor! Pineapple distilled vinegar makes this catsup livelier—accents the ripe tomatoes, the zesty spices, so even the flavor goes farther! Just before you serve, stir in cucumber, then swirl remaining DEL MONTE Brand Catsup over top. It's a pip of a dip with shrimp, meatballs, cauliflowerets—almost everything!

Pineapple vinegar makes DEL MONTE CATSUP the liveliest you ever tasted!

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Compact L.C.F. combines easier handling with heavy-duty V8 power.

The only thing they don't carry is a high price tag!

Chevrolet Task-Force 59 Trucks

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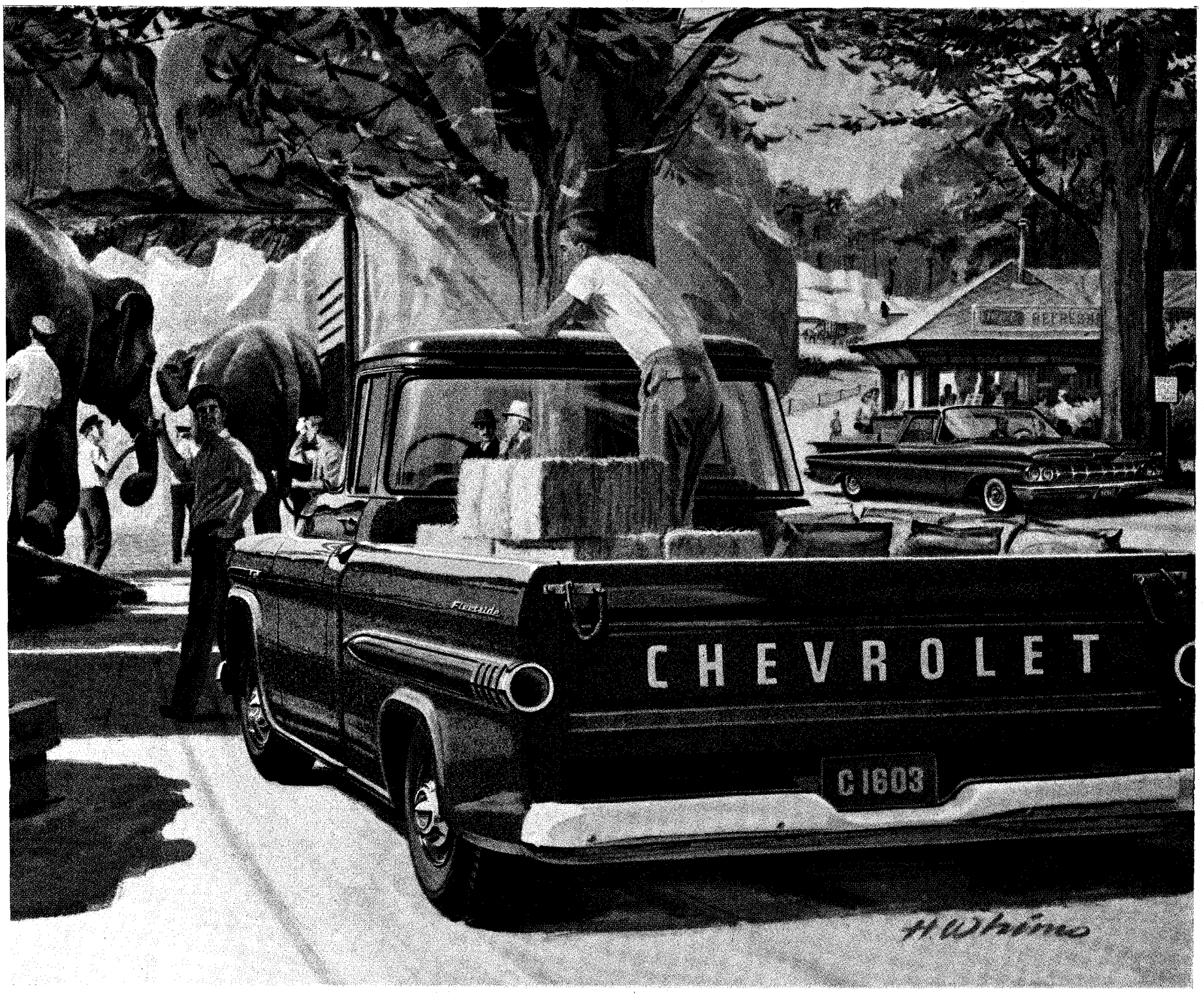

That Fleetside model (right) is one of a dozen Chevy pickups.

El Camino (background) gets down to business beautifully.

Chevy's got the business of carrying any size load down to a science. These Task-Force trucks whip the mountain-moving jobs the same way they handle the milk runs—with the precise power and capacity the job calls for; with a build that takes the strain of long hours right in stride; with ride and handling advantages that add to driver efficiency. And without high operating costs clouding the picture. That's where a Chevrolet truck draws the line—underscoring economy from first cost on. Talk to your dealer about your needs. He'll show you that *no job's too tough for a Chevrolet truck.*

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

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Nickel makes metals perform better longer

So easy to clean, so long to last... that's the beauty of Nickel-chrome plating!

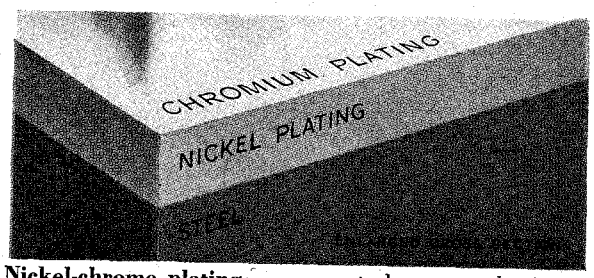
When you buy an appliance with a good thick layer of Nickel under the chrome plating, you buy a lifetime of beauty. The gleaming finish that attracts you in the store *stays* gleaming in your home. It won't tarnish . . . it won't discolor . . . it won't turn dull.

And talk about easy cleaning! A soapy dunk is about all Nickel-chrome plating ever needs. Even after you scrub off stubborn stains, the finish underneath is as shiny as ever. No polishing needed—ever!

That's the real beauty of Nickel-chrome plating: it's so long-lasting, so easy to clean. And it makes your life so much easier. Better quality appliances and fixtures have this better kind of plating. Ask for it when you buy.

The International Nickel Company, Inc.
67 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

INCO NICKEL



Nickel-chrome plating . . . over steel, copper, aluminum or other basis metal: that's how a high quality finish is built up. Chrome gives you lustrous beauty. Nickel protects the chrome from nicks and scratches . . . keeps the metal under the Nickel from corroding.

©1959, T. I. N. Co., Inc.

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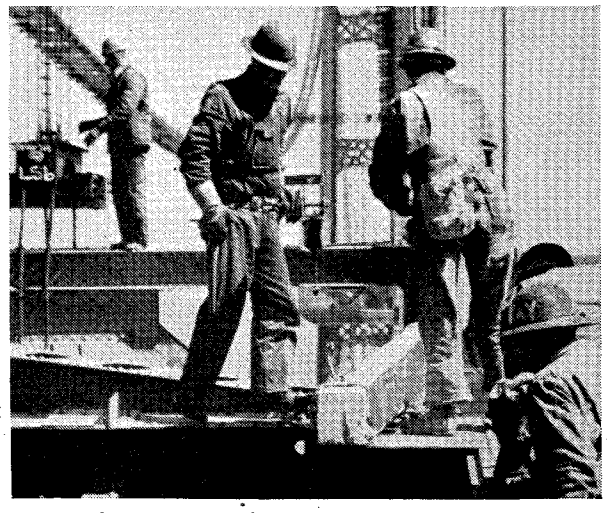
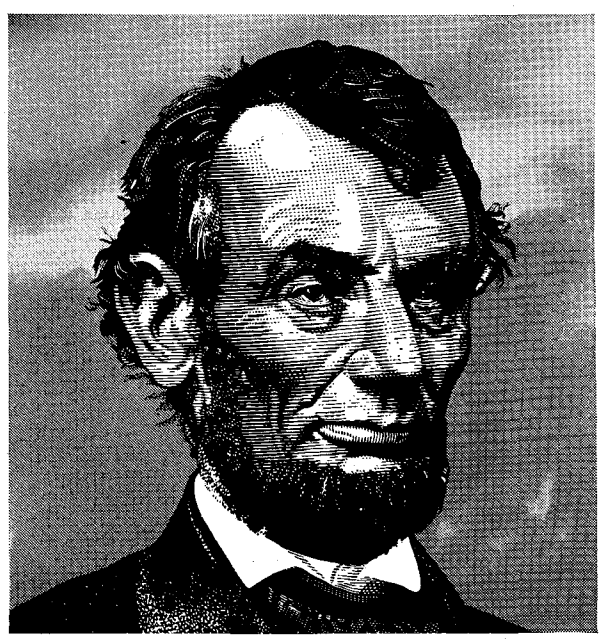
Now's the time to make sure. The Lincoln National Life man can help you get going on a sound, economical retirement plan today!



Whatever your job, *it's good to know you can leave it some day and do what you please—while you're still young enough to enjoy it!*

The choice is yours! With Lincoln National's truly *flexible* retirement plan you can kiss the job goodbye at any age between 50 and 70. You don't have to name the exact age now. You can wait and do it whenever you choose. This plan provides income for life if you live to retire; insurance protection for your family if you don't. Cash values grow rapidly, and your policy earns dividends.

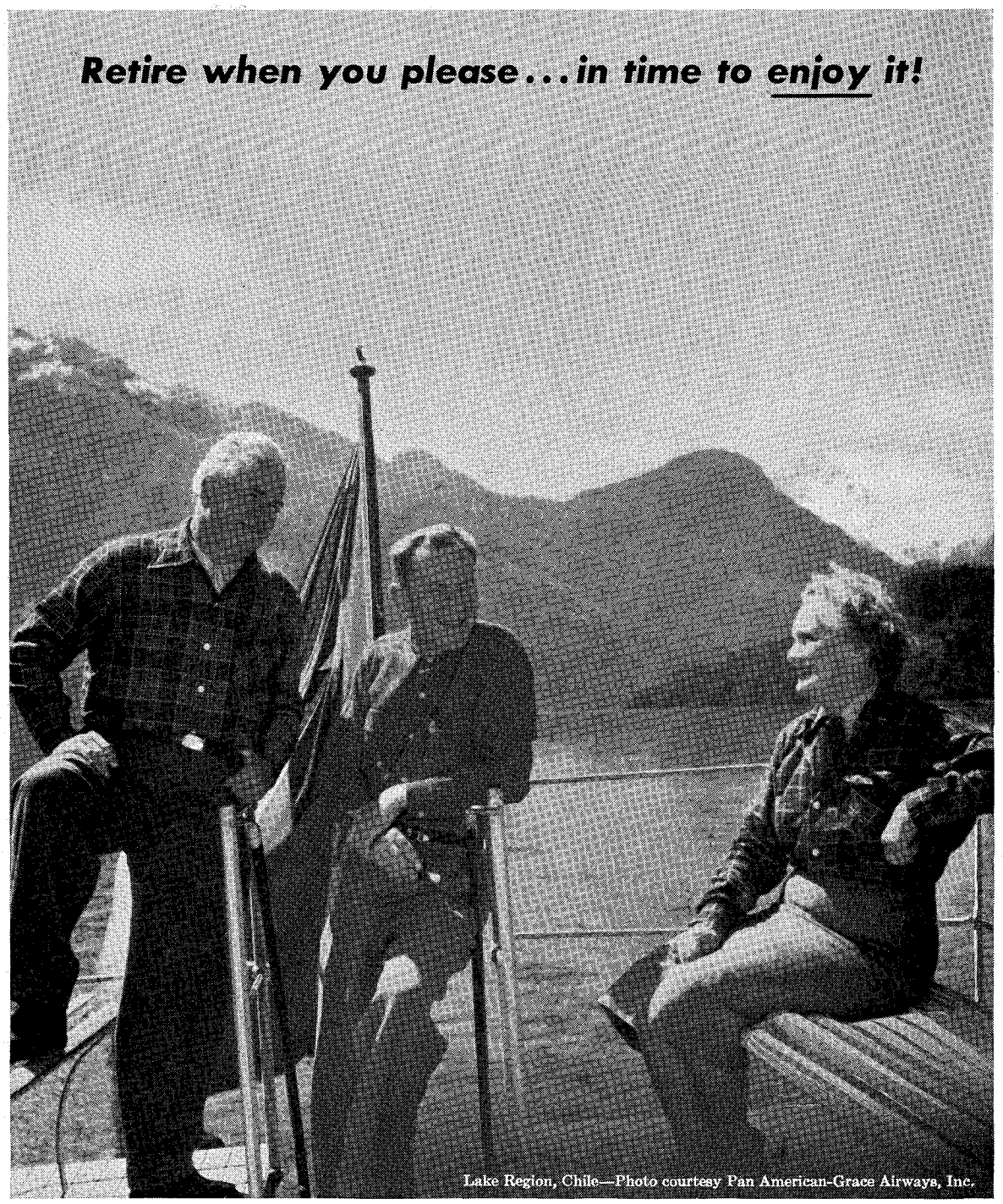
Live with confidence. Think of the many jobs modern insurance can do for you: Make sure your son or daughter will have money for college. Insure your whole family in one economical plan. Offer many new and different Accident and Sickness and Group insurance plans. Provide retirement funds. And there are many more! Phone the Lincoln National Life man. Without any obligation on your part, he'll be glad to help you work out what you want.



In adopting the name of Abraham Lincoln, this company assumed the responsibility of measuring up to that great name—in character, integrity and thoughtful human service.

LINCOLN NATIONAL'S NAME INDICATES ITS CHARACTER

Retire when you please... in time to enjoy it!



Lake Region, Chile—Photo courtesy Pan American-Grace Airways, Inc.

It can all be yours*—the whole wide world to enjoy—as your retirement income checks keep rolling in from Lincoln National, month after month, for the rest of your life!*

YOUR LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE MAN HAS A PLAN TO HELP YOU RETIRE WHEN YOU CHOOSE!

You call the shots. Set your own retirement date. You can kick over the traces and start loafing, traveling, or following your hobbies all the rest of your life.

Make YOUR future bright. Start on your retirement program *now*. For full details about Lincoln National's flexible-age retirement plan, phone the Lincoln National man near you. Or write:

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Fort Wayne, Indiana

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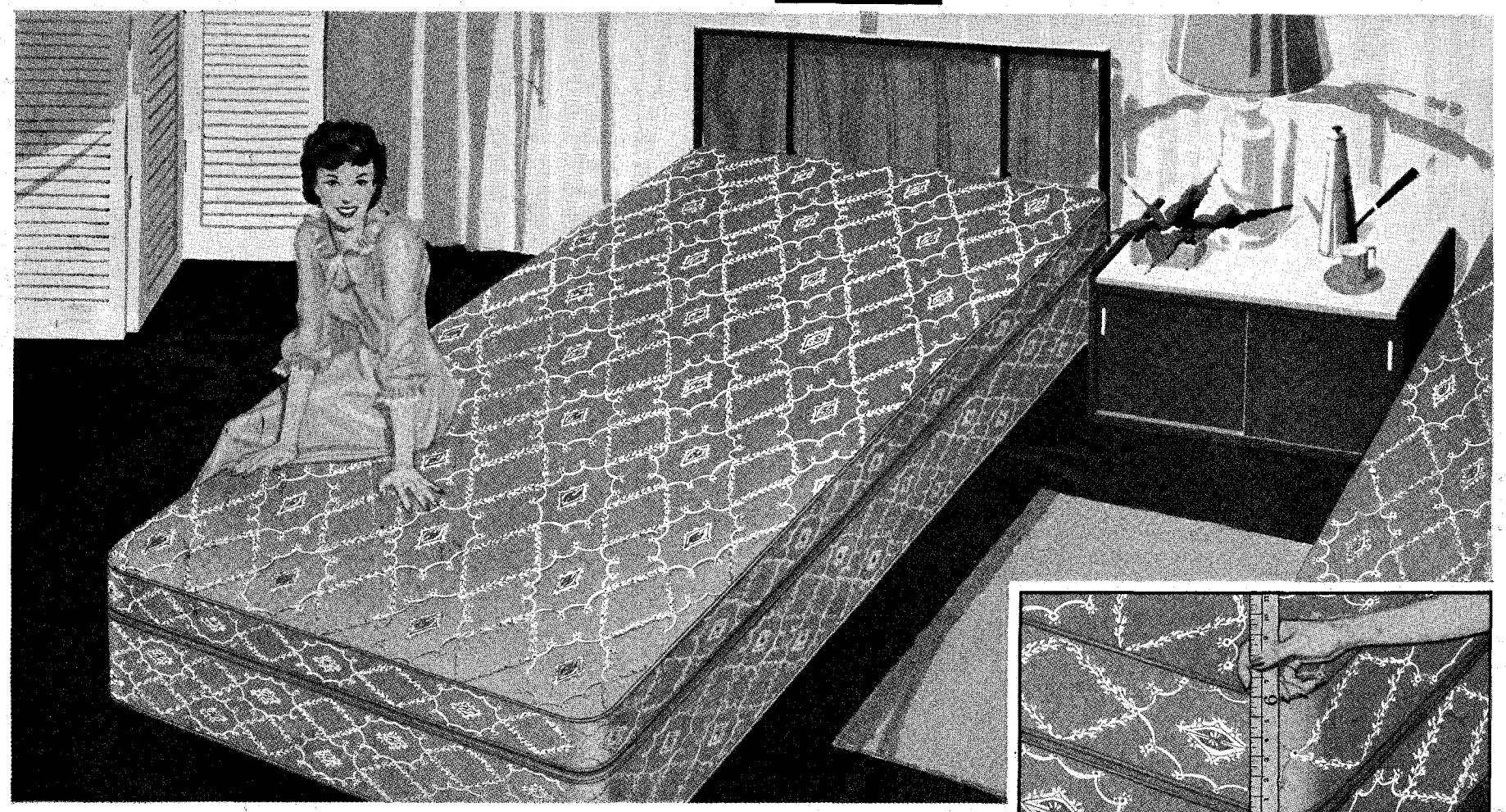
SLEEP MODERN!
SLEEP ON FOAM!

LOOK AT ALL THESE TEMPTING BUYS IN Sealy FOAM RUBBER BEDDING!



2 SPECTACULAR VALUES with BRIDAL SATIN COVER!

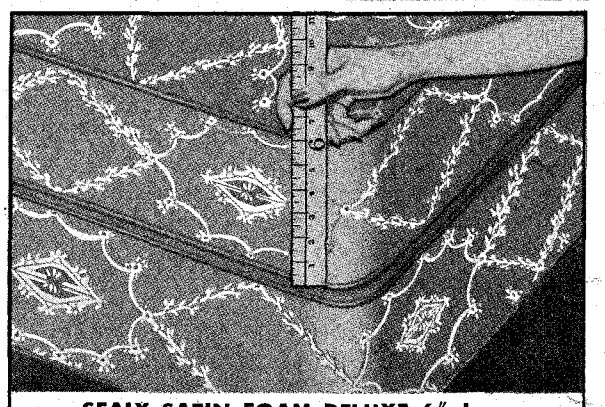
Now . . . get a Sealy foam rubber set at a great saving. So modern . . . with these many features:

Healthful firmness balanced with "give" . . . a yielding quality that fits every curve and hollow. Firmness that lasts . . . never sags, lumps or creaks. And you don't have to turn these mattresses. The "foam" is a product of the *American Latex Corporation* . . . full of tiny "breathing" air cells. Cool in summer; cozy in winter.

Lustrous rayon bridal satin in delicate blue, with a dainty sculptured pattern, covers these two very special Sealy foam rubber mattresses.

Specially designed Sealy Box Spring for foam rubber mattresses. Considerably deeper than the ordinary box spring.

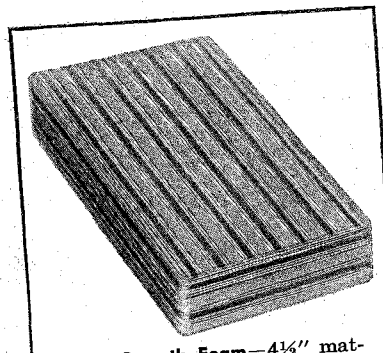
SEALY SATIN FOAM $99.95
4½" Mattress (Twin size) and matching Box Spring. Both for . . .
Full size $129.95



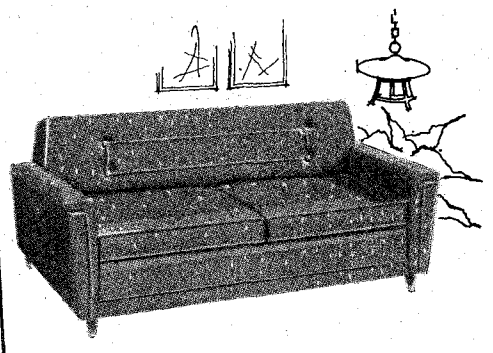
SEALY SATIN FOAM DELUXE 6" deep
Twin size Mattress and matching Box Spring

Beautifully covered in bridal satin, too—but ⅓ more foam rubber (a product of *American Latex Corporation*).

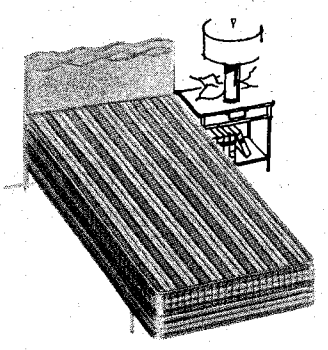
Both for $119.95
Full size $149.95



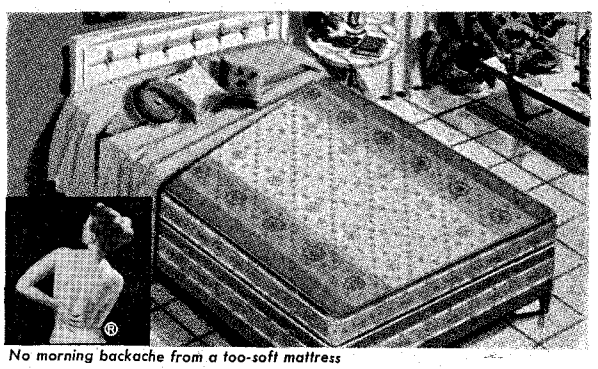
Sealy Smooth Foam—4½" mattress; specially built box spring. Just think—both for this low price. Twin size. $79.95
Full size $99.95



Revere Redi-Bed® by Sealy—Sofa by day; bed for two at night. $79.50 *Posturepedic*-quality mattress. Foam rubber cushions; arms and back padded with foam rubber; nylon viscose cover. $259.95



Comfort Foam Headboard Ensemble—Twin size, innerspring mattress with foam topper. Matching box spring. Pretty, washable plastic headboard. $99.95



No morning backache from a too-soft mattress

SEALY POSTUREPEDIC®
FOAM RUBBER MATTRESS SET

So many have chosen the *Posturepedic* innerspring mattress for scientific support and relief from backache. For these benefits *plus* the advantages of foam . . . choose a *Posturepedic* foam rubber mattress and matching foundation.

Always $179.50
Twin or full size

Prices may be slightly higher in Canada.

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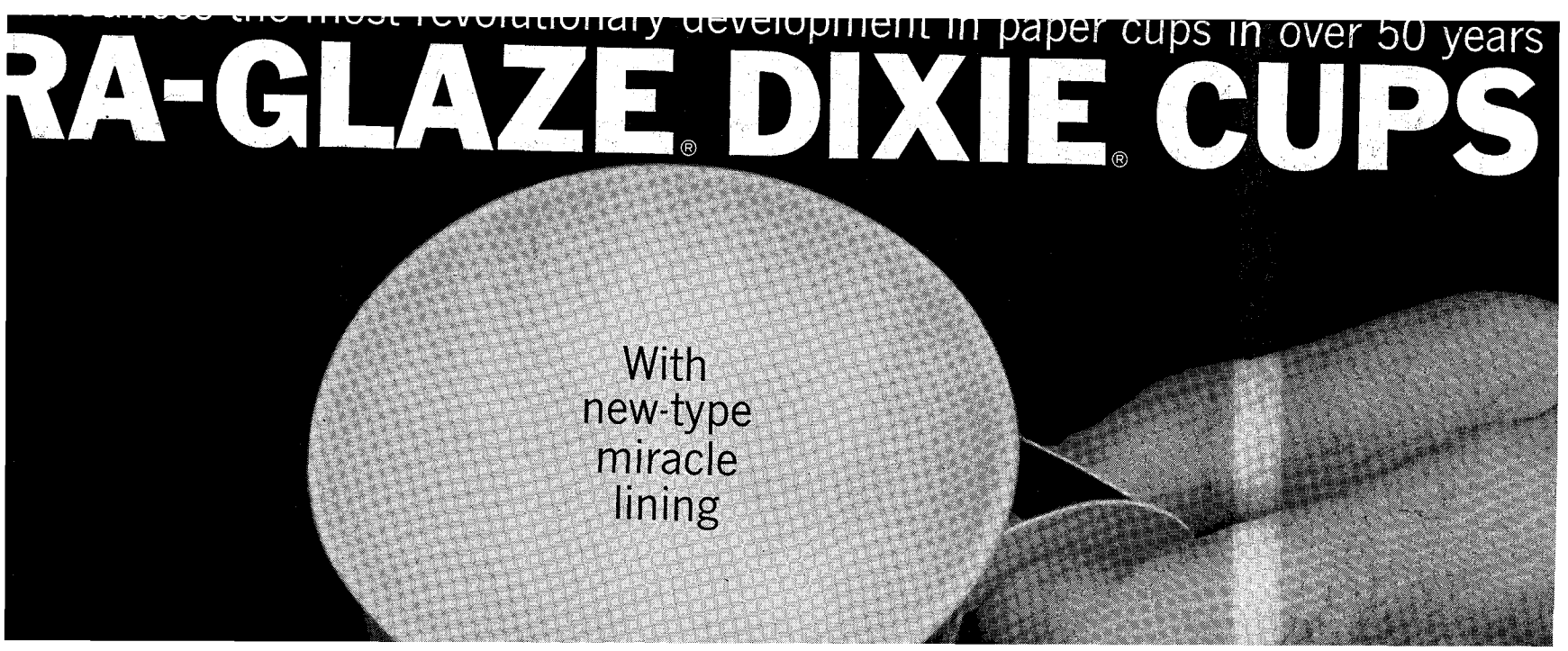

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Our Gamble With Destiny

Do we have the power and the courage to withstand the Kremlin's threats? A Post editor describes the supreme test the current crisis may force us to face.

By STEWART ALSOP

The eyes of Nikita Khrushchev are small and shrewd and very cold, even when he is grinning his famous, loose-lipped grin. How does the world look, in the year 1959, through those small, shrewd, cold eyes?

With a time of great crisis again upon us, that is surely an important question to try to answer. For Khrushchev has inherited all the essentials of the power of Joseph Stalin, and he has at his command instruments of power enormously more terrible than any the old tyrant possessed. Within the limits imposed by the eternal mysteries of the human personality it is possible to make at least a sensible guess at the way the world looks through Khrushchev's eyes. For we know a good deal about Khrushchev.

We know, in the first place, that Khrushchev is not insane. And that is a most important fact. If Khrushchev were mad, as Hitler was mad, or as Stalin was mad in his final years of furious paranoia, the world would be in deadly danger indeed. But Khrushchev is not mad, and we can therefore rather safely assume that he will not be tempted to play Samson in the temple. He will not attack the West with the murderous weapons at his disposal, so long as he believes that the price of so doing will be the destruction of the Soviet Union.

But though Khrushchev is a rational man, he is also a born gambler, a risk taker, a go-for-broke man—he could not possibly be what he is today if he had not been willing to take the most appalling risks. Khrushchev genuinely believes, far more than Stalin did, in the irrational doctrine of Marxism-Leninism, which preaches that the inevitable processes of history dictate the global triumph of Soviet Communism. He may be willing to take very big risks—so long as they appear to him rational risks—in order to hurry on those inevitable processes. Khrushchev is also, of course, an entirely ruthless man by our standards. He proved that as Stalin's satrap in the Ukraine, where, to quote his own words, he "crushed the enemies of the state like vermin," and he proved it again in Hungary in 1956. Where he considers the vital interests of the Soviet regime at stake, Khrushchev will not be swayed by humanitarian considerations.

Khrushchev also has, it is important to note, something close to an obsession about his "rockets," as he always calls the ballistic missiles created by the Soviet scientists and engineers. He loves to talk about them. Whenever he has talked to a Westerner in recent months, he has dwelt proudly and at length on his beloved missiles. He told Sen. Hubert Humphrey that he had a rocket capable of hitting accurately any target at a range of 8700 miles—which means any target in the United States—and he hinted that it could carry a huge five-megaton warhead. Talking to British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, Khrushchev dwelt instead on the shorter-range missiles capable of hitting any target in Britain. And with columnist Walter Lippmann, his theme was that "the American forward positions, particularly in Germany and Turkey, can, because of the development of the rocket, no longer be defended."

Obviously Khrushchev cuts his cloak to suit his company, and there is a clear political

(Continued on Page 114)

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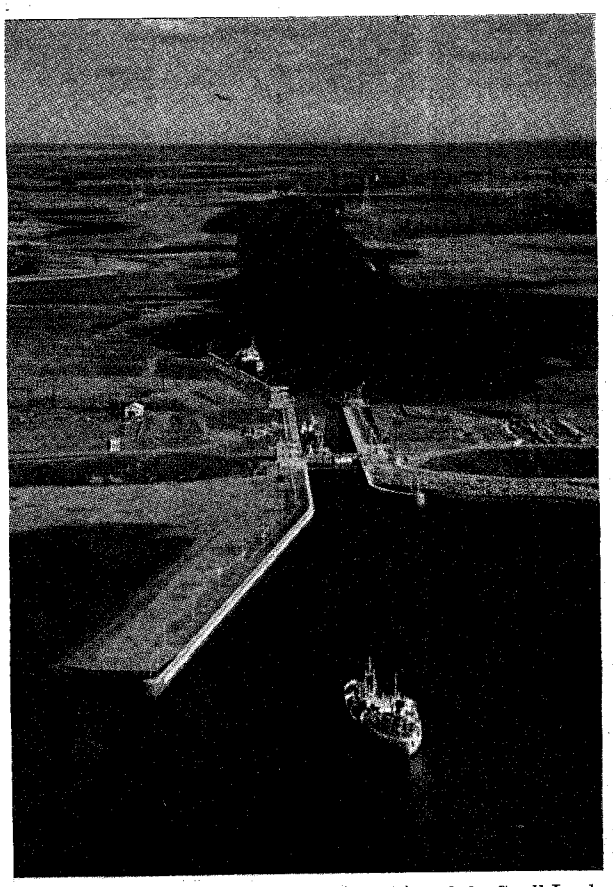
The Chicago River. Here, in the Norwegian freighter Grindefjell (above), the author began his 2000-mile eastward voyage to the sea.

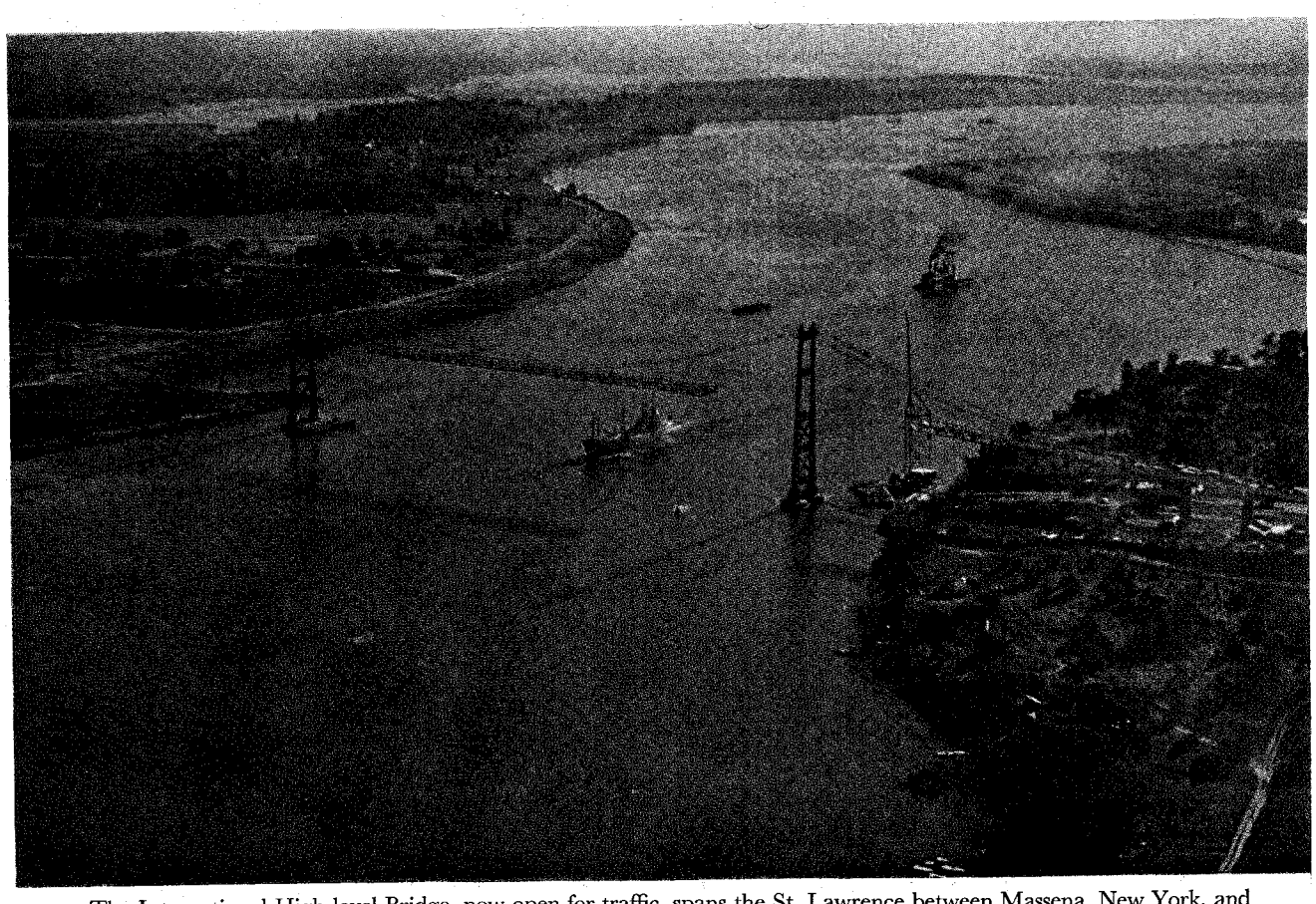
I Sailed the Eighth Sea to Europe

By ROUL TUNLEY

The author, who cruised from Chicago, Illinois, to Le Havre, France, presents a preview of the new era in waterborne commerce being made possible by the St. Lawrence Seaway.



The Eisenhower Lock (above) and the Snell Lock at the far end of the Wiley-Dondero Canal lower ships ninety feet around the St. Lawrence Dam.



The International High-level Bridge, now open for traffic, spans the St. Lawrence between Massena, New York, and Cornwall Island, Ontario. It is 3500 feet long and has enough clearance for the largest ships using the seaway.

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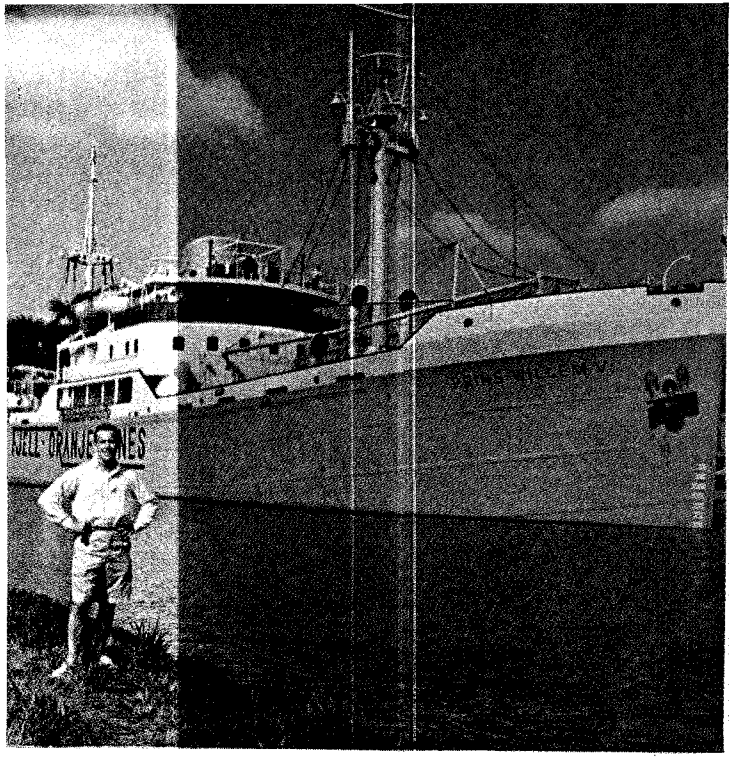
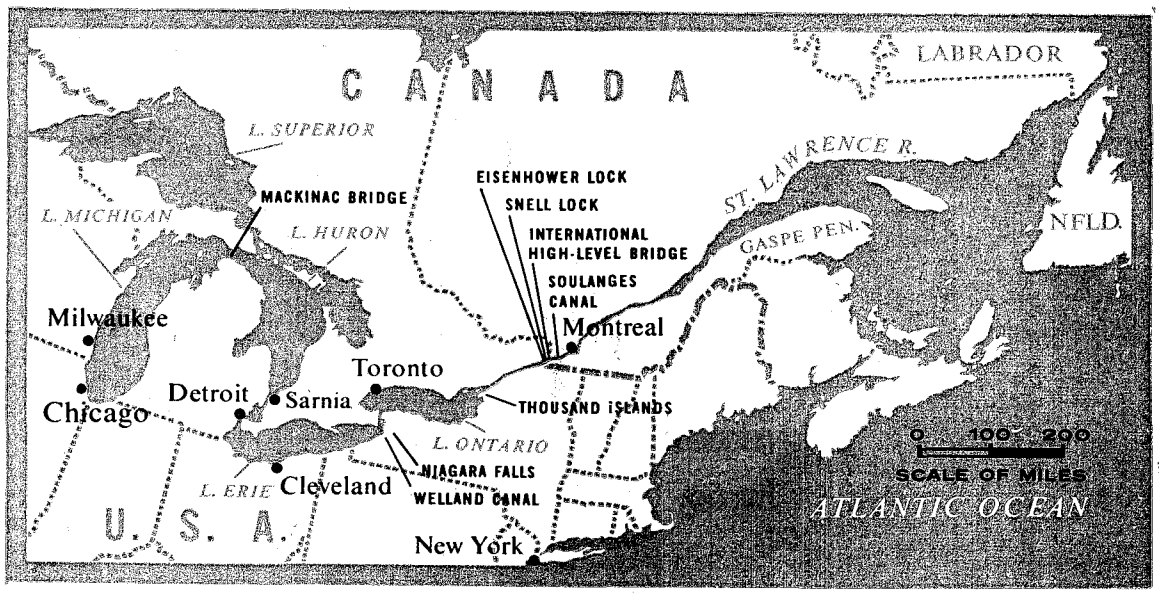
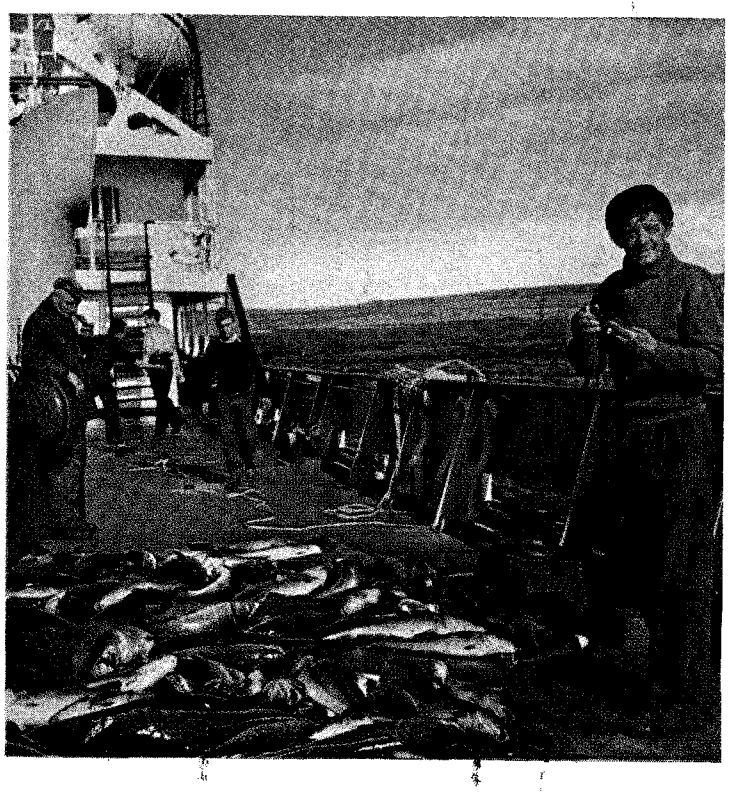


During the transit of the Soulanges Canal, author Tunley (above) left his second ship, the Prins Willem, for a stroll. In the locks, the off-duty Dutch crewmen were always the first to swarm ashore.



Ships bound from the Great Lakes to the St. Lawrence River descend almost 600 feet to sea level through fifteen locks. The Welland Canal, between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, bypasses Niagara Falls.



Unscheduled stop for cod fishing off Labrador. Passengers and crew hauled in a catch of 448 pounds.

"You mean you're going to Chicago to sail for Europe?" asked my New Jersey neighbor in astonishment.

"Of course!" I was as bland as a custard about it.

"But you're only sixty miles from New York. Don't people usually sail to Europe from New York?"

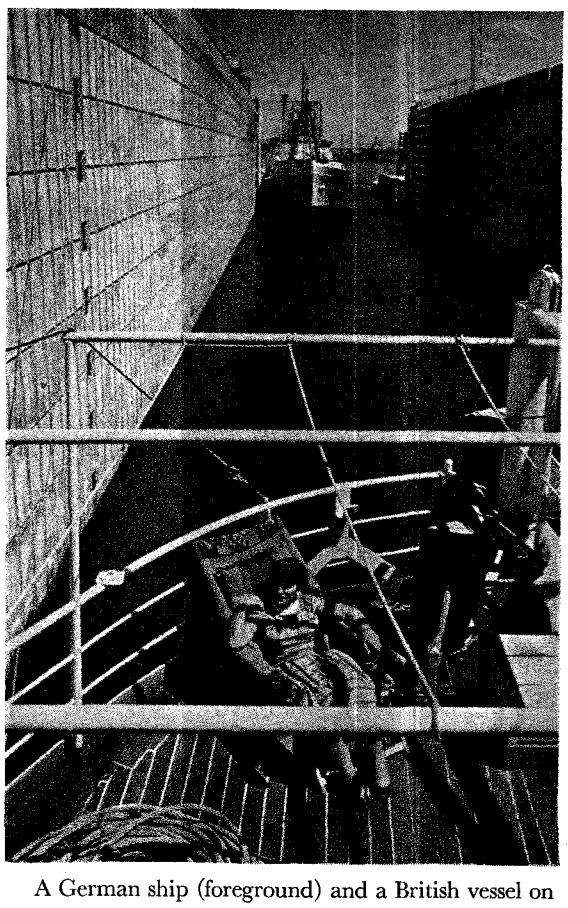
"Not when they go by the Eighth Sea."

She still had a tendency to shake her blond head in disbelief even after I'd explained everything to her several days later, when she and her husband drove me to the airport. She was convinced, I think, that I was seeking a new Northwest Passage.

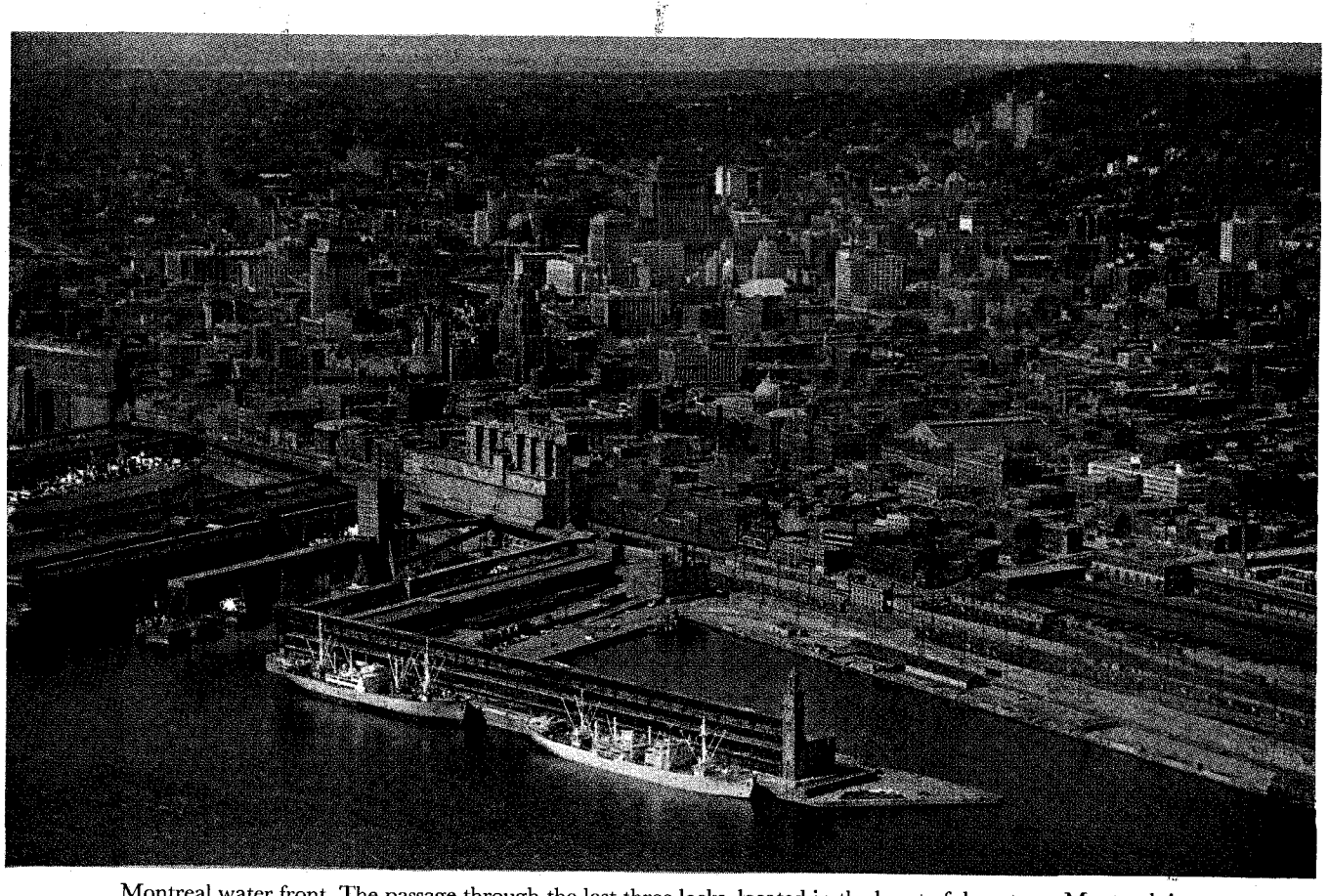
To be honest, I did a bit of headshaking myself, once air-borne for Chicago. It's hard to lose the feeling that boarding a boat for France on the doorstep of the Midwest, several thousand water miles from the Atlantic Ocean, is anything but bizarre—especially when you live in the East. But as I stepped onto the ground at Midway Airport and got the feeling of being a Midwesterner once more, the whole thing made sense. There are, after all, at least 60,000,000 Americans living in states bordering the new St. Lawrence Seaway route, as well as quite a number of Canadians. And I was merely trying to find out in advance (I took the trip last August) what it would be like in April when Chicagoans, Detroiters, Clevelanders, Torontoans and Milwaukeeans start discovering a brand-new way of getting to Europe.

My preview ship had to be a small one—2800 tons. At that time, only freighters with a draft of fourteen feet were able to squeeze through the

(Continued on Page 110)



A German ship (foreground) and a British vessel on their way to the Great Lakes prepare for raising in the Snell Lock, which went into operation last July.



Montreal water front. The passage through the last three locks, located in the heart of downtown Montreal, is like "sailing down Fifth Avenue," says Tunley. From here the 1000-mile run to the open sea takes two days.

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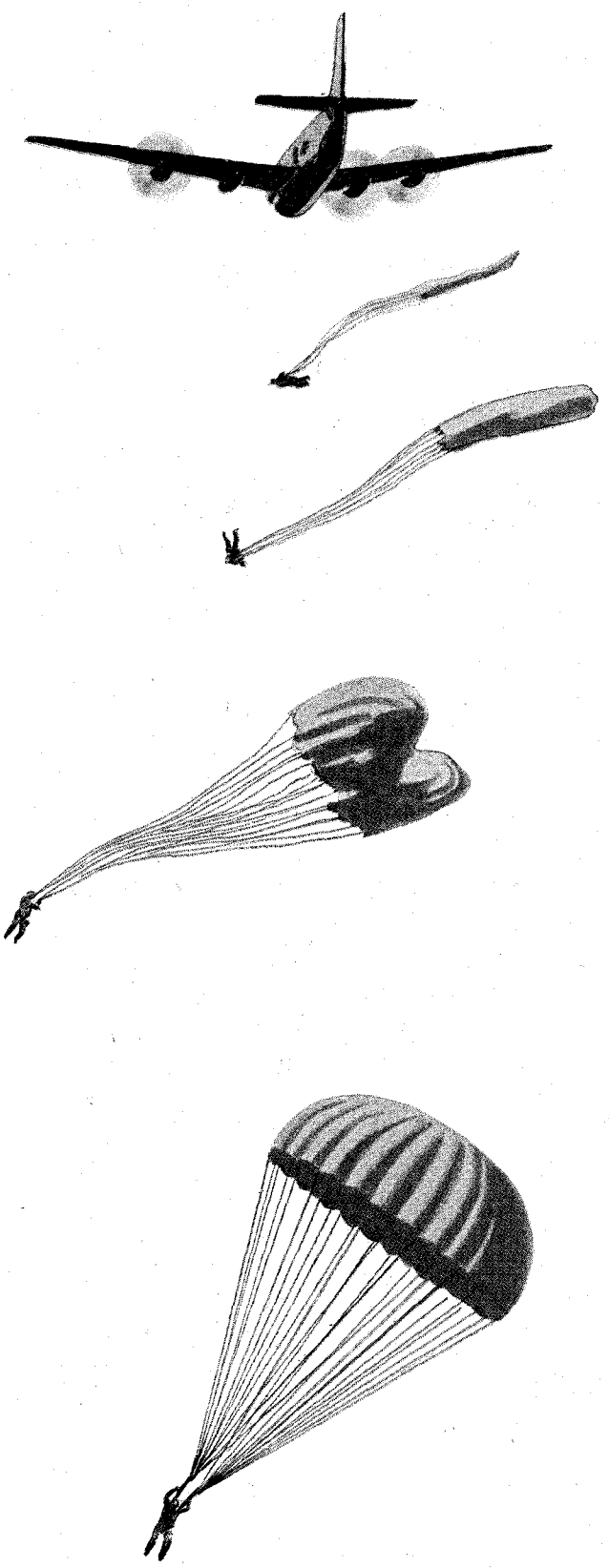
Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

Pilot Failure

With explosion threatening his crippled tanker at any second, the skipper panicked.

By ALICE LENT COVERT



There was bound to be trouble between the major and the lieutenant; anyone who knew them could have predicted it. From the day they met for the first time, there was a queer hostility beween them, only indifferently veiled by a thin veneer of civility.

Major Mac Donnelly, USAF, was a soft-spoken Irishman with shrewd blue eyes and a quiet humor. At thirty-five, he still had his Irish temper, but the years had taught him to control it, at least to a reasonable point. He had spent the last ten years in Intelligence, maintaining his pilot rating and proficiency by flying minimum requirements. On orders now for a sensitive position with a foreign government, it was necessary for him to qualify as an air-refueling expert, and he had been assigned to a tanker squadron for a six months' special tour of duty. Partly for security reasons, partly to insure that his indoctrination would not be impaired by his being considered an outsider, these facts had been withheld from all but his squadron commander. To the crew, he was an old "desk pilot" who had developed a sudden yen to take to the air, putting up flying time until he could pull strings and get himself assigned to a commander's slot.

Lt. Peter Alsop, Junior, was a tense young hothead with a low boiling point. At twenty-three, he was the brightest star in the wing's firmament, the son of "Ol' Thunder," Gen. Peter Alsop, Senior, the most feared and cordially disliked general in the military. Tough career man to his finger tips, Ol' Thunder was a no-nonsense martinet with a will of iron and a sandpaper tongue—and Junior was giving every indication of following faithfully in his old man's footsteps.

The fact that Donnelly outranked young Alsop by two grades and twelve years was of no importance. The lieutenant was aircraft commander of the big KC-97 tanker on which the major was a mere copilot—a situation not uncommon in SAC tanker squadrons, where promotions were often slow. Pete Alsop had tried, without success, to get his new copilot transferred before they had even flown together, and when Donnelly challenged him for reason, he said bluntly, "I told Operations I don't need any desk pilots. We've sweat blood to make this crew what it is—professionals, with no room for anyone just putting up time. I'll give it to you straight. I don't want you, major, and I'm going to find cause to get rid of you!"

Maybe, in a way, he had a legitimate beef. He wanted a young and malleable man who could be shaped and polished to fit into the crew, not a preconditioned old service horse marking time on his way up. He wanted men obedient in spirit as well as letter, whom he could whiplash into a precision machine, to reflect glory on their skipper—and, Donnelly thought wryly, to cover their skipper's inadequacies. No matter what a man's potential was, the qualities of leadership and sound judgment came only with experience—a lot more practical experience than he suspected Junior had!

Sometimes, Donnelly felt a sneaking pity for his young skipper. He was a funny kid, all hell-raising six feet of him—and "kid," Donnelly thought firmly, was the name for it, AC or no! The truth about him was probably that he was a bright young man with normal capabilities, kicked upstairs too early because of his father's influence; and one couldn't be sure whether his responsibility had gone to his head or was simply resting too heavily on his shoulders. Most of the time the major managed to be more amused than annoyed at his knowledge that the lieutenant was out to get him. He made a kind of game of trying to understand the younger man.

He did his work competently, gained the respect and liking of the crew. His wife, Katy, made friends with the crew wives—or perhaps to say they made a friend of her would be more accurate. Katy was the sort who drew people to her. They confided their secrets to her, basked in the warmth of her sympathetic understanding.

"Walk lightly, sweetie," Donnelly told her. "Just remember you're not the skipper's wife."

The funny part of it was that, after a little, a firm friendship sprang up between Katy and the skipper's wife, Betty, a pint-sized, charming little creature who displayed, now and again, a flash of fiery spirit for all her quiet ways. In the light of Pete Alsop's anti-Donnelly philosophy, the friendship between his wife and Donnelly's made a rather ticklish situation, but Katy handled it well and he was proud of her.

Betty had to suspect how things were with Pete and his crew. They gave him respect, obedience, implicit (Continued on Page 56)

Donnelly hit him
swift brutal blo

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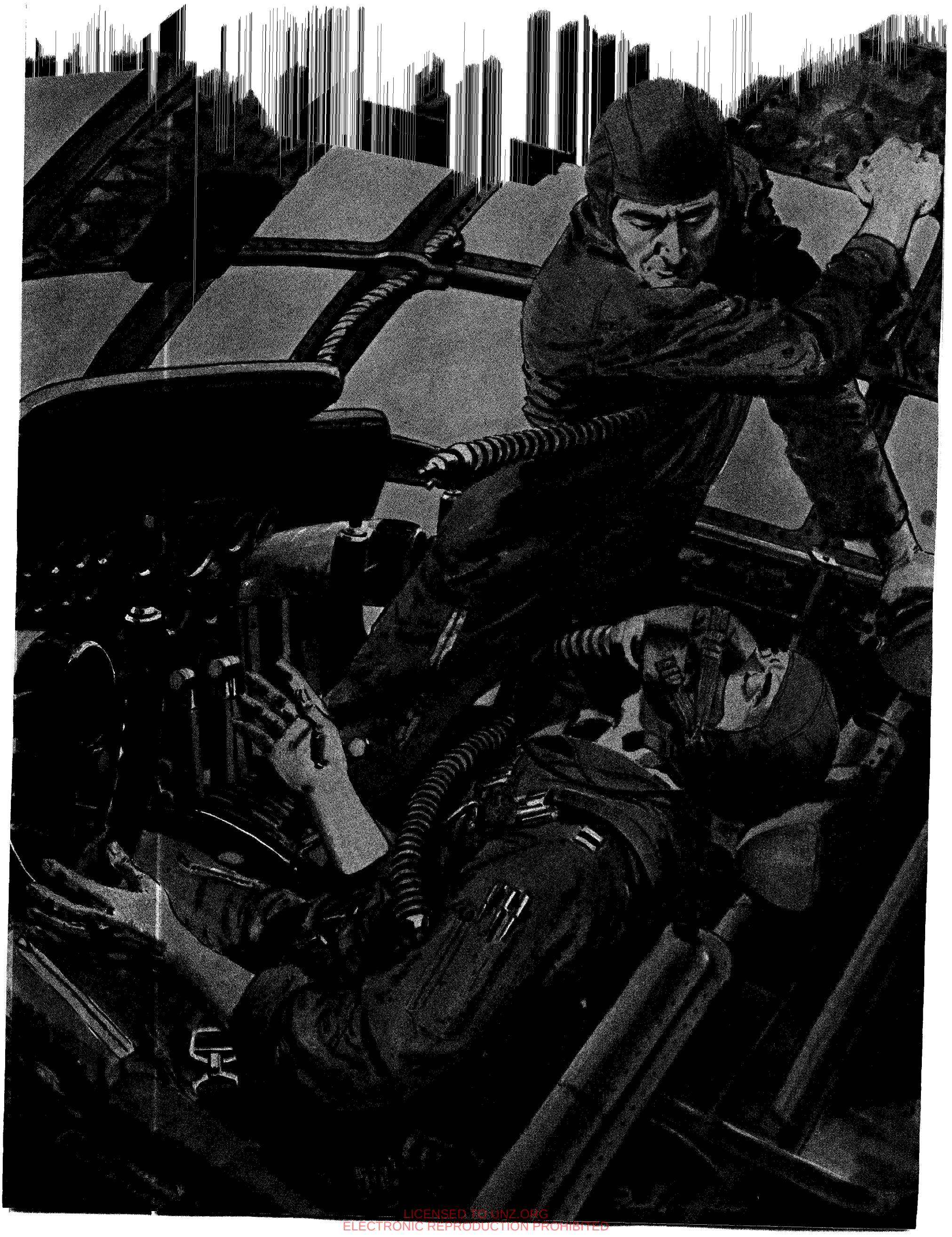

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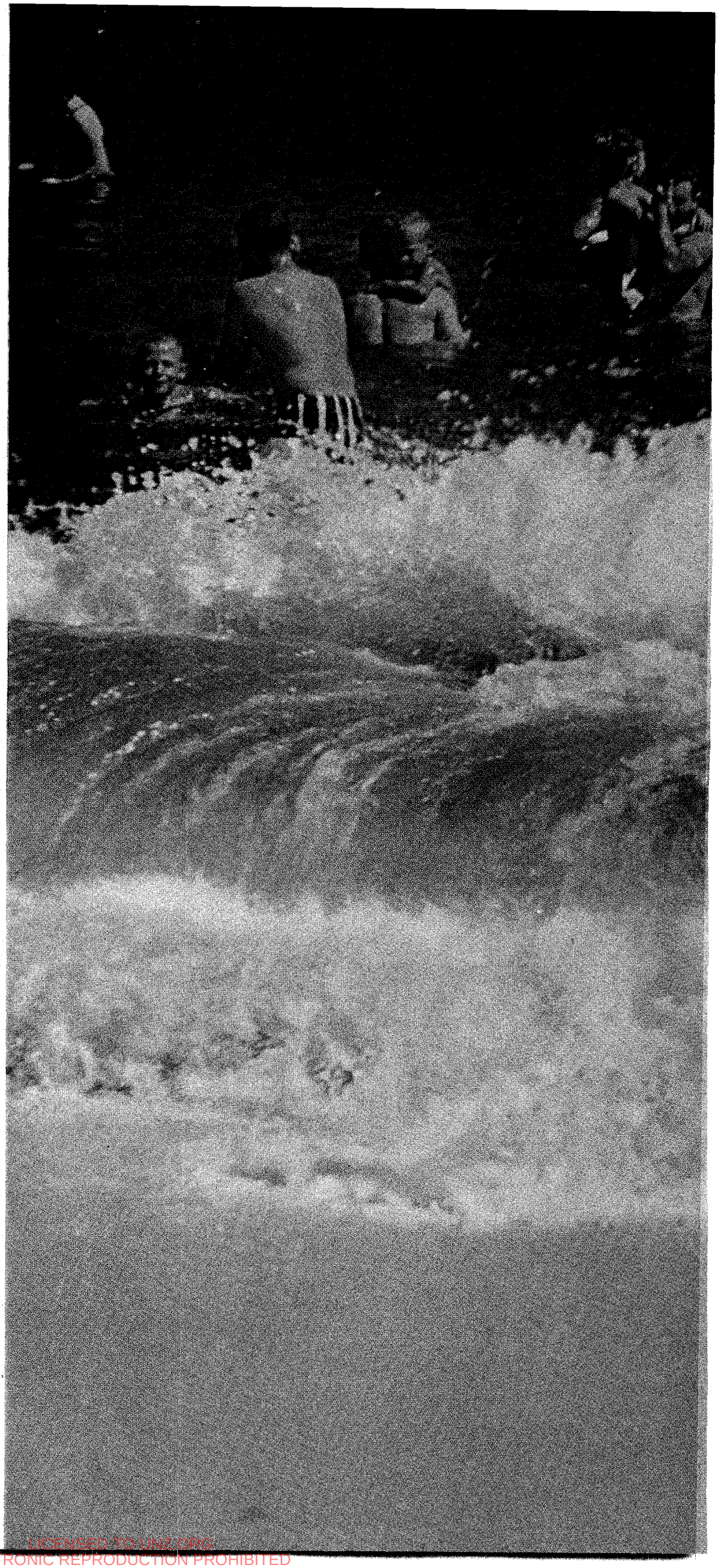
The Face of AMERICA

Gulfside Frolic

The two little girls in retreat from a junior-grade breaker, at Dauphin Island in Mobile Bay, have yet to learn a lesson taught by Rear Adm. David Glasgow Farragut when he happened to be passing that way on August 5, 1864. Farragut's Yankee fleet, having poked its nose into the bay's entrance, was menaced by a slew of Confederate torpedoes in the waters of the bay. "Damn the torpedoes . . . ahead . . . full speed!" cried Davy Farragut, with a fine regard for literary brevity—a quality that often earns immortality for orders uttered in the heat of battle. Farragut's lesson—meet the enemy head on—was lost on the two little girls; they should have dived at and through the breaker. But you can't teach girls the principles of warfare. Only a few years ago Dauphin Island, a narrow strip of sand fourteen miles long and four miles from the Alabama mainland, was inaccessible to anyone but boat owners. Then a $4,000,000 causeway, paid for with state and Federal funds, bridged the gap, and the once remote Dauphin Island was catapulted into a tourist and cottage-building boom which is still going on. ● Photograph by Bill Shrout



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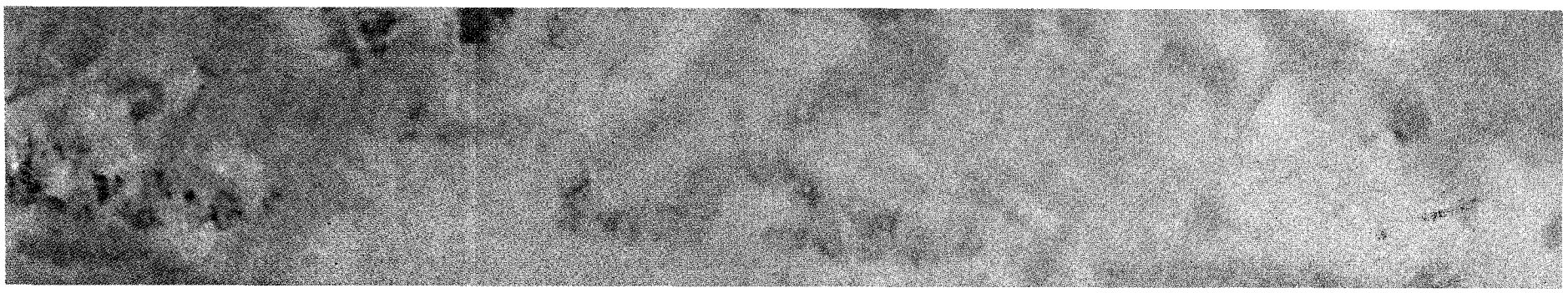

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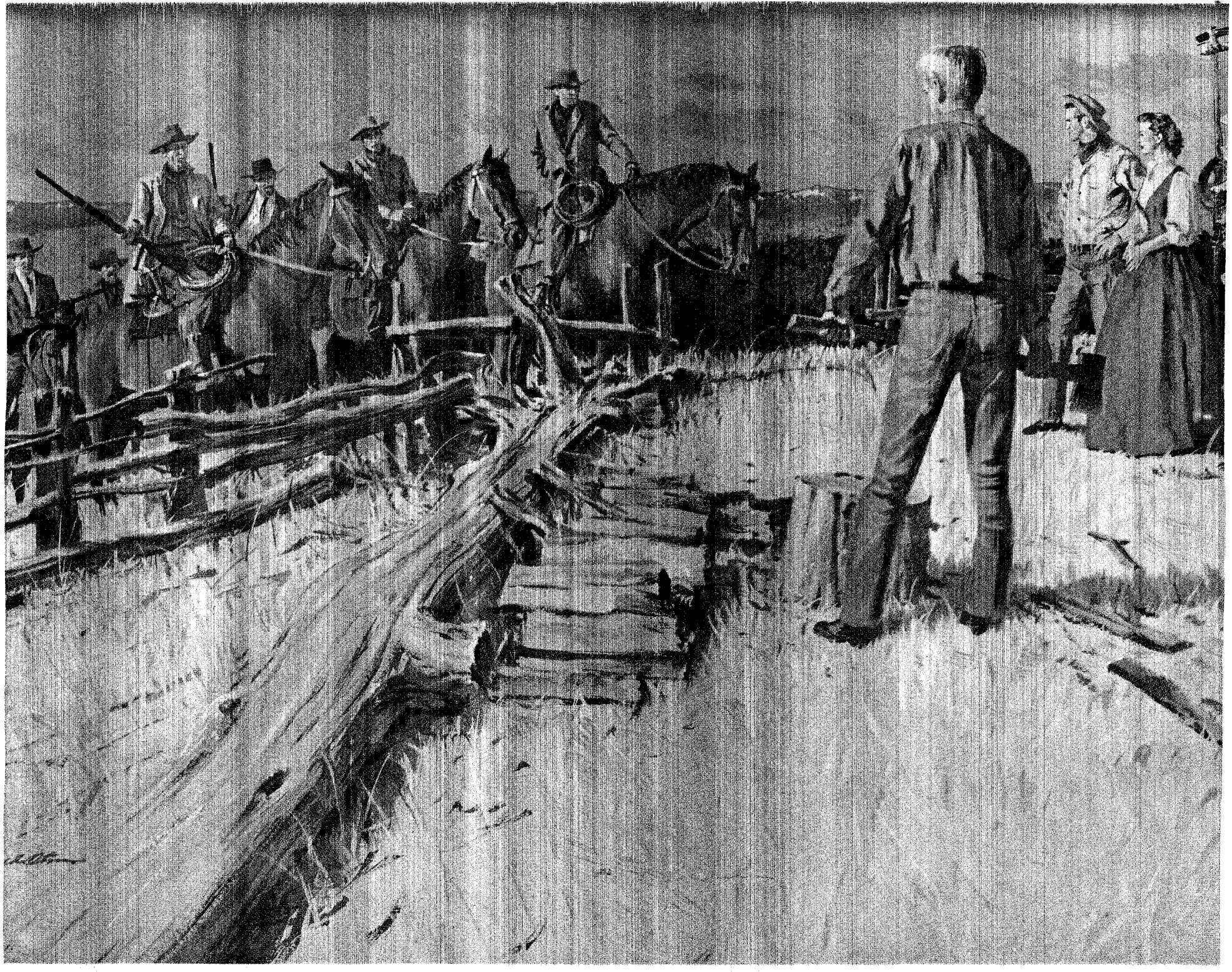

"We've come to ask you to get rid of this troublemaker you've hired," Sheriff Russell said.

They didn't like the stranger's snooping and prying, so they told him to. . .

GET OUT OF TOWN

By LOUIS L'AMOUR

Ma said for me to ride into town and hire a man to help with the cows. More than likely she figured I'd hire Johnny Loftus or Ed Shifrin, but I had no liking for either of them. Johnny used to wink and call ma "that widder woman" and Ed, he worked no harder than he had to. Man I hired I'd never seen before.

He wasn't much to look at, first off. He was smaller than Johnny Loftus by twenty pound, and Johnny was only a mite more than half of Ed Shifrin, and this stranger was older than either. Fact is, he was pushing forty, but he had a hard, grainy look that made me figure he'd been up the creek and over the mountain.

He wouldn't weigh over a hundred and forty pounds soaking wet, which he wasn't likely to be in this country, and his face was narrow and dark with black eyes that sized you up careful-like before he spoke. He was a-settin' on the platform down to the depot with his saddle and a war bag that looked mighty empty like he was shy of clothes. He was not saying I, yes, or no to anybody when I rode up to town on that buckskin pa gave me before he was shot down in the street.

Pa let me have the pick of the horses for sale in the town corral, and I taken a fancy to a paint filly with a blaze face.

"Son"—pa was hunkered down on his heels watching the horses—"that filly wouldn't carry you over the hill. She looks mighty pert, but what a man wants to find in horses or partners is stayin' quality. He wants a horse he can ride all day and all night that will still be with him at sunup.

"Now you take that buckskin. He's tough and he's got savvy. Horse or men, son, pick 'em tough and with savvy. Don't pay no attention to the showy kind. Pick 'em to last. Pick 'em to go all the way."

Well, I taken the buckskin, and pa was right. Looking at (Continued on Page 84)

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A famous newscaster, recalling some of the big stories he's missed, discloses the pitfalls of his own profession and offers his own special . . .

Warning to Young Men

By ERIC SEVAREID

Young man, do you aspire to success in your chosen field? Do you yearn to be a credit to your community and your country? Then, sir, do as I say, not as I did. Or, to put it more accurately, do as I didn't.

I warn not of alcohol, low companions and gambling—I have found considerable pleasure and instruction in alcohol and low companions and would have enjoyed gambling, too, except that I loathe releasing a dollar, a trait inherited from Norwegian forebears who make their Scotch cousins look like spendthrifts.

No, I warn of Stupidity, Timidity, Bad Luck and Bad Timing. All you have to do is avoid these four elements in your life and the rest is easy, especially in my trade—journalism. Avoid them, and you, too, can be a scoop artist, like the embattled brotherhood of the Alsops, and live to write a book on How I Did It. Avoid them and you will avoid ending up in contrite middle age, writing a short confessional for the good of your guilty soul on how you didn't do it, how you missed this big one, fumbled that one and bumped into the third, said, "Pardon me," and walked on.

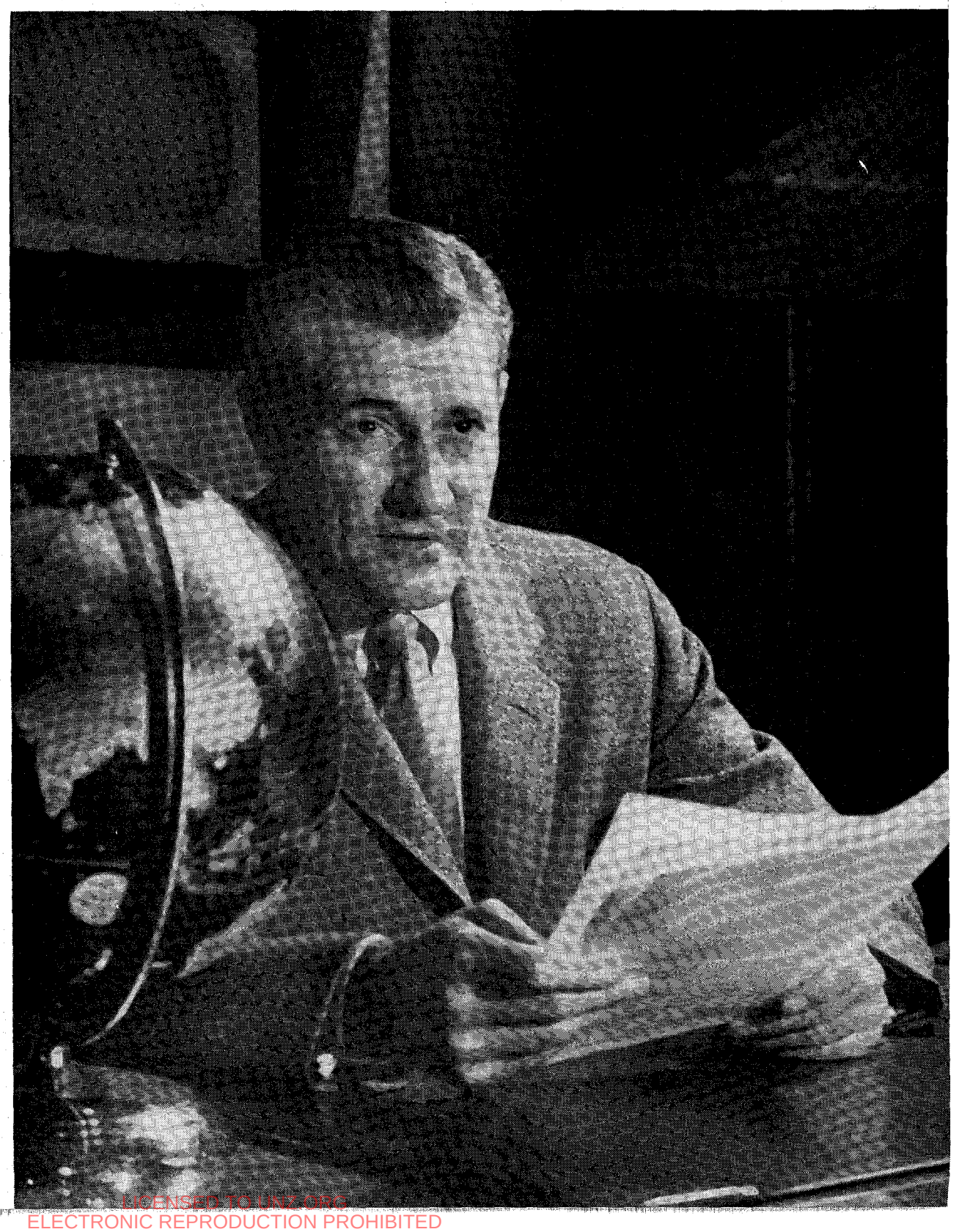
I am not sure, now that I search the recesses of unhappy memory, just when the habit of stupidity began with me. But timidity I know had me in its grip as early as the age of seventeen, when I was the solemn editor of the Central High School News in Minneapolis and knew that the American press and the epoch awaited another Richard Harding Davis.

Jack Dempsey, ex-champ, the Manassa Mauler, was in town at the Nicollet Hotel. With a cigarette dangling from my lip, I casually announced to the awe-struck news staff my intention to interview the great man. I had got no farther (Continued on Page 118)

India, 1943: War correspondent Sevareid (right) with fellow survivors. They bailed out of a disabled plane and spent three weeks in the Burma jungle.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Eric Sevareid, a lanky forty-six-year-old native of North Dakota, was graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1935 and worked four years as a newspaperman in Minneapolis and Paris before he discovered the medium which made his voice one of the best-known in the short history of news broadcasting. Despite the account of his own ineptness as presented here, Sevareid has written four books, gathered two honorary doctorates and fourteen prizes for excellence in journalism, including the Peabody Award (1950), the George Polk Memorial Award (1955) and the Overseas Press Club's prize for the best radio interpretation of foreign affairs (1956). Next month, after a long tour as chief Washington correspondent of CBS, Sevareid will go to London for a new assignment which will enable him to rove over Europe and the Middle East. THE EDITORS.



The author in the CBS studios in Washington. In his twenty-eight years as a reporter, Sevareid's assignments have taken him to the scene of most of the world's major crises.

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Photographs by Joern Gerdts

We Saved Our Baby

By ALVIN H. GRUMBLING, as told to Elmont Waite

The author's child was born with a frightening disability. Here is the ordeal the young parents went through to keep their first-born alive.

My wife Meg and I have a little rhyme we recite whenever we play with our little boy. While some parents might find our rhyme tragically different, it does not seem tragic to us. It goes like this:

"*Over and over, so merry and free,*
"*Come, little Gary, and play with me.*"

It makes a happy, giggly game out of some hand-and-arm exercises which we hope will, in time, relax Gary's terribly tense little muscles and get his clenched left fist to open normally. Gary was born a spastic quadriplegic.

The effect upon his arms and legs was not too noticeable at first, but his throat muscles seemed completely, hopelessly paralyzed. He couldn't cry like other newborn babies, nor could he swallow. Even breathing was a problem. All babies drool a little, but if Gary's mouth were not kept reasonably dry, the fluid collecting in his throat would have choked him to death.

For two terrifying years, keeping him alive meant giving him special care at least once every hour around the clock. All through those nightmarish months the changing sound of our baby's breathing, reassuringly soft or frighteningly noisy, became our alarm clock. With God's help we answered it every single time.

That my wife Meg and I managed to get through that ordeal without human help seems incredible to us. Gary is a happy, growing four-year-old now. He still cannot walk more than a few uncertain steps and still cannot talk—yet the future seems bright; he is beginning to learn to do both.

For the first four weeks of his life, we never once held our baby in our arms or even saw

The Grumblings with their 4½-year-old son near their home at Stockton, California. Little Gary wears a bib because he can't control his salivation.

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Gary now eats with his parents and can help feed himself his strained food. But he was six months old before he could take liquids without choking.

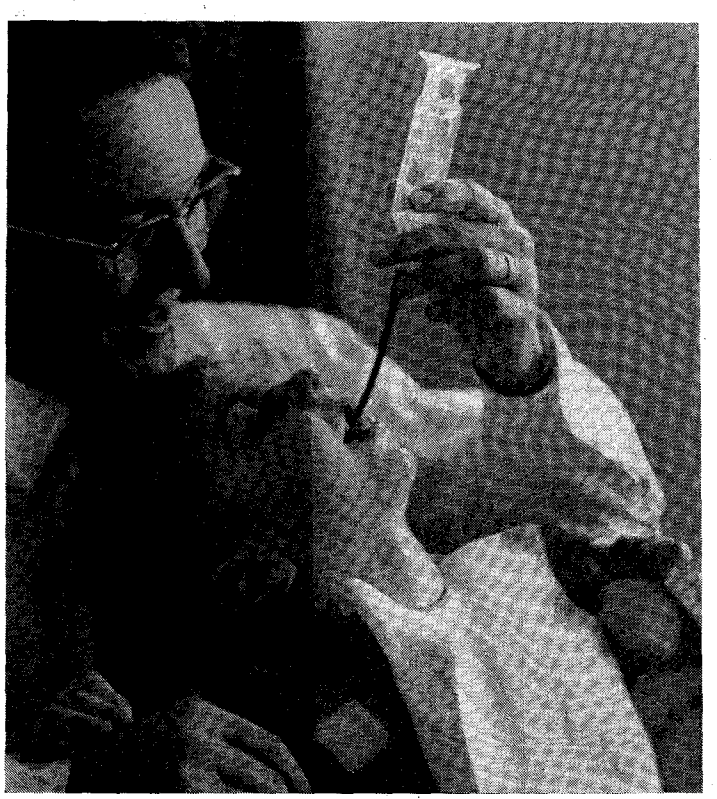
him except through glass in the hospital nursery. He was born at 2:45 A.M., August 7, 1954, in Cameron Hospital in the small city of Bryan, Ohio, where I was pastor of The Brethren Church. Meg heard the bad news before the effects of the delivery-room anesthetic had worn off. Before she was fully conscious, she heard someone exclaim, "It's too bad! Babies are so hard to get, and then to have something like this happen!" Also, she remembered a doctor's saying they had put our baby in a resuscitator, trying to keep him alive.

I think I must have sensed that something was wrong before anyone spoke to me. This was our first child, and I was pretty nervous as I waited, sitting on some steps ten or fifteen feet from the delivery-room door. I was expecting to hear a baby cry, but there never was any cry, not even after the door opened and they wheeled Meg out into the corridor.

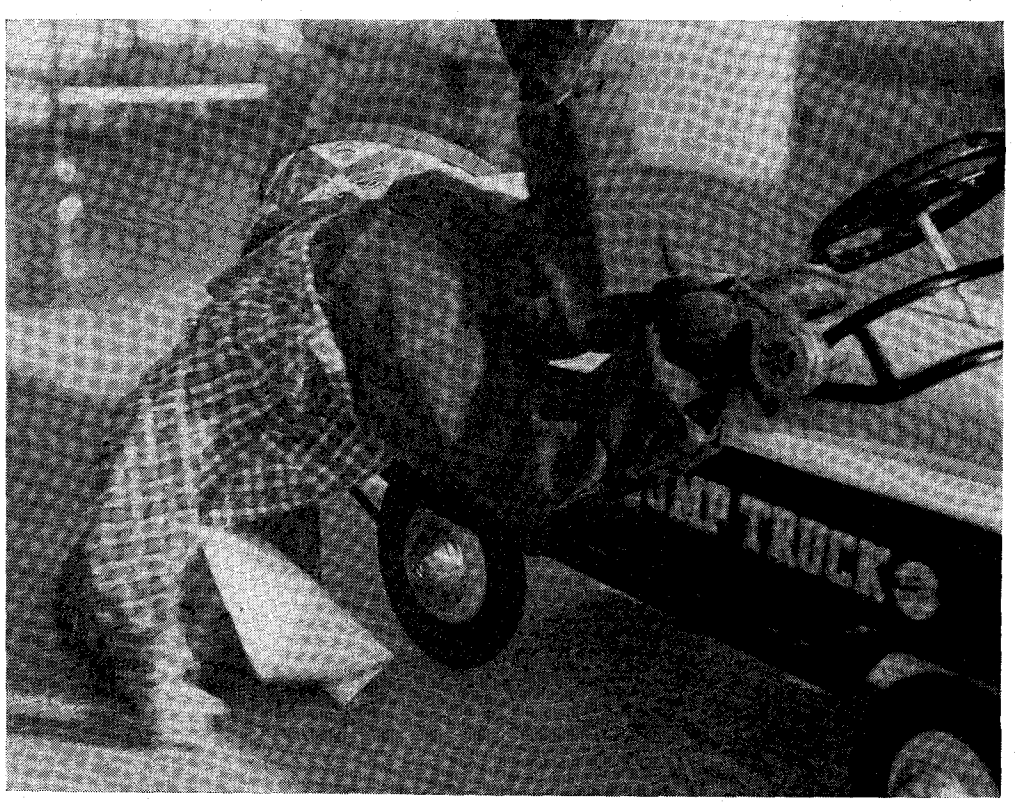
I rushed over. Meg was still unconscious, but our doctor, Paul Meckstroth, said, "She's fine—you can go see her in a minute." I must have looked frightened, because he tried to look reassuring and said, "You've got a boy."

He steered me gently into the delivery room and began to explain that little Gary's chances of survival were pretty slim. I saw the baby, large and husky-looking, in a resuscitator. He was twenty-one inches long and weighed seven pounds, twelve ounces. I remember thinking, *What is our big boy doing in that thing?*

The doctor, a serious fellow normally, was exceptionally grave as he told me what was wrong: Gary had been born with paralysis of the throat, and with spastic paralysis affecting his right arm and leg slightly and his left side more seriously. Whether (Continued on Page 89)



He still takes some nourishment through a feeding tube—a device which kept him alive during the early months.



To get out of his pedal truck, Gary rolls himself onto the floor. Although he propels the toy around energetically, Gary isn't yet able to dismount from it by just stepping out.

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Above: Pearson (capless) scoring his first big-league home run, against Baltimore last September. An in-the-park homer, it helped the Senators win 4–3. Even so, he beefed because it didn't clear the fence.

Little Albie was 1958's American League Rookie of the Year. Each season he introduces himself to all the umpires by cautioning them on the small size of his strike zone.

The Littlest Big-Leaguer

By SHIRLEY POVICH

Five-foot-five Albie Pearson looks like a little leaguer when he comes to bat for the Senators. But many a pitcher has pulled a boner by underestimating undersized Albie.

One of the Washington Senators' regular outfielders was missing from the starting lineup on a day last year at Griffith Stadium. In the press box before the game it was announced that the young man had come down with the mumps and been sent home. The assembled writers couldn't help chuckling. If any ballplayer figured to contract a so-called children's disease, it was Albie Pearson, the smallest big-leaguer of them all.

Viewed from the stands, Pearson could easily be taken for a bat boy. He is exactly five feet four and seven-eighths inches tall, and his playing weight last season was 138 pounds. When the Senators first sprang Albie on the American League in 1958, the fans in every city did double takes. So did the opposing pitchers, who grumbled about the miniature strike zone they would have to contend with when Pearson walked up to the plate.

One of the first to react vocally during a game was Ray Moore, a Chicago White Sox right-hander. When Pearson stepped into the batter's box, Moore peered at him like a man looking through the wrong end of a binocular. Finally Moore cut loose with a pitch. Pearson did not offer at it, and no strike was signaled by umpire Bill Summers.

"What was wrong with the pitch?" Moore demanded, advancing toward Summers.

"Low," the umpire said.

"Low? Impossible!" Moore roared. "There's no place to pitch him low!"

By now it is clear that Pearson is a tough man to pitch to from more than just a strike-zone standpoint. The Yankees' Whitey Ford sums up the prevailing view of the pitching brotherhood, "He's not a great hitter, but he's a pretty fair pest."

Swinging a bat one ounce heavier than Stan Musial's thirty-ounce model, little Albie has come on strong since a shaky spring start last year. Finishing out the 1958 season with a .275 average, he won recognition as American League Rookie of the Year from an official Baseball Writers' Association selection committee. Pearson got fourteen out of twenty-four votes, seven more than runner-up Ryne Duren, the blow-'em-down relief pitcher of the Yankees.

There was widespread approval of this outcome, and there could be no quarrel at all over another award that came Pearson's way. An organization

(Continued on Page 91)

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TEACHER'S PAY

By M. G. CHUTE

Why did he have to go on wasting his talent on an ungrateful bunch of kids?

Hi, sweetheart!" Joe said. He shouted the "Hi," but the rest of it he gave *sotto voce*, trusting that Lois could lip-read pretty well.

The faculty members who did duty in the halls and lunchrooms of Prospect Avenue Junior High were supposed to set an example of some kind, and Joe acted accordingly. The front entrance on Fridays was guarded by Music-Instrumental, which was Joe, and Citizenship Education I, which was Lois, and they strove to make it a place of quiet serenity.

A bus pulled up. Joe placed himself, elbows jutting out, in the doorway, that being the spot best suited, he'd found out over the months, to breaking the tidal wave of kids into two reasonably slow-flowing rivers.

"Hey," Joe said, "you with the cap! Off with the cap inside the Portals of Learning! Women and children first, sailor! That's my toe you're stepping on, pal!"

The bus, empty, pulled away, and Joe moved up closer to Lois, preferring to sniff the perfume she had on than the exhaust of buses and the scent of wet rubbers.

"Trouble with kids these days," Joe said, "is they have no manners. Now in my day ——"

Lois grinned. "You know, Joe, when I was in college, I had such lovely, dreamy plans. I chose junior high, because why? Because it was the sensitive age, the age when boy and girl stand poised on the steppingstones of life. It presented a challenge —— Uh-uh, boys! No wrestling in halls —— Joe, how about taking me out to supper before P.T.A. meeting tonight?"

Joe said, "Gosh, I was just going to tell you that I can't make P.T.A. tonight. I've got a kind of a date."

"Blonde, brunette or redhead?"

"Male and probably bald. Fellow named Rosen who is (Continued on Page 48)

For a couple of minutes Joe tooted aimlessly; then for a couple more he played with greater care.

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The Oklahoma Kid

Democrat J. Howard Edmondson, at 33 the nation's youngest governor, won an "impossible" victory at the polls. Now he has to sell himself to a stubborn legislature.

By Milton MacKaye

Edmondson, shown here in front of the capitol at Oklahoma City, is symbolic of the younger generation's growing political awareness. Last month, under his leadership, voters repealed 51 years of prohibition.

Below: "Most of what I know about politics, I absorbed from Ed," says Howard (left) of his older brother, Congressman Ed Edmondson. This picture was taken after they learned of Howard's victory in the July primary.

Dr. George L. Cross, president of the University of Oklahoma, recently told an audience about a wistful meeting he had last year with a likable former student who aspired to be governor of the state.

"When we parted," said Doctor Cross, "I remarked to myself what a shame it was that a fine, intelligent young man like J. Howard Edmondson should stand no chance whatever of winning a rough-and-tumble primary."

Now that the dust has settled, Doctor Cross's concern for his young friend seems laughable. In the first Democratic primary, running against seven major candidates, Edmondson emerged—by a narrow margin—as top dog. Then, in the July runoff provided by Oklahoma law, he defeated his nearest rival decisively. Finally, he won over Republican candidate Phil Ferguson in the general election by an astonishing plurality of 300,000.

Today, at thirty-three, Howard Edmondson is the youngest governor in the United States. The fact still bemuses political pundits in Oklahoma; they were pretty well agreed, before the campaign opened, that his cause was hopeless. He was not well known around the state, and his experience in government was limited to two terms as county attorney in Tulsa. Indeed, many observers believed Edmondson had entered the Democratic primary only in order to make himself better known, with an eye toward future elections. This assumption was a logical one, since he had nothing to lose except his amateur standing.

His rivals, unable to believe that he really hoped to win, treated him with patronizing kindness. Even the knowledgeable Otis Sullivant, lean and saturnine political expert of the Daily Oklahoman, failed to take Edmondson seriously during the early primary campaigning.

Edmondson's handicaps were evident: He came from the state's East Side, and in all Oklahoma history only one governor had been elected from there; he was supported by bustling Tulsa, an often Republican, oil-rich city resented by many Oklahomans; his brother Ed was already a Congressman, and one important job was a sufficient family ration; he was immature, inexperienced and should wait his turn.

Sullivant's method of personal polling has had remarkably accurate results for years, and he was surprised as the weeks of campaigning wore on to discover pockets of Edmondson strength in areas where, for geographical reasons, he was expected to have no strength at all.

Anything can happen in Oklahoma and frequently does. In Edmondson's case a group of unpaid volunteer workers, most of them amateurs, were blowing up such a storm that an unpromising candidacy took on the status of a young-people's crusade.

Edmondson was swept into office last November. More recently there has been still further proof that anything can happen. The November figures seemed to identify Edmondson as the most popular governor ever to be elected.

Certainly the cold statistics of his victory could be interpreted as giving him a popular mandate to carry through the reform program he promised. Yet, within a mere two weeks of taking office, Edmondson was defied by a leg-

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Receiving a cub-scout delegation. Though relatively inexperienced, Democrat Edmondson proved to be an adept campaigner. He won the general election last fall by the astonishing margin of 300,000 votes.

islature dominated by his own party, and the old granite-and-limestone capitol was rocked by civil war.

James Howard Edmondson came to politics by way of inheritance and tradition, although he bears no resemblance to the carpet-slippered, gallused spellbinders of the "Alfalfa Bill" Murray generation. Soberly tailored, strikingly handsome, he looks like an all-American fraternity man; his golden-red hair caused his brothers in Phi Gamma Delta on the O.U. campus to nickname him "Nugget Head"—his brother Ed still calls him "Nugget." He is well spoken in conversation, and his calm, deep voice serves him well in an auditorium or on the air. The softness of luxuriant, golden-red eyelashes is offset by a firm mouth and a jutting cleft chin.

While a good many members of the legislature seem currently impervious to his charm, there is no doubt about the magnetism of his personality, which becomes intensified on TV. "Printed in the (Continued on Page 70)

The West's Boy Wonders

Last week, in a companion piece to this article, Mr. MacKaye told how youthful Republican Governor Mark Hatfield (36) of Oregon successfully bucked the Democrats' November landslide.

The governor and his family at the home they are renting while the Governor's Mansion is being renovated. From left: Jimmy, 12, Mrs. Edmondson, and Jeannette, 9. The child laughing at her father is Patty, aged 7.

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She Just Didn't Understand

By NORMAN MATSON

The show-off dog was wrecking a beautiful romance.

She was introduced to me by a psychiatrist. "Her name is Louise," Dr. Malcolm Pusey said, and he laughed.

"She's got a nice, glossy coat," I said.

I had driven up to Cranford to see him, but not to get my head examined. He was interested in a piece of property on Heron Lake which I owned, and he thought it was worth more than it was, so I had just sold it to him. When we came out of his modernistic house, there was Louise lolloping around an old blond spaniel, ears down to the ground.

"That's her mother," he said, "a purebred. Her father lives down the road. He's a purebred, too, only he's a Boston bull terrier—a nervous wreck who bounces. Louise is the last of their mistake."

She was gazing up at me. Her eyes are perfectly round and always have this God-help-us-all expression, like a lonesome monkey's. I gave her a pat on her forehead.

"Nobody wants a dog like that," says Doctor Pusey.

"How much will you take for her?"

He laughed again. "One can hardly describe Louise in terms of dollars."

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Somehow Louise had got an old Wells Fargo cap on her head and a corncob pipe in her mouth.

"I can," I said, feeling my neck get red. "I'll give you ten dollars."

"I've just told you the dog's worthless."

"She is not," I said. "I'll give you fifteen."

"Listen, Dahlberg, I'll pay you to take her away."

"Twenty dollars, Doctor Pusey."

He pulled his glasses off and put them back on. "It's a compulsion," he said. "Probably related to something that happened in your childhood, Mister Dahlberg. Look at her tail. She looks more like some dwarf marsupial than a dog. Don't you know anything about ——"

He was interrupted by a woman who had come up to the other side of his hedge. She said in a deep voice, "Doctor Pusey! It is cruelty to animals, insulting the poor dog to her face."

"Oh, good heavens," says Doctor Pusey, "it's you. Good morning, Mrs. Feitelson. How do you do? May I present Mr. Emil Dahlberg of Willow Creek? Mrs. Bella Feitelson." We bowed, but he went right on talking to me. "Are you a single man? You are? Well, then, from time to time, unless you can get your butler to do it, you will have to appear in public with her. Your clients would begin to talk. Your banker might see you, Mr. Dahlberg. Or your fiancée."

"Twenty-five dollars," I said. "And I haven't got a butler or a fiancée."

Doctor Pusey gave me a long, psychiatric look. We're getting used to psychiatrists. There are quite a few among the new summer people. I got nothing against them, but I didn't care for Doctor Pusey. "I'll take fifty-five cents cash," he said at last. I sneered at him. I don't know what had got into me. In Willow Creek I been the auctioneer for donkey's years, but I have never been in an auction like this one. No wonder poor Louise didn't know what was going on. "Seventy-five cents," he snarled; and so we kept at it, me bidding against myself, as you might say, because somehow I had to stick up for Louise. Finally I beat him down—or rather, up—and we settled for ten bucks. Doctor Pusey mopped the sweat off his egghead. He said, "Good heavens, you're a stubborn man," and he added a couple of his big words, but I didn't mind. I looked around. Mrs. Bella Feitelson had walked away.

"Who is that lovely creature?" I asked Doctor Pusey as he took my ten bucks.

"Town dogcatcher. Oh, it's just an honorary title. She's a nurse—for people. But her specialty is dogs. Crazy about dogs. She's a widow. Why do you ask?"

Why? What a foolish question.

"Oh," he said, "she's coming in my gate. Now what do you suppose she's after?"

I had an idea, me being naturally attractive to women and she a woman, but I didn't let on.

Doctor Pusey give me a quick good-by and hurried into his modernistic house, maybe to lay himself down on his own couch. Bella Feitelson, it seems, had come around to talk to Louise, and so she did, and later she put Louise into my car. Thus it was that our fate lines, Bella's and mine, got snarled up together.

"Are you going to love that dog, that helpless little being?" she asked.

"I love you," I said. I'm a fast worker, generally.

She made out she hadn't heard, like they do. "Why do you want Louise?" and she studied me. "You're not going to teach her tricks?"

(Continued on Page 64)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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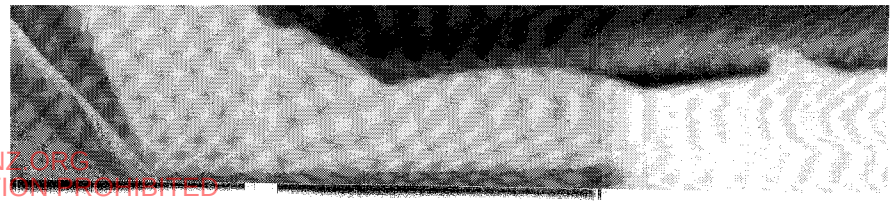

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Einstein's Great Idea

By JAMES R. NEWMAN

To the eyes of the man of imagination, nature is imagination itself.
—WILLIAM BLAKE.

Einstein died less than four years ago. Fifty years earlier, when he was twenty-six, he put forward an idea which changed the world. His idea revolutionized our conception of the physical universe; its consequences have shaken human society. Since the rise of science in the seventeenth century, only two other men, Newton and Darwin, have produced a comparable upheaval in thought.

Einstein, as everyone knows, did something remarkable, but what exactly did he do? Even among educated men and women, few can answer. We are resigned to the importance of his theory, but we do not comprehend it. It is this circumstance which is largely responsible for the isolation of modern science. This is bad for us and bad for science; therefore more than curiosity is at stake in the desire to understand Einstein.

Relativity is a hard concept, prickly with mathematics. There are many popular accounts of it, a small number of which are good, but it is a mistake to expect they will carry the reader along—like a prince stretched on his palanquin. One must tramp one's own road. Nevertheless, relativity is in some respects simpler than the theory it supplanted. It makes the model of the physical world more susceptible to proof by experiment; it replaces a grandiose scheme of space and time with a more practical scheme. Newton's majestic system was worthy of the gods; Einstein's system is better suited to creatures like ourselves, with limited intelligence and weak eyes.

But relativity is radically new. It forces us to change deeply rooted habits of thought. It requires that we free ourselves from a provincial perspective. It demands that we relinquish convictions so long held that they are synonymous with common sense, that we abandon a picture of the world which seems as natural and as obvious as that the stars are overhead. It may be that in time Einstein's ideas will seem easy; but our generation has the severe task of being the first to lay the old aside and try the new. Anyone who seeks to understand the world of the twentieth century must make this effort.

In 1905 while working as an examiner in the Swiss Patent Office, Einstein published in the *Annalen der Physik*, a thirty-page paper with the *CONTINUED ON PAGE 102*

About the Author

James R. Newman has achieved equal distinction as a lawyer and a writer on mathematics. In the former capacity he taught at Yale Law School, served as adviser to the White House on scientific legislation, and as counsel to the Senate Special Committee on Atomic Energy. His books include Mathematics and the Imagination (written with Edward Kasner), The Control of Atomic Energy (with Byron Milner), and recently the monumental four-volume World of Mathematics, published by Simon & Schuster. He is currently at work on a biography of Michael Faraday.

Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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A woman who would have been strikingly beautiful in different surroundings came to the door. It was Mrs. Manly.

The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

Even to his own wife, the man was a mystery. But someone knew him well enough to kill him.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

I'm warning you, Miss Meade," said Perry Mason. "You can't get away with this." If Mason's hunch was right, Mauvis Meade had framed his client, Gladys Doyle. Miss Meade sent Gladys, her secretary, on a trip and insisted that she return by a "short cut" through Pine Glen Canyon. On that road, Gladys' car bogged down in a mudhole. Seeking help in a nearby cabin, she discovered a corpse. The police, when they learned Gladys had been at the cabin, arrested her on suspicion of murder.

Mauvis Meade angrily denied that she directed her secretary to the scene of the crime. Gladys, she said, must have taken a wrong turn. In Miss Meade's mysteriously ransacked apartment, Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide found the notebook in which Gladys transcribed her directions. The page was missing, but Tragg discovered impressions of her shorthand on the page beneath. If legible they would tell if Mauvis Meade were lying.

III

Mauvis Meade said indignantly, "I'm not going to have her drag me into this thing. You examine the indentations and you'll find I told the truth. I said to take the right-hand fork."

Tragg looked around him and said, "It certainly is an interesting fact that nothing has been disturbed in Gladys Doyle's room."

"That's an insult," Mason said.

"Who's insulted?" Tragg asked.

"You are. The police are. The idea that anyone would be so dumb as to think the police would fall for anything so terribly obvious is an insult."

"I know, I know," Tragg said, "but I've been insulted by experts, and there's always the possibility someone making a hurried search knew the article he was after wasn't in Gladys Doyle's room and therefore didn't

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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waste the precious time he had at his disposal looking for it there."

Mauvis Meade, who had been looking around, said, "I notice there are some papers in her wastebasket. If the room hasn't been disturbed, the probabilities are the wastebasket hasn't either."

She reached gingerly into the wastebasket and said, "Here's that page out of the shorthand book, lieutenant! Now we can see who's right and who's wrong."

She smoothed out a crumpled page from a shorthand book and said, "Here it is right at the top of the page. 'Received three hundred dollars expense money' and the date, and here are the directions—they're in shorthand. I can't read her shorthand very well, but I can manage to make it out—yes, here it is."

Mauvis Meade held a pointed fingernail on the page. "There you are, right there. I know enough about her system of shorthand to know that that's the sign for 'right.' She's to turn right at that fork in the road."

Tragg folded the paper, put it in his pocket, started methodically looking through the wastebasket.

The telephone rang. Mauvis Meade said, "Pardon me," and went to answer the phone.

She was back by the time Tragg had finished inventorying the contents of the wastebasket.

Tragg looked at her sharply. "Bad news on the telephone, Miss Meade?" he asked.

"I—it's a personal matter."

"How personal?"

"Very personal. I—I'm afraid I've been under too much of a strain for the past few hours. I guess I'll ——"

Again the phone rang.

Mauvis Meade looked helplessly at Tragg.

"Want me to answer it?" Tragg asked.

She hesitated a moment, then shook her head, got up and went to the phone.

"Sure looks as though that last phone call gave her a lick right between the eyes," Tragg said conversationally to Mason. "We'll have to go about finding out who it was and what was said."

"This call is for you, lieutenant," Mauvis Meade called out.

Tragg strode out into the other room, took the telephone from Mauvis Meade's outstretched hand, said, "Yes, hello, Tragg speaking. . . . The devil ——"

He was silent for a few moments, then said, "All right, I've got it," and hung up.

He turned and frowned at Mason speculatively. Abruptly he said, "Well, I have work to do. I'm leaving. I think, Mason, since Miss Meade is quite evidently beginning to feel the strain under which she's been laboring, it would be just as well if you left when I did."

Mauvis Meade nodded. "I don't want anyone here. I don't want to see anyone. I—I guess I'm more tired than I thought."

"You certainly don't need to see anyone you don't want to," Tragg said sympathetically. . . . "Come on, Mason."

Mauvis Meade saw them to the door, then slammed the door shut. They heard the sound of a bolt shooting into place.

While they were waiting for the elevator, Tragg said thoughtfully, "I wonder what that telephone call was. It seemed to upset her."

"I'm wondering what your call was," Mason said.

Tragg grinned. "Did I seem upset?"

"No, but you're mighty thoughtful."

"I'm always thoughtful," Tragg said. "And when *you* are on a case, Mason, I get very, very thoughtful indeed."

Perry Mason latchkeyed the door of his private office. Della Street, who had been seated at the telephone, jumped up with an exclamation. "Gosh, am I glad to see you!"

"What's happened?"

"I've been working the telephone overtime. Mauvis Meade said you'd left and she didn't know where you were going."

"I got hung up in traffic," Mason said. "What's happened?"

"Paul Drake has a break. He has a line on the identity of the corpse. He wants you to call him the minute you get in—I'll give him a buzz."

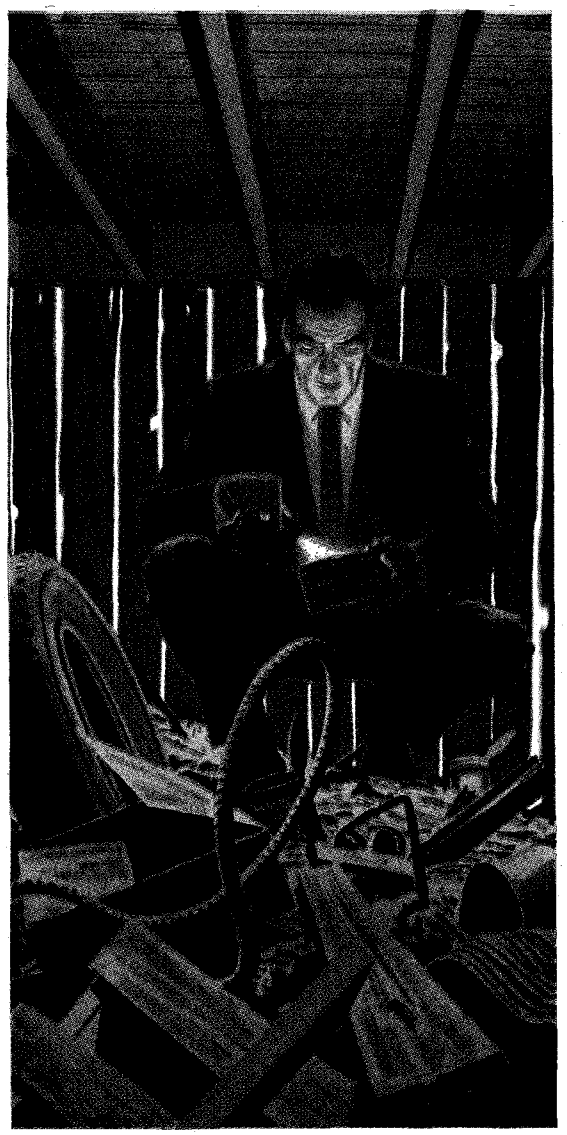
Della Street sent nimble fingers flying around the dial of the telephone and a moment later said, "Paul, he's here. He just came in.

"Paul's coming right in," she said to Mason, hanging up the telephone.

"How did Paul happen to get a line on the corpse?" Mason asked. "And are we ahead of or behind the police?"

"Apparently we're ahead of them—at least Paul thinks we are."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "I don't see how Paul could have any information the police haven't," he said. "However ——"



Under the house, Mason found a can. There was something in it, wrapped in a cloth.

He broke off his words as Drake's code knock sounded on the door. Della Street opened the door.

Paul Drake had discarded his pose of easy nonchalance. His voice was crisp and businesslike. He kicked the door shut with his heel, walked over to sit on the corner of Mason's desk and said, "I think we've got the corpse tagged, Perry."

"Go ahead," Mason said, "tell me about it."

"His name is Josh Manly—full name, Joseph Hanover Manly, but he signs it Jos, period, and then puts a capital H, period: so his friends call him Josh. He lives in a bungalow at twelve-twenty Ringbolt Avenue. He's been staying in that cabin up there off and on for several months."

"Why does he have a place on Ringbolt Avenue and then spend so much time in a cabin at Pine Glen Canyon?" Mason asked.

"That's one of the things I haven't been able to find out yet. Probably there's a woman in the case."

"That's a masterpiece of understatement," Mason said. "There are probably at least two women in the case. O.K., Paul, let's go."

"Take Della?" Drake asked.

Mason hesitated. Della Street caught his eye and nodded vehemently.

"O.K.," Mason smiled, "take a briefcase and a couple of shorthand notebooks, Della. It may be quite a while before you get anything to eat."

"That's all right, chief. I can wait."

"All right, let's get started."

Driving out the freeway, Mason said, "Tell me how it happened, Paul."

"Just legwork," Drake said. "I put men out covering the place and trying to find out all they could.

"One of my men prowling around the back of the cabin, just giving it a once-over, noticed a neat stack of firewood that had been sawed into lengths for a kitchen stove and then split into small sticks."

"So what did he do?" Mason asked.

"So," Drake said, "the first thing he did was to get a tape measure and measure the pile. He found from the way the supports had been placed to hold up the ends of the pile that it must originally have held a full cord of wood.

"The fact that the entire pile of winter wood was limited to one cord indicated the wood had been purchased from a dealer, and the party living in the cabin intended to buy a cord at a time.

"So, when my man had carried his reasoning that far, he got out of there fast and started asking questions about who had wood for sale around that part of the country. He found a man named Atkins living down the Pine Glen road had wood for sale. My operative went down and got to talking with him.

"Atkins remembered all about the transaction, even gave a pretty detailed description of what Manly looked like. Manly had paid him by endorsing over a check, and Atkins wasn't too sure whether he wanted that check. So he jotted down the license number of the car Manly was driving, a jeep with four-wheel drive. The check cleared all right, but Atkins was able to rummage around and located the license number for my operative. So we traced the car registration, and it's this guy, Manly, living at

(Continued on Page 96)

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Post Scripts

The Ticker Tapeworm

(Brokers report that the public's mounting interest in Wall Street is being accompanied by a colossal new crop of dubious stock-market tips.)

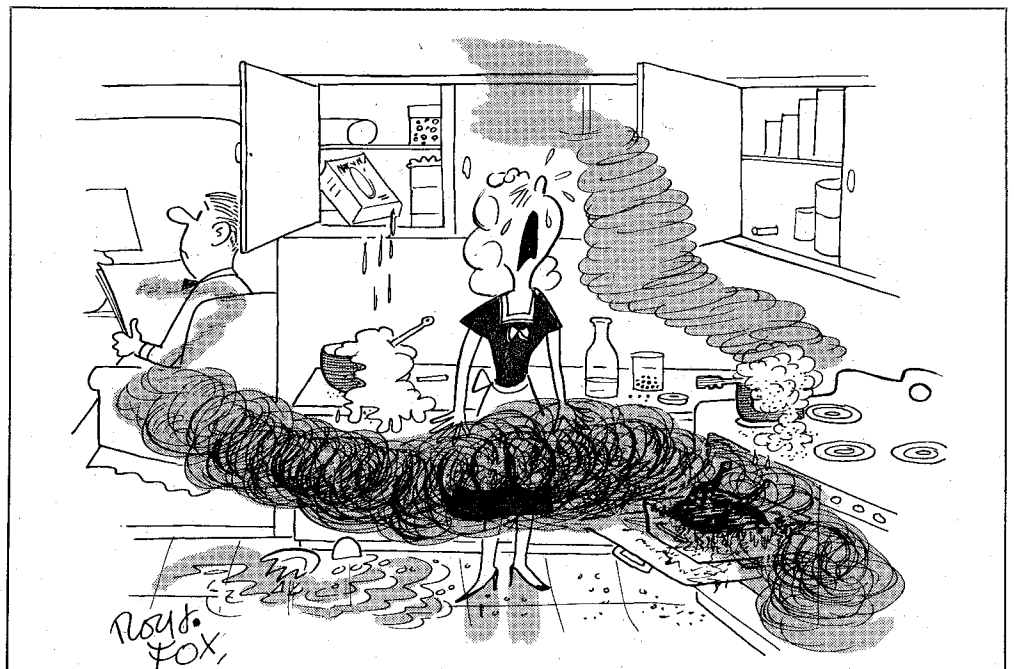
The Ticker Tapeworm lives on tips
That lightly fall from careless lips.
He swallows phony facts with ease
And eats up fairy tales like these:

"My uncle's cousin's sister Claire—
You know, the one with henna hair—
Was tipped off by a millionaire
To buy Rhode Island Rocking Chair.
(In confidence he told her they're
About to merge with Grizzly Bear.)
A red-hot one like this is rare—
The stock's a steal at ten a share!
Take every buck that you can spare
And load up on Rhode Island Chair!"

The Ticker Tapeworm heeds the myth,
Proceeds to buy and ends up with
Those piercing pains he long has felt
In the region of his money belt.

Astute financial medicos
Who see the patient in the throes
Declare, without a doubt or schism,
"A case of Chronic Rumortism,
Induced by tendency to munch
On gossip, guesswork, hint and hunch
Which do not nourish him a bit
And keep him fiscally unfit!"

ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN



"I want my mother!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I See the Cat

"Why, how delightful to meet you at last, Miss Ferguson! Harry's spoken of you so often, but he never seemed to get around to bringing us together. Aren't husbands awful? What a darling dress! . . . You did? Oh, I wish I had your talent. I always get my things at Sophie's; of course, she's terribly expensive, but they always fit. Let me just fix that collar for you. . . . There!

"I hear you've just got back from Nassau; you must have had a wonderful trip. . . . No, we went there once, but we thought it was getting to be sort of touristy—you know, all the wrong kind of people—so now we go to Montego Bay; it's lovely, and you avoid all the riffraff.

"Harry, do make Miss Ferguson another martini; I know she must be thirsty because she simply gulped that second one down. . . . No, my dear, I never drink myself; I have to think of my figure, you know, and alcohol is so fattening. If I let myself touch even the teeniest cocktail, I'd be simply bloated in no time, and don't you hate the kind of woman who lets herself go? Of course, I'm sure you don't need to worry; you couldn't be more than one hundred forty-five, could you? . . . Oh, one hundred thirty. Oh!

"Now that Harry's out of the room, we can let down our hair and pick him to pieces, can't we; we both know him so well, and it's such fun to compare notes. You met at the Allens' party, didn't you, when I was having Stephanie? I'm so glad Harry didn't just mope around while I was in the hospital; it's so good for him to get out and meet new people. Especially young, attractive, charming people like you, Miss Ferguson. Oh, I know some wives would be jealous about their husband playing tennis so much with the same girl, but I'm not the possessive type who feels so insecure she thinks any little blond floozy can walk off with her husband, don't you agree, Miss Ferguson? Miss Ferguson? Miss ——"

"Why, Harry, I don't know; she just got up and left. Oh, there she is now, putting on her coat. . . . Me? *I* didn't say anything!"

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

PERISHABLE PROSE FROM SOME LATE LATE SHOWS

Military Movies

"Go ahead, Lewt; ask the captain."

"Ask me what?"

"Well, sir, seein' as how everybody here in the cavalry troop thinks so highly of Miss Martha, some of us was wonderin' if ——"

"And, lieutenant."

"Yes?"

"Good luck."

"I'll show no partiality, even if you are my own son."

"I understand that, sir."

"How's your mother, lad?"

"She's well, sir."

"You're not a man, Severtson! You're a machine, a robot, a callous, unfeeling ——"

"I'm a soldier, Hetrick. And it's a soldier's job to ——"

"I don't quite follow you, major."

"Perhaps I can show you a little better on this map over here."

Science Fiction

"If it does turn out that we've landed by accident on the doomed planet of Kalajara, professor, won't that mean that ——"

"Exactly, Slattery."

"It's a sight I never thought I'd ever see, Professor Eggers."

"Nor did any other human being, for that matter, Rutherford."

"There's going to be too much weight, so just one of us is going to be able to make the return trip to Earth. We'll draw straws to see who stays."

"No need for that, Bostwick. You have something to return to—a good life on Earth. Me, I'm just a no-good ——"

"In case you get back to Earth and I don't, there's something I wish you'd do for me."

"Anything, Ramsay."

"There's this girl—Peggy Sprague—in Hammond, Indiana. I want you to go and see her and tell her that ——"

Westerns

"What's your name, son?"

"Dan."

"Dan what?"

"Dan Strager."

"You ain't by any chance Lon Strager's boy, are ya?"

"Draw whenever you're ready, Matteson."

"You know I never carry a gun, Benson."

"Well, now, ain't that too bad! . . . Hey, fellas, our friend here never carries a ——"

"Seems to me I've seen you someplace before, stranger. Fort Worth, maybe, or Abilene, or St. Joe."

"I ain't never been to them places."

"Sacramento, maybe."

"I ain't never been there, neither."

"Well, at last we've caught the masked bandit. . . . Take off his mask, Hanrahan, so we can see what he looks like."

"O.K. . . . There; it's off."

"Why, he's just a kid!"

VERNON H. KURTZ

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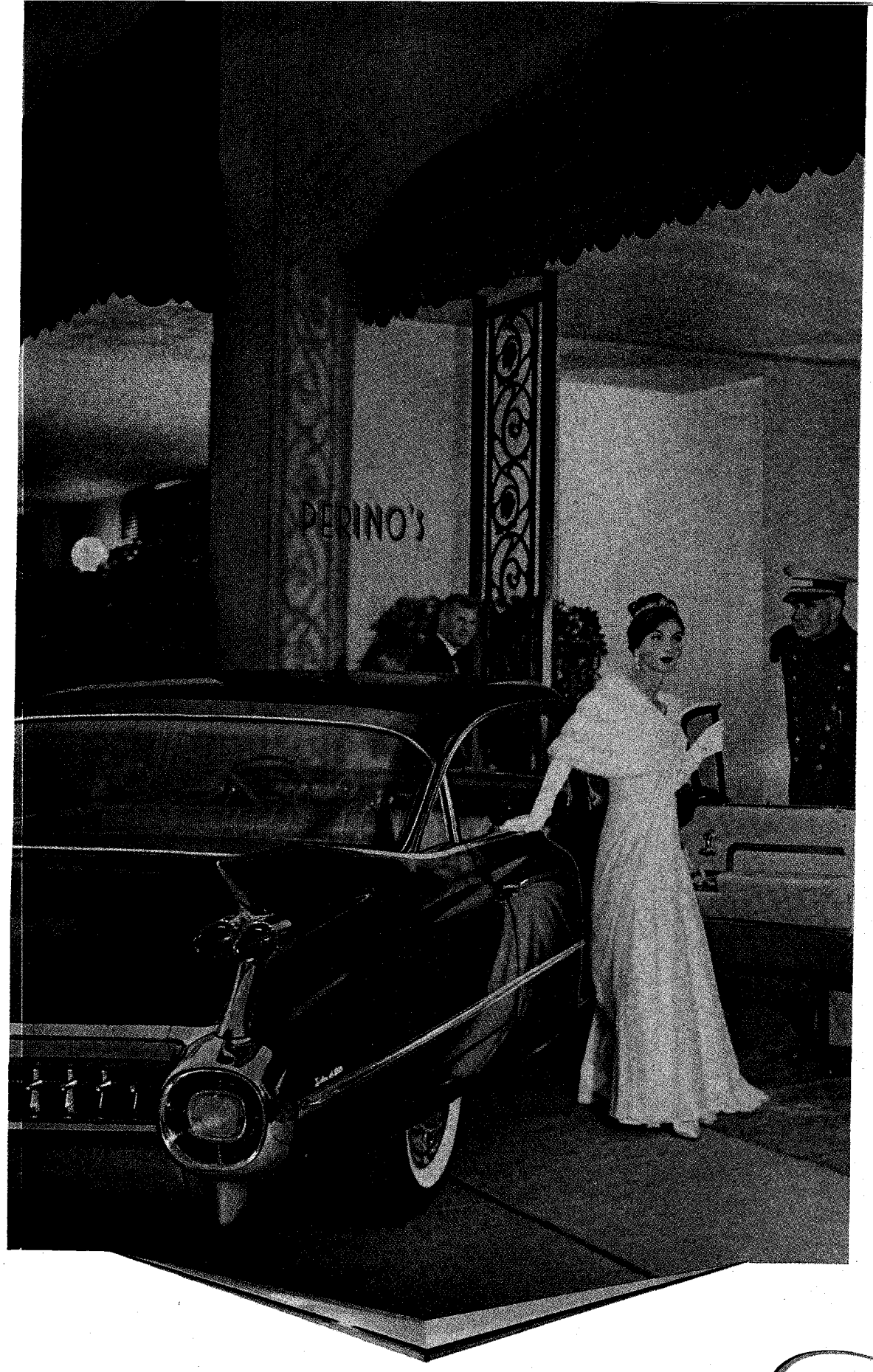

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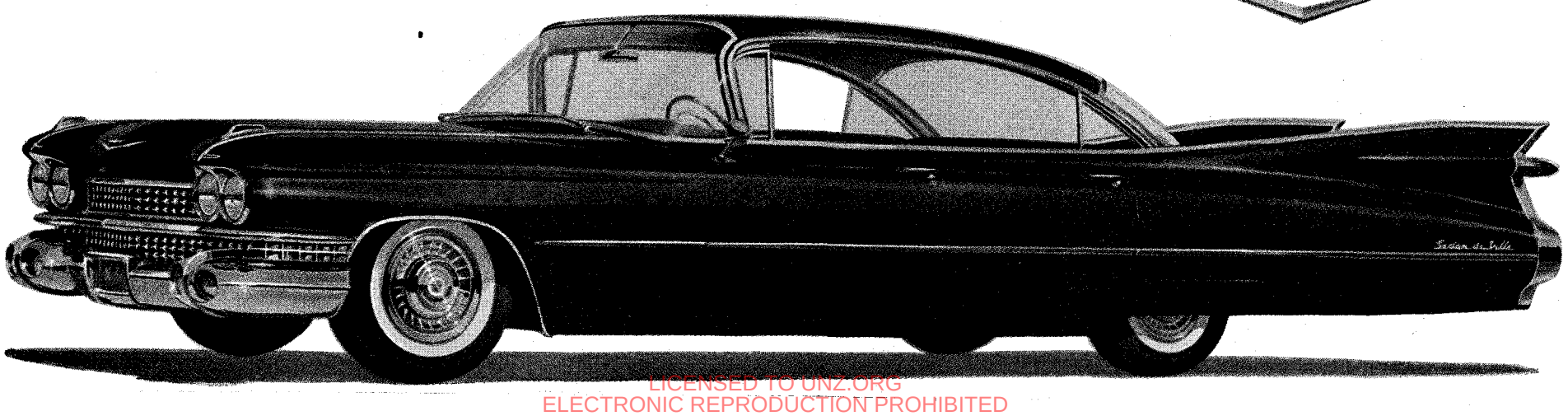

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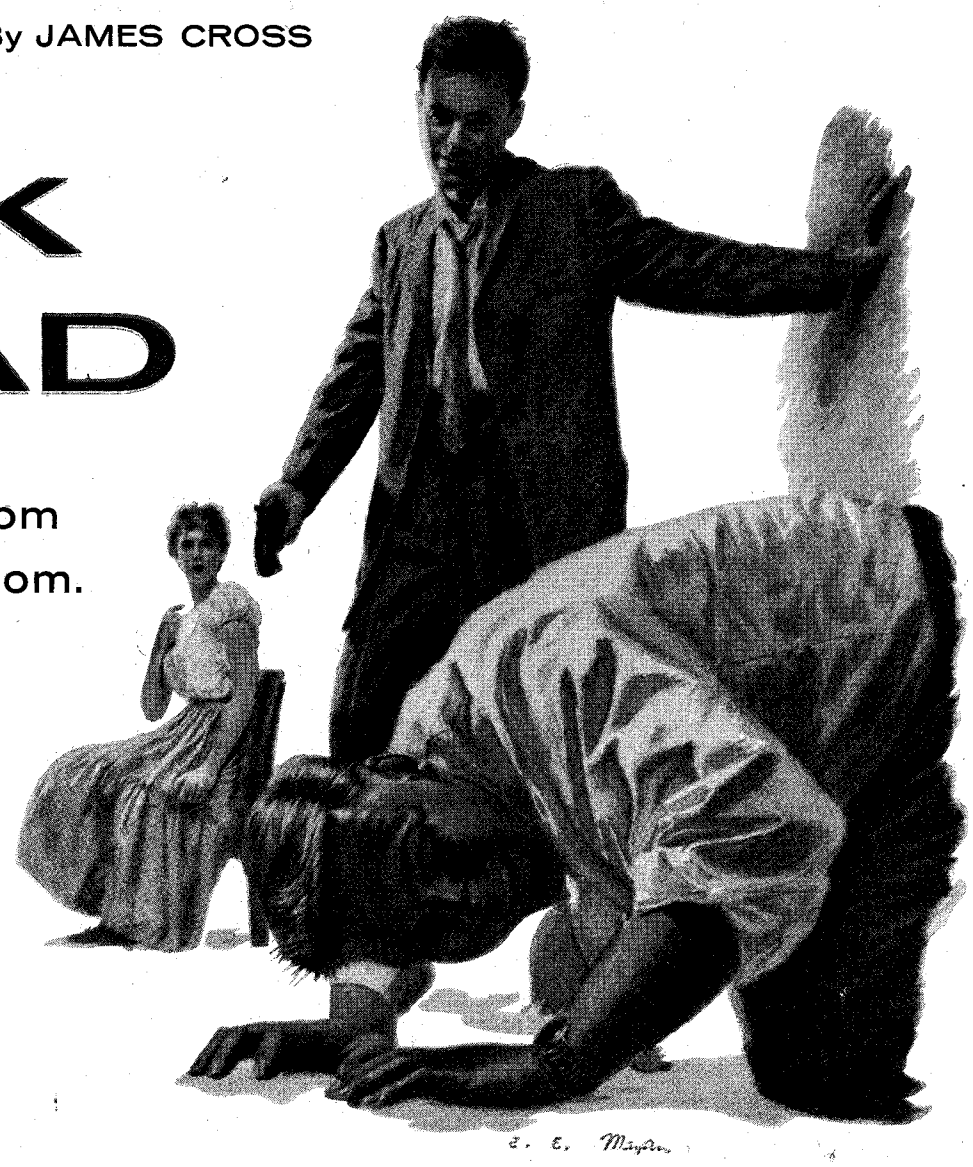
THE DARK ROAD

By JAMES CROSS

They had nothing to lose from a last, suicidal bid for freedom.



Benton went over to Stumpf and without warning chopped savagely at his head with the butt.

After successfully escaping from East Germany, American civilian lawyer, Harry Benton was kidnaped when he tried to deliver Pastor Daubigny's notes on germ warfare to Army undercover man Lou Feldman.

Now, Benton, Daubigny, the disfigured girl Magda and the Communist Stumpf were at the mercy of their captor, diamond smuggler Victor Antonescu, who was planning to kill them because they knew too much.

As Benton stalled for time, Stumpf told Antonescu about Daubigny's secret. But Daubigny refused to tell anything.

"If there is a notebook," Antonescu warned, "I can take it from you. And if there is information in your head, I can get it out."

"I am an old man," Daubigny said, "and I think I could hold out long enough to die."

CONCLUSION

But Antonescu merely laughed once again and looked at Magda.

Daubigny glanced at the window. It was not large, but a man might get through if he moved quickly. There were cobblestones in the court below and if one fell right it would all be over and there would be no way to talk.

"If you touch him," Benton said, "there's no deal."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Benton," Antonescu said. He seemed genuinely puzzled. "You have risked your life for this information. Your employers want it desperately. The old man is stubborn, and you do nothing about it. And you want no one else to do anything. I am trying to help you, Mr. Benton," he went on. "I am trying to do for you what your Government sent you to do."

"My Government does not torture old men," Benton said. "They do not do it themselves. They do not hire people to do it. They wouldn't touch you. We wouldn't deal with you," he went on, hoping it were true.

"You make it very hard for yourself, Mr. Benton. And for me, also. Suppose I simply turn you over to your Government, and then suppose the old man will still not co-operate? Do you think they will pay me then? For what?"

He looked shrewdly at Benton. "Perhaps you will have your own ways of getting information later. More private, more discreet."

© 1959 by James Cross

"We don't do it that way," Benton said.

"You have nothing to bargain with," Antonescu said. "I do not even know what it is all about, this famous notebook."

"That much I can tell," Stumpf broke in. "It is some sort of a weapon. Bacterial warfare, but something very new. Something decisive."

Antonescu laughed wholeheartedly. He spoke musingly, almost to himself. "Why, then, it is simply a matter of finding a buyer. I do not need to worry about governments with scruples. There are plenty that would love to wipe out a few million infidels; it would make a wonderful Holy War. Or our friends on the other side. They are hard to do business with, but they pay in gold. A dozen buyers," he went on. "It will be like an auction." There was the same rapt look on his face as when he had first fingered the diamonds.

"A million dollars," Stumpf said loudly, in the tone of one who has come to a decision, "in any currency you name. If you give us the notebook and Daubigny and the American spy, Benton. And we will pay in advance. There will be no haggling and no delay."

"We?" Antonescu asked.

"The Peace Camp," Stumpf said. "The Soviet Union."

His eyes were bright and fanatical now. The calculator in his head had solved the equation. "Give me five minutes," he said to Antonescu. "Five minutes to talk on the phone with a single man. You can have me under guard all the time. Five minutes, and within two days the money will be paid into a Swiss bank in your name. We will take them off your hands here, or you can leave them at the regular place. At the receiving depot," he laughed.

It had reached the ultimate now, Harry Benton thought desperately, there could be no worse. He could almost see the sprayed virus from the sneeze of the common cold, the gently floating air-borne spores, the lethal children's diseases. The children, he thought, God help them, not one would be left. He should have let Daubigny destroy it all. He never should have gone back.

"Agreed," Antonescu said. "I will give you the three of them."

"You can keep the girl," Stumpf said scornfully. "All we want is Daubigny, and the American spy." His eyes glazed and he spoke in a monotone. "He will be questioned and then displayed publicly before the bar of Soviet justice."

It was Magda who rose slowly from her chair and walked toward Antonescu. It was a Magda that Harry Benton had never seen. Her breast was outthrust and her hips rotated sensually. The smile on her face was one Harry Benton had seen before, but not on Magda.

"Look at me," she said to Antonescu. "Look at me. I could be very useful."

Antonescu seized her yellow hair in his free hand, grasping (Continued on Page 76)

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Teacher's Pay (Continued from Page 35)

business manager for —— Be seeing you." He moved back fast into field position as another load of God's children was evicted from a bus.

It was a kind of break, the new tidal wave coming in just then. It gave him a chance to arrange how to tell Lois his news. Not that good news needed any special arranging, but he hadn't planned to tell her until after his meeting with Rosen. Then the contract would be signed, and all the dope about traveling expenses and special royalties would be settled.

Meet the first trumpet in the Pride of the Airwaves Band, honey; tune in on Channel Five any night in the week and feast your eyes and ears.

The buses pulled in steadily after that, and it wasn't until the eight-thirty bell rang that Lois was within speaking range again. Joe walked her down to her classroom, en route to his own domain.

He said, fast, because his next time with her would be lunch hour and about as private as a fluorescent-lighted fish tank, "You ever watch the Pride of the Airwaves?"

"Channel Five," Lois said. "When I'm not in bed as early as I should be."

"They're taking on a new first trumpet," Joe said. They were outside her door and he caught her wrist to keep her there. "Name of the guy is Yours Truly. That's why I can't go to P.T.A. tonight. I've got an appointment with Rosen—he's their business manager."

She was surprised all right. She stopped trying to get her wrist free of his fingers. "You mean you'd give up teaching?"

"Sure. Who wouldn't?" He wanted to shake her for standing there asking fool questions. "It's a darn wonderful break—if you ask me."

"Look, Joe, it's none of my business what you do. But money isn't everything, and you like teaching and ——"

"You crazy?" Joe said.

The owner of a straggly pony-tail moved in between Joe and Lois, muttered, "Excuse it, please," and vanished inside Lois' classroom.

"You crazy?" Joe repeated a shade louder.

"I'm sorry, Joe. It's just that ——"

The door behind her opened and an anxious voice said, "Miss Fisher, can I explain why I haven't got my homework done. Mom said you'd ——"

"O.K., Patricia, I'm coming. . . . See you, Joe, at noon."

Joe walked briskly down the empty hall and to the stairs and down into the basement. "Crazy" was putting it mildly. Listen, lady, that's like asking a ward heeler if he'd give up his job to become President of the United States. What did she think he had the special arrangement with the superintendent's office for—a contract that said Joe could quit if and when a nonteaching job hove in sight? Lois knew—they all knew—that Joe had hopes. My gosh, girl, don't you know that a musician wants a chance sometime in his life to be a musician?

There was no one waiting for Joe in front of Room 9½ B, but that was to be expected. First hour of Joe's Fridays was dedicated to three would-be trombonists, self-styled the Frustrated Floops. To take care of such emergencies as lockers that jammed and girl friends that dallied, Joe allotted five minutes extra.

Joe sighed heavily and moved into his so-called classroom; 9½ B meant that it was in the basement and wedged in between Rooms 9 and 10. He'd been promised an office on the main floor, but something called Audio-Visual had sneaked in, and Joe had got what remained. It was a small room, intended, Joe surmised, as a drying-out place for the custodian's mops. But Joe and the huskier members of the band had soundproofed it with materials furnished by a reluctant school board and advice given freely by Woodworking and Shop, and you could really let yourself go in Room 9½ B.

The truth was he shouldn't have lost his temper with Lois. Lois' setup was different. A young woman didn't expect to teach all her life; with a man it was a lifetime job if he didn't get wise early. On TV with a first-class band—the world could be his; stay in teaching and he'd be lucky if he ever climbed out of the basement.

And there's another thing, lady. Citizenship Education—that's a required subject. Just try getting a decent room or extra supplies for a stepchild like Music-Instrumental.

After he'd signed up with Rosen tonight, he'd explain things in words of one syllable to Lois. He opened his trumpet case and smoothed a thumb and forefinger over his instrument's once-golden surface. Someday she would be proud of a guy named Joe.

There was a distant thump of body against steel locker, and Joe closed the case and went to the door.

The three trombonists were out in the hall, draped nonchalantly around the water fountain.

"You ready?" Walt said, making as though he were real surprised. "He's ready for us, fellows."

Joe said, briskly, that he was ready, and then stood aside, as they strolled past him into the room. Sometimes the urge

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was very strong inside him to lift a foot and put the sole of it neatly on the seat of a pair of slacks. But they were good kids.

"O.K.," Joe said, "let's take it."

After the third time through Hail to the Chief, Joe got out his handkerchief and mopped the back of his neck. "Now once more," he said, "and we'll get it." They didn't get it.

"You know something?" Bobbie said cheerily. "I think we were worse than last time."

Joe pulled up a chair and straddled it, back to front. Then he told a cleaned-up joke about a trombonist and a strip-teaser that he'd first heard in his own eighth-grade days. It had apparently escaped the TV comics, because it went over big.

After that there was a brief bull session on the relative values of music and mathematics, and a plaintive demand to know why all math teachers and girls were such pains in the neck. With special emphasis on a girl named Eileen.

Joe said, "My advice, Walt, is for you to switch to the guitar."

Walt's face went a deep red. "Listen, when you catch me switching to anything for a girl, you can take me out and bury me. . . . Look, fellows, we're wasting a lot of time gabbing."

An optimist is a person who counts out his fare while running for a bus.
JOHN J. PLOMP

They sat up straight then and worked on their exercises, correcting each other's mistakes and doing a pretty workmanlike job.

"I hate to make rash statements," Joe said, "but you're not too bad. How about tramping through the Halls of Montezuma for a windup?"

They played the march through three times, each time with increased vim and vigor. But halfway through the fourth version, the bell rang and they stopped in mid-bar, jammed their cases shut, and made off like items that would have pleased the Defense Department a lot.

Joe retrieved a couple of sheets of music. They were getting good, his Frustrated Floops.

And that was another thing he'd remember to point out to Lois. Junior-high Music-Instrumental is just another word for Frustration, honey, and don't let anyone tell you different. Out of some dozen district K-6's (kindergarten-through-sixth) his pupils came, chirping Sweet Betsy from Pike and vaguely aware of someone named Francis Scott Key. And in three years' time he, Joe, was expected to turn a group of them into band members worthy of the notice of old man Stokes in senior high.

Just as they were getting to be fun to work with, then Stokes fell heir to them. But Joe's not going to be your fall guy any more, Stokes, old boy. Joe is showing sense and moving out while he's got the chance.

Second hour wasn't as easy as the first. Second hour on Fridays belonged to an eighth-grader named Janet, and some ways it was the hardest of Joe's week.

The kid had started with the clarinet, until mamma had decided that the flute looked more graceful in a young girl's hands. And then when mamma discovered that Susan Merrick was in the band—"and Clare Merrick isn't half as insistent about little Susan's practicing as I am about Janet's"—the going had really got rough.

Long before she was ready for it musically, Joe had given Janet a chair in the band. But it had been the only way he knew to lighten the pressure on the kid at home.

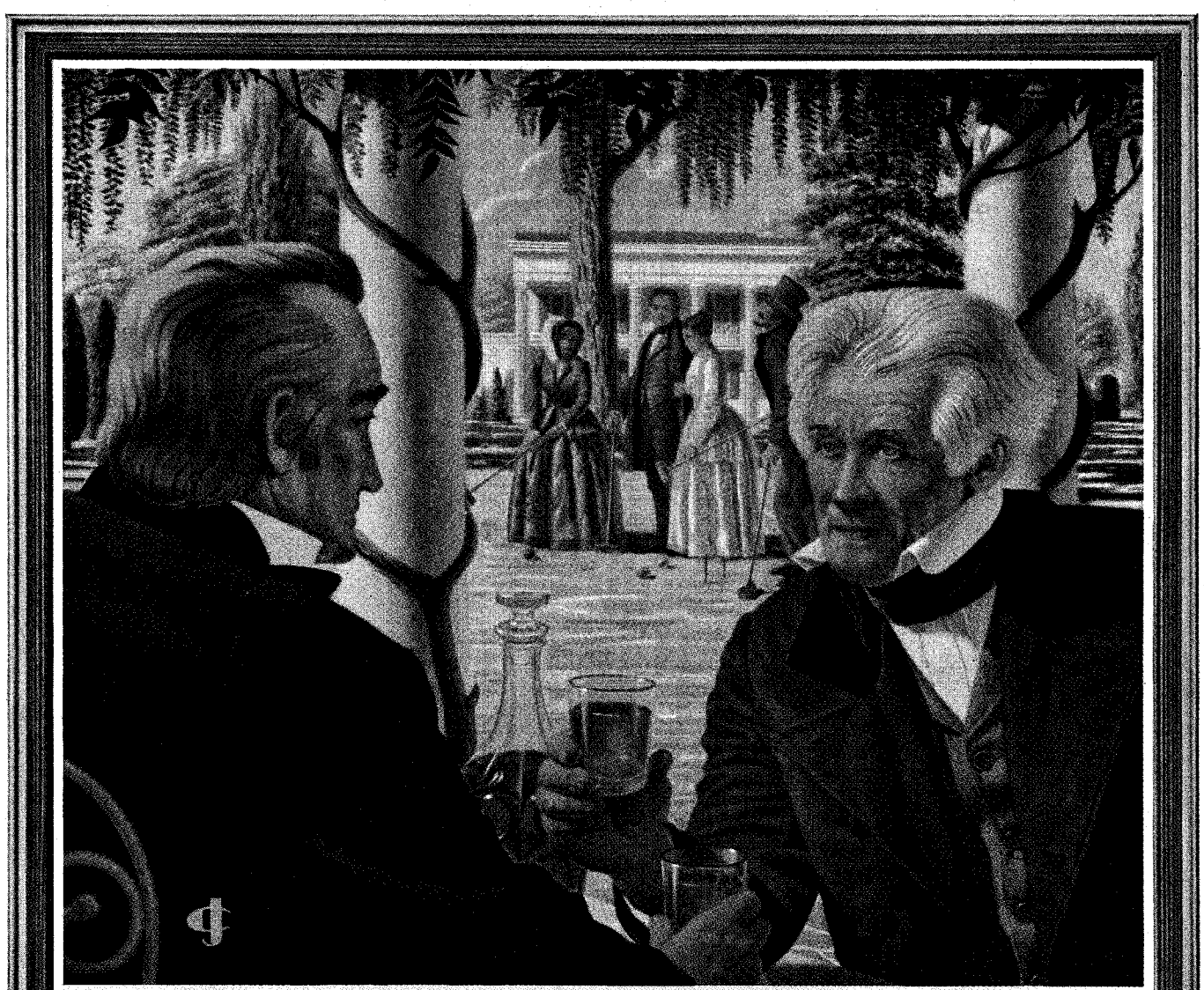
"O.K., Jan, I'll count for you. Take it from the third bar again and take it easy. . . . We haven't got it quite right, honey. Let's try it slower and keep tapping all the time." And, for gosh sake, baby, relax. It's only me listening, not your mamma.

Then third hour was a sort of rest period for Joe while Billy Freeman struggled with his French horn. It was a real struggle, but neither Billy nor the horn seemed to hold it against the other. The kid had done a nice job the year before with the cornet, and he'd made the change by choice, and they respected each other, Billy and his playmate.

Next year senior high and Stokes would fall heir to Billy, just about the time good old Prospect Avenue Junior High could make use of the kid's talents. And for once Joe wouldn't care. The trouble was he'd thrown the news too fast at Lois; he could see that now. Lois liked teaching, but when she got to thinking about Joe's case, she'd be able to see that a fellow had to consider his future.

In the middle of a lovely, clear passage, Billy's tones wobbled and went right on wobbling. "Darn ornery 'orn," he moaned, and the sweat poured down his round face. Joe leaned over and mopped the boy's forehead with his handkerchief, and Billy grinned and went at it again.

The bell rang and Billy polished his brass carefully. "After about seventy-five years," he said, "I'll start to get the hang of this fool thing. Maybe."



Andrew Jackson advises his friend, James K. Polk

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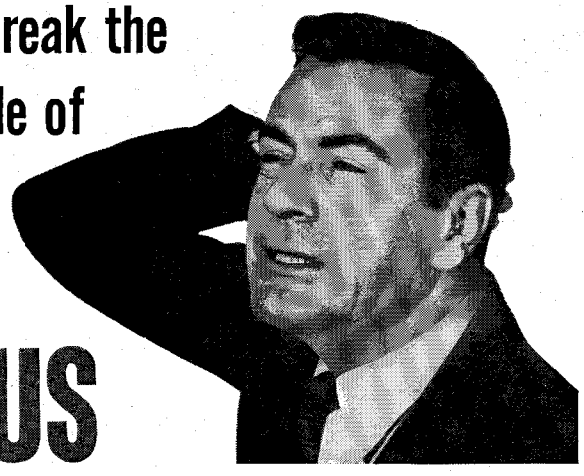
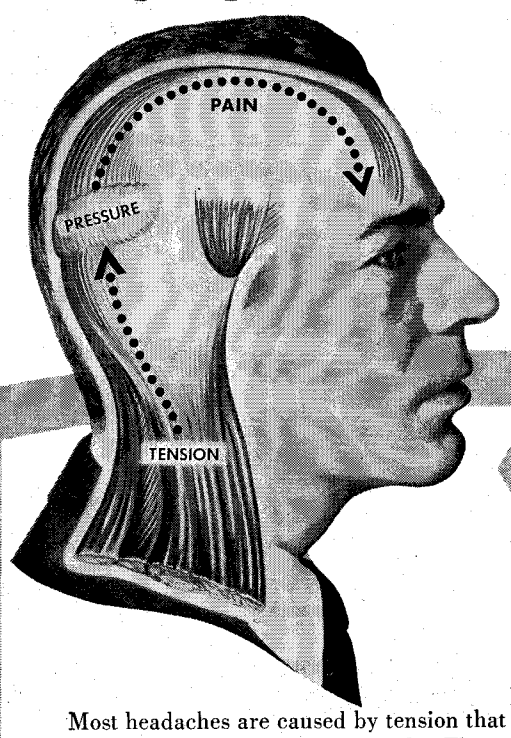


NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHE



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3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in·····

"Don't be a pessimist," Joe said. "You'll begin to get better in fifty."

It was the next hour that really blighted Joe's Fridays. Bernie was the best clarinetist that Prospect Avenue Junior High had or might ever hope to have, and it should have been fun to work with him, and it wasn't.

Bernie drifted in six minutes late.

Joe said, "You're six minutes late."

Bernie said, "You don't say?"

It was always like that. The Frustrated Floops made haywire of Joe's schedule, and Joe put up with their oddities. But he couldn't stand Bernie's. Over the months Bernie had rubbed so constantly on Joe's nerves that just a sneer from the kid lost Joe his temper.

Joe took a deep breath and pointed to the music stand. "Something new. Reverie. I'm planning to try it on the band in a couple of weeks."

Bernie murmured, "You don't say," sank his spine down on the seat of the chair and began with maddening slowness to assemble his clarinet.

Someday, Joe felt, he'd do what he'd never done before. He'd send a student to the principal's office. He's yours, Mr. Hendricks. Take him before I inflict what the school board might interpret as bodily harm on a taxpayer's child.

"Well?" Joe said.

Bernie raised the instrument to his lips. And, staring intently at Reverie, he began to doodle a curious, whining version of How Dry I Am.

For a long minute Joe just sat, trying to keep control of his temper. Then all of a sudden he relaxed. He'd forgotten something. He'd forgotten the all-important thing. Tonight he, Joe, would be seeing a man named Rosen.

Bernie was staying on at Prospect Avenue Junior High. But Joe wasn't. Joe was leaving Prospect Avenue Junior High.

Joe stretched out his legs and smiled at Bernie. "Your own version?" Joe said. "Very pretty, but it could do with a shade more vibrato."

Bernie snorted, and Joe broadened his smile. I don't have to like you, laddie. I don't even have to try to like you. Fact is, pal, that I'm one up on you, no matter which way you turn.

There was a brief silence during which Bernie gave his famous sneer, half raised his instrument to his lips, thought better of it, and, instead, hauled a limp package of cigarettes out of his shirt pocket. With utmost deliberation he selected a cigarette and put it between his lips. Then he felt around in another pocket and came up with nothing.

"Got a match?" Bernie drawled.

"Any number," Joe said briskly. "But school rules forbid my handing them out to students."

Joe got up then, strolled over to the window, and stared at a boy's rubber that had fallen into the bottom of the well. The rubber had lain there through three snowfalls and a heavy rain, along with a blob of orange that might once have been a girl's scarf. Joe thought idly of opening up the window and asking Bernie to wriggle his way out to retrieve the items.

But likely the kid didn't deserve the break. Boredom was the punishment best suited to Bernie's particular crime.

The only trouble was that Joe bored first. He went back and sat down and wrote a squiggle on a piece of paper and then erased it. Bernie was sucking on his unlighted cigarette, his eyes half closed. Joe sighed and opened his trumpet case.

After a couple of minutes he fitted the mouthpiece into the horn. As soon as he'd signed with Rosen, he'd write to Indiana and order the baby of his dreams. It cost almost as much as a small car, but with his TV contract behind him, he could pay on time, with his old horn as down payment. All except the mouthpiece. He remembered someone had told him when he was a kid about Bernie's age that a trumpeter's mouthpiece was like a cowboy's saddle, something you hung onto.

Joe reached for the stand with the toe of his shoe and swung it around to where he could see the sheet of music. For a couple of minutes he tootled aimlessly; then for a couple more he played with greater care.

"Timing's tricky," Joe said. "But not impossible." He stared at Bernie. It wasn't that he objected to Bernie's disliking school. At Bernie's age, Joe had more or less hated it himself. Although the after-school jazz band he belonged to had been fun.

"You know what this school needs," Joe said, "is a dance band, something small but neat."

Bernie stopped chewing on his cigarette, but he didn't look up.

"Joan What's-her-name is pretty good on the piano," Joe said.

"Charlie Jennings is better," Bernie said. The cigarette dropped to his knee. "Maybe not the classical stuff, but he's got rhythm, Charlie has. You never heard him play Nola if you think different."

"A trombone and a couple of saxes ——"

"How about a squeak-box and a guitar?" Bernie said.

"You take 'em," Joe said.

"No, you take 'em," Bernie said.

After a minute Joe said, "It was just an idea. It would have to be outside school time, and who's got that kind of time?"

"Nobody," Bernie said. He picked the cigarette from his knee and tossed it into the wastepaper basket. "Me and Charlie have done a bit together. He's got rhythm, that kid."

"So you told me," Joe said. The bell rang and he (*Continued on Page 52*)

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The Food of Love

By Laurence Eisenlohr

Darling, I would like to
steal time
From the busy day's events,
Steal a moment now at
mealtime,
Just to pay you
compliments—

Tell you that my heart
beats harder
(Golly, these are good hors
d'oeuvres!)
With an undiminished
ardor
(Oh, what praise this soup
deserves!);

Tell you that my vows are
valid,
That your beauty grows
sublime
(Never have I had such
salad!
All my favorites at one
time!).

What? You know this old
offender?
I emphatically deny
That, because the steak is
tender,
So am I.

··· ··· ··· ··· ··· ··· ···

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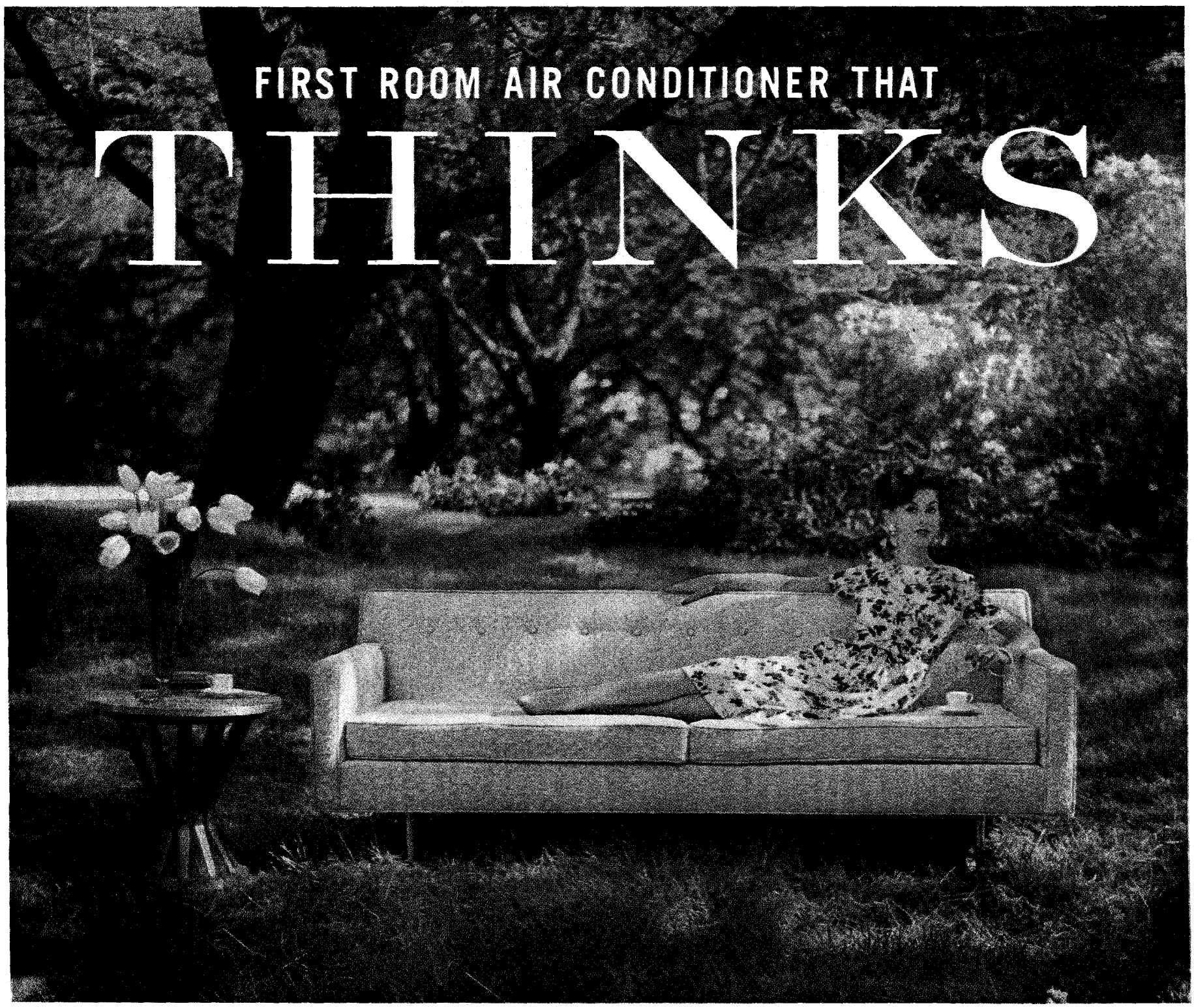

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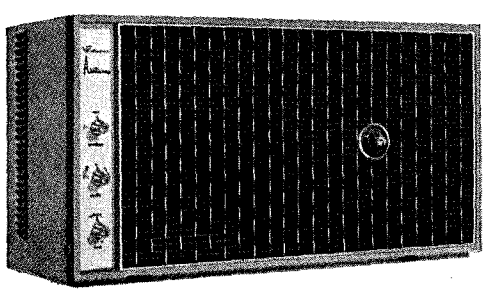
Tunes in forest freshness all summer long!



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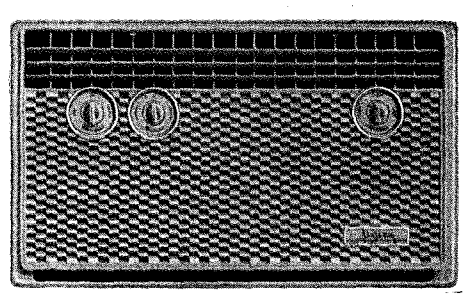

CHRYSLER AIRTEMP

Airtemp Division, Chrysler Corporation, Dept. A-59, Dayton 1, Ohio

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® Blue Cross and symbol reg. by the American Hospital Association

(*Continued from Page 50*) wiped his trumpet and put it back in its case. Bernie just sat, staring at the music stand.

"You think Charlie and maybe some of the other fellows would be interested?" Bernie said.

Joe shrugged. Relax, my dangling fish, relax. "It depends," he said and got to his feet.

"I suppose," Bernie said, "you being a teacher, you could get some discount on the music."

"Could be," Joe said. He went to the door. "I'm going to lunch. I'm hungry."

In the cafeteria Joe grabbed up a plate of meat loaf, mashed turnip and potato salad, then galloped into the faculty lunchroom. But Lois was already eating, and she had Jeannie Crane, who taught seventh-grade art, on one side of her, and Carl Reed, woodworking and basketball, on the other.

Lois said, "Hi, Joe."

Jeannie said, "What I can't see is why there's always a wad of gum wherever I sit down. You know, I honestly don't think that I like children."

"It's not the children," Lois said. "It's the system. What the junior-high level needs is an adaptation of the subliminal technique. You know, where they throw invisible messages on the screen. Strap 'em in their seats at eight-thirty, turn on the picture—say, a really good Western, and let 'em get the information that embarrass has two *r*'s and that the square root of one hundred and six is whatever it is, all subconsciously."

Jeannie said, "We wouldn't even have to have schools. They could learn everything right in their own living rooms."

Carl Reed said, "You think the taxpayers would agree to that? Schools are the cheapest baby-sitting service yet devised, me lass."

The bell rang.

Carl Reed sprang to his feet and gave a firm salute. "*Morituri te salutamus*," he intoned. "That, my friends, is the only Latin that remains with me. We who are about to die salute thee, and never was there a slogan better fitted to the junior-high-school teacher."

"We'll survive," Lois said.

She got out her lipstick and pocket mirror, and Joe started to wait for her, wanting to discuss Bernie with her. But then he changed his mind.

"Got a kid coming early sixth," he said, and went on alone.

The right time to talk with Lois was after he'd seen Rosen tonight. When everything was signed, sealed and delivered in regard to Joe's future, then Lois would be glad for him. She wouldn't try to think up arguments against his plans, once they were an accomplished fact.

Sixth period was an easy one for Joe on Fridays. It hadn't always been, but it was now. Martin had the wrists and the temperament of the born drummer, but early in the fall the band had come near losing Martin, because of a requirement that members maintain grades of C or better in all their subjects. In desperation Joe had brushed up on what he dimly remembered of math, and, with Lois' help, had tutored the kid evenings to where Martin had achieved a dazzling B on his report card. Still dizzy from his success, the boy had then risen all by himself to an A in the winter quarter, and Joe could now relax where the tympani section was concerned.

Seventh on Fridays was dedicated to four beginners on the sax. They'd all be in senior high before they were band material, and only Stokes, the lucky bum, would get the benefit of Joe's struggles. He'd remember to point that out to Lois when he saw her over the weekend. You don't know the half of what it's like, honey.

And then last period of the week came, and Joe gathered up the carefully sorted pile of music from the chair in the corner and went upstairs. Eighth on Fridays was full band, the hour when he lost three pounds in honest sweat.

Gordon, the tuba, helped Joe get the chairs and the stands up on the stage, and the music distributed, fastening each batch to its stand with two clothespins.

"And watch they use the pins," Joe said. Music was just about the hardest thing there was to come by. It was Joe's belief that every time the plumbing went on a spree, the money to pay for the plumber's bill came out of Music-Instrumental. It was a tough job keeping a neat balance of Sousa, Cole Porter and Bach when chewing gum kept clogging up the drinking fountains.

The second bell rang and the kids started straggling in, noisy and sloppy with end-of-the-day-itis. But once Joe had signaled, it took them less than three minutes to get ready for his stick.

Last fall they'd promised Joe that for their Christmas present to him they'd cut down their getting-ready time to three minutes. And they had. And now there wasn't a kid foolhardy enough to face his peers with a mouthful of peanuts or an unwarmed horn when the three minutes were up.

They played through America the Beautiful twice to get things started, and they did a pretty fair job. Joe grinned at them with love and approval, and they grinned back at him, smug and complacent. Then right away he put them through a medley of football rousers. The trick, Joe had learned, was not to let them rest. It was next to impossible to overwork the preteens and the early teens, but it was awful easy to bore them.

"Back to the third bar; easy, now—easy!" And then the two piccolos, vaguely off key. Drat you, my darlings, Joe mourned. My poor, peeping, whoofing infants.

"Back to the third bar again. Easy, Eileen, that's the girl!" It wasn't that they didn't try.

And then the brasses, coming in a bit raggedly at first, but building up, eager and triumphant. Nicky Scarsella was getting darn good on the alto horn, proving that the couple of dollars Joe had spent on after-school bowling with the kid had done as much good as sending him to the principal's office would have done.

"O.K., guys and dolls! Now for our favorite!"

They groaned to schedule, loud and long.

"I know," Joe said, "but it's got to be. Time's a-passing." It had been his fault. He'd chosen a darn tricky arrangement of The Star-Spangled Banner for the next school assembly, and the kids had been finding it tough going. Still, they could do it if they wanted to. He knew it and they knew it.

The third time the trumpets muffed their trio, Joe pulled at his collar. "From the beginning," he shouted, and pitied the poor wretches, because they were getting hot and wet too.

And the heck of it was that not a single, solitary mamma in the audience was going to know that it was a tricky arrangement. Each one would be craning her neck to see her particular precious, and to hell with the total effect.

"O.K., a two-minute rest."

It was a tactical error. For sixty seconds they coughed and shuffled and sniffled. And then off to one side a clarinet rose and fell in a plaintive sigh of misery, and before Joe could spot its owner, a sax answered: ain't it the truth, pal!

It was neat and it was clever and within two seconds every kid on the stage was giggling.

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Joe tapped his stick with something more than vigor, but the kids were too far gone to have cared if he had cracked it over their collective heads.

"O.K.!" Joe shouted. "Stand up, everybody! Now stretch for the count of five, and then we'll try some rock 'n' roll."

They squealed and screamed, but the nervous giggling stopped. Joe raised his stick. "Now, kiddies, tap it out! Heel and toe and take it, pals!"

Hendricks would have a bonnie fit when the noise trickled down to his office, but Joe had paid for the music out of his own pocket, and even a principal must know that it was sometimes better to murder Rock-House Sammie than slowly to strangle Mozart.

They went from fair to worse and then to plain awful, lost the beat and staggered to a woolly end.

Joe laughed, and they laughed.

"Fierce," Joe said. Then he waited while they shuffled their music back to the National Anthem.

"We've got time," Joe said, "for twice through."

They straightened their spines and went at it. The arrangement was tricky all right, and for junior-high kids they did a good job. Too tense, maybe; but then, when was the world perfect?

"Nice," Joe said. "And now once more."

They relaxed a bit, and this time the trumpets were sweet and clear.

Joe caught Bernie's eye, and Bernie looked up at Joe, gravely and without any trace of the sneer that had come close to being a trade-mark with the kid. Why, he's almost happy, Joe thought, surprised.

Then, because he was feeling kind of high himself, Joe winked at Janet. His luck held and another miracle happened. The corners of Janet's mouth turned up and she lost her place and found it again, quietly and without any tears.

The music was tricky, but they could do it. Then the lovely sounds ended, and Joe lowered his stick.

"Very nice," Joe said. And they nodded at him, tired and satisfied, and piled up their music and folded their stands and drifted away.

Joe stuffed his pockets with clothespins, and then he hoisted the music, some on each arm for easier carrying. They were a bunch of good kids and they'd done a sweet job today, and, though they hadn't known it, they'd just given him the nicest going-away present a sentimental crock of a teacher could ask for.

"O-oh, say can you see," Joe bellowed melodiously, and then at the door, because Bernie was still hanging around, he said, "Hi," conversationally. And then, because Bernie just stood there, Joe said, "Lose something?"

"I guess you're busy," Bernie said.

"Not me," said Joe. He headed for the stairs with Bernie shuffling along beside him. "You kids," Joe said, "did a nice bang-up job today. Maybe the U. S. Air Force plays the National Anthem a shade more professionally, but you couldn't prove it by me."

At the foot of the stairs, Joe said, "Something I can help you with, Bernie?" And inside Room 9½ B Joe turned and faced the kid, "What's on your mind, pal?" he said.

Bernie said, all in one breath, "I guess we should'a' come to you first, but Ralph's got detention this afternoon and Richie's all fouled up with remedial reading and Charlie Jennings—he promised his pa he'd help at the filling station, so we kinda went ahead at lunch period and voted on the whole setup without you."

"Setup?" said Joe.

"You know—our dance band," Bernie said. "The one you figured on this morning. We're calling her the Prospect Avenue Dance Combo, and Charlie's at the piano, like I told you. Richie's on the drums and Ralph's trumpet, and Ken—that's Ken Mullins and his suspension's up now, so he'll take the sax. You know yourself he's good."

Joe stared at Bernie. "Sure, he's good." Then Joe crowed softly, "Oh, baby!"

"Sound O.K.?" said Bernie.

"It sounds," Joe said, "more than O.K. It sounds plain great. And then some." And the only thing that saved Bernie from getting Joe's arms wrapped around him was the fact that Joe's arms were loaded down with various and sundry sheets of music.

Bernie let out a sigh. "Then that's O.K. And all we gotta figure out is what days we're going to (*Continued on Page 55*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 53*) practice. Richie's stuck with remedial reading every Friday after school, but all the other days are O.K. by us. I mean you pick 'em—any day you want rehearsals."

"Oh," Joe said. And then under his breath he added, "Hell." He turned and squatted down in front of the music locker and jammed his armloads of stuff onto an empty shelf.

"Listen, we ain't calling you teacher or nothing corny like that. We elected you chairman and that's how it'll show on the programs. The Prospect Avenue Dance Combo, and under it your name as chairman."

Joe got up and turned around. "It's a swell idea, Bernie, you starting a dance combo. You keep at your plans and you'll be going places in no time."

Bernie stared anxiously at Joe. "It's O.K. if you'd rather be president. Charlie says we've gotta have a treasurer to collect money for the music, and when we get good we'll need a secretary to arrange for dates, so if you'd rather be elected president instead of chairman, all you gotta do is just say so."

"Look, Bernie, your plans are fine. It's just that I can't help you kids with your rehearsals. You'll have to count me out, because I'm leaving school in a couple of weeks. I'm sorry, but that's how it is."

Bernie stared. "You mean you ain't going to teach us? You mean you're quitting on us?"

"I mean I won't be here—that's all."

"But you gotta —— I mean —— Well, gee, we figured you —— Oh, what the hell!"

"Bernie," Joe said, "I'm sorry."

"I should 'a' known better," Bernie said. "Every time it happens, and I should 'a' known this time wouldn't be different." He jerked around toward the door. "Anyhow, who cares?"

Joe reached out, grabbed Bernie's arm and swung him back. "Bernie, listen to me. I've been offered a first chair in the Pride of the Airwaves Band. That's the only reason I'm quitting here."

"Pride of the Airwaves —— Oh," Bernie said. He stopped trying to get loose of Joe. "Gee, Pride of the Airwaves."

"Tell the fellows I'm sorry," Joe said.

"Sure," Bernie said. "Pride of the Airwaves. They're tops. I watch 'em most every night on Channel Five." He shook his head. "I'll tell Ken and Charlie what you told me. And, gee, congratulations."

"Thanks," Joe said. "And tell them I'll buy the music at discount before I leave. Somewhere I've got a list of good dance stuff you can check over and ——"

"We won't be having any dance band," Bernie said. "That's done for."

Joe said sharply, "Why's it done for? You boys can go a good way on your own. And Mr. Hendricks will be sending someone to take my place."

Bernie said, "The fellows won't go for just a teacher."

"What do you mean—just a teacher? That's what I am."

"No, you ain't. You're different. You've got a big-time offer and you're going places. You ain't just staying to rot away in a lousy teaching job."

"Bernie!" It came out in a kind of a shout, and Joe had to take a deep breath to get his voice back to normal. "Bernie, there's no better job than teaching. And don't you believe anything different."

For a long minute Bernie just stared at Joe. And then he got the look on his face that Joe hadn't seen there since morning. And then he said, "Yeah?" and turned around and left the room.

"Why, the damn little ——" Joe stood where he was, staring at where Bernie had been, not being able to think up a noun that fitted.

"Why the damn little ——" he tried again. And then he relaxed. Bernie was just a kid. It was natural for a kid Bernie's age to see something pretty special in a TV offer, something pretty wonderful and exciting. Teaching would look like a lousy job in comparison, Bernie having no way of knowing that teaching was kind of interesting too.

"Kind of interesting," Joe said aloud, and his mind circled back warmly around the day he'd just had. All days couldn't be like today, of course, when sixty kids, watching your stick, suddenly and miraculously knew what it was you wanted of them after months of your thinking they never would know; when five boys, who had never wanted to be taught, assembled themselves into a committee and elected you to be their after-hours teacher. All days couldn't be like today, but, still, there was always the chance that each one was going to be.

A kid Bernie's age had no way of knowing what an exciting gamble teaching was. Joe took a deep breath. Teaching was fun. As he'd told Bernie, there was no better job.

And so why was he, Joe, quitting? Nobody was asking him to. Nobody was saying, "Come on, fellow, get out."

Joe took a deeper breath, trying to quiet the crazy sense of excitement that had started to tug at him.

If he stayed, there'd be problems ahead, real beauties all of them. Take just the one of finding a rehearsal time for Bernie's Combo. Friday was the best for any after-school activity, but Richie's remedial-reading class queered Fridays. Unless his pals could get to work on Richie's reading and hurry it along. Sometimes all a kid needed to keep him on a job was the feeling he was wanted. Sometimes that went for a teacher too.

"Bernie!" Joe yelled and made for the door.

Outside in the hall was Lois.

"Joe," Lois said, "about this morning. I'm sorry I was so ——"

"Honey," Joe said. He grabbed her by the shoulders. "Have you seen Bernie? You know, Bernie What's-his-name with the clarinet."

"He was headed for the boys' lockers. Joe, about this morning ——"

"I gotta find him. Got something to tell him." He started in the direction of the boys' lockers, skidded to a stop, turned and ran back to where Lois was standing. He grabbed her shoulders again and this time he gave her a good hard kiss. "I've got something to tell you too. After I tell Bernie."

And over his shoulder he shouted, "You wait in my room and sit on my desk and don't you move until I get back!"

Because back he would be coming—and fast, the darn lucky guy that he was.

THE END

THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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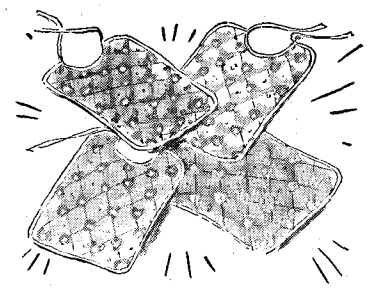

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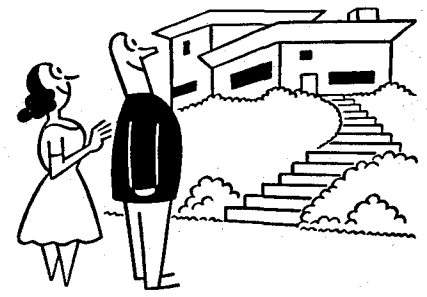

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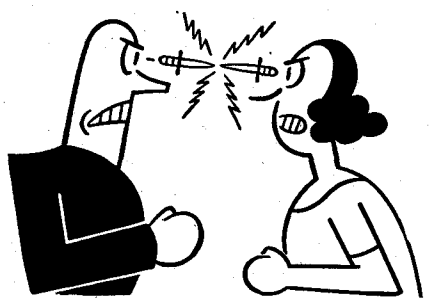
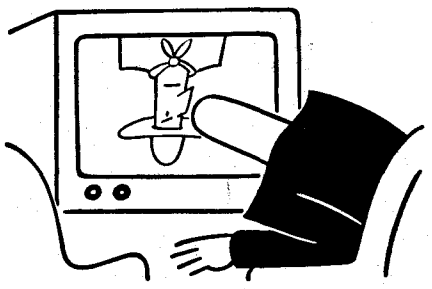
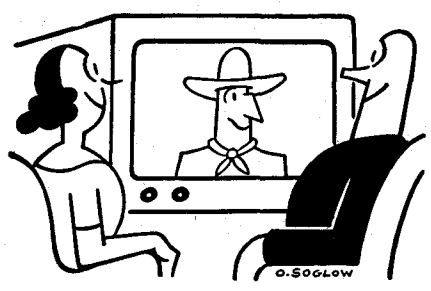


But it presently caused their first row

When the toaster would pop



The TV would flop



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Pilot Failure (Continued from Page 26)

loyalty—and to a man they disliked him. The feeling reflected, inevitably, in their women. The latter gave to the skipper's wife the deference due her, and a wide berth whenever they could manage it without a breach of good manners. Betty was normally a sort who kept her own counsel, but there came an evening when she dropped by the Donnelly house and found him alone.

"Katy's somewhere," he said vaguely; "Red Cross class or club meeting. Or something."

"Then I'll just talk to you. About Pete. I've been meaning to, anyway."

That had surprised him, and perhaps his face had gone politely blank, because she added firmly, "I know you don't want me to, and Pete would be furious, but I don't think that matters, because he seems to find a great deal to be furious about lately."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I hardly think ——"

"I'm worried about him. He's changed so. What is it, Mac? Is he in trouble?"

Carefully, in what he hoped was a reassuring manner, Donnelly said this was not the case. Maybe if he'd given her a straight answer he might have said yes, the boy was in trouble. Not in the ordinary sense, but trouble ——

She said moodily, "I know how much his work means to him, but we have to live, too—to—to have selves. Outside his career. We haven't really, not any more. Not since he made AC. I love him, but if I'd only just met him, I don't think I'd like him at all! He's not meant to be the way he is—tense and irritable and pushing people around. Nice people." She glanced quickly at Donnelly and then away, flushing. Then:

"I blame his father"—broodingly. "'Live up to me, make me proud of you'—that's all Pete's ever heard since he was a baby! You'd think no son of the general's had any right to be less than absolutely perfect!" She lifted her glance to Donnelly's, and her voice grew vibrantly indignant, "Do you know how Pete learned to swim? It was when he was six. His father threw him into deep water. Pete was terrified, but he knew he was expected to swim out by himself, and he did." She swallowed hard, said more quietly, "Pete is a very good swimmer, but I don't think he enjoys it much."

"Well, I wouldn't worry too much about him. He'll be all right."

"I do worry. Pete will be perfect or die trying! Not for the reason you might think, not because he really admires the general so much or wants to be like him. Just to—to show him, you know? It scares me. I keep being afraid Pete will let himself get thrown into water that's too deep for him. Maybe you think I'm dramatizing it, but I'm not. If you knew the general ——"

Donnelly laughed suddenly. "I'll clue you. I do know the general. I know him good." But then they could hear Katy coming in at the front door, and they talked no more about it.

Perhaps it was inevitable, for all Donnelly's caution, that the thing between him and Pete Alsop should flare up again. It happened on an evening when Pete chewed out an airman. It was a caustic onslaught, by no means wholly justified. They had just come into the locker room after a routine refueling mission which had been marred by an incident, when a replanned portion necessitated radio contact with an unscheduled ground control, on a secondary frequency. This, it turned out, was impossible because Stone, the radioman, had neglected to make certain the necessary crystal was in his kit. The fact that a control in another area heard their attempts on primary, and relayed the message, saved the situation, but it did not save Stone. In the locker room, the skipper, with that angry, narrow-eyed stare he wore like a red warning flag, walked over to the airman.

"Tell me, Stone, are you trying to set some kind of new record low in idiocy?" His voice, dripping sarcasm, carried with painful audibility through the suddenly quiet room, and the other crew members busied themselves uneasily at their lockers.

"Sir, I ——" The kid's freckled face reddened. He was holding one boot uncertainly, in his hand, trying to stand up without bumping into Pete, who towered over him. Whatever he had started to say, he never got to finish it, because Pete's tongue unlimbered and scathing words fell around the kid like showering sparks:

"—— and last week when you were late for preflight, I warned you that your next goof would get you disciplinary action. I meant that! Don't plan anything for your free evenings this week. I'm turning in your name for additional CQ."

Stone slumped back, looking miserable, and Donnelly's lips tightened with annoyance. The oversight, which the kid had not attempted to alibi, had imposed no critical problem, and a reprimand should have sufficed. He was normally very capable, but his wife was expecting a baby any day, and having a dangerously rough time of it, and Stone was beside himself with worry. Theoretically, a man was expected not to let his personal problems interfere with his performance of duty, but there were times when even a crew-killing young perfectionist like Junior Alsop could hardly rule out the human element.

Donnelly waited, busying himself with his gear, until all the others had gone and only he and Pete were left in the room; then he said reasonably, "Weren't you a little rough on Stone?"

Pete's glance at his copilot still had the warning flags flying. "You're aware, of course, that failure properly to report our change in flight plan today could have given CAA cause to file a violation report against me?"

This, Donnelly reflected irritably, was the expression of his total attitude toward the crew—their careers were only an extension of his own, their performance important primarily for the manner in which it reflected on Junior Alsop. He said doggedly, "Stone's a good man, lieutenant. It's just that lately his wife has been pretty ill, and he's upset about it."

"You'd likely know more about that than I would! As a matter of fact, it's something I've been meaning to speak to you about. When I want you wet-nursing my crew and their women, major"—his voice crackled suddenly—"I'll let you know!"

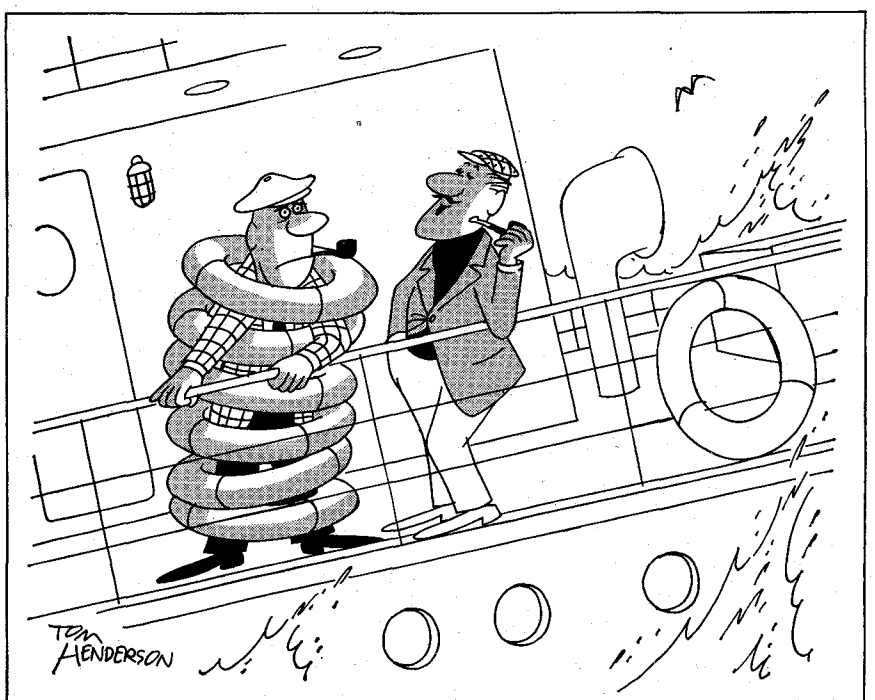
"I only thought"—Donnelly held his voice carefully steady—"that it was possible you weren't aware of all the facts, and that if you realized Stone should be at home with his wife, evenings, you'd change your mind about putting him on report."

"Don't bother giving me the benefit of the doubt. I don't excuse a man's throwing off, on the grounds that he has personal worries. Stone knows that very well, and so does every other man on my crew! Not that I'm under any obligation to explain my action to you. I'd suggest you tend your own business, and leave disciplinary matters to me."

Donnelly's mounting ire was shoving aside what remained of his caution. He drawled, "Well, now, it might just be a little of my own business! I have to fly with them, too, you know. Tell me something. D'you really think it's good discipline to build yourself a crew that hates your insides?"

The lieutenant's blue eyes grew bleak. "As long as I get performance, I don't care how any of you feel about me personally. One of these days maybe you'll have a craft and crew of your own; then you can try out all your little pet theories, whatever they are. But this is my command, so just—butt out, major." He strode out angrily and slammed the door so hard that echoes reverberated along the metal lockers.

When Donnelly drove Katy to the PX after dinner to pick up some articles she needed, he was astonished to encounter young Stone there. The skipper had not put him on report, after all, the kid said with a wide, relieved grin, but had called the barracks and told him to go home to his wife. The change of heart baffled Donnelly. He did not know whether it indicated Pete was more human than he chose to appear or was a sign of indecision under sudden (*Continued on Page 59*)



"Your first crossing?"

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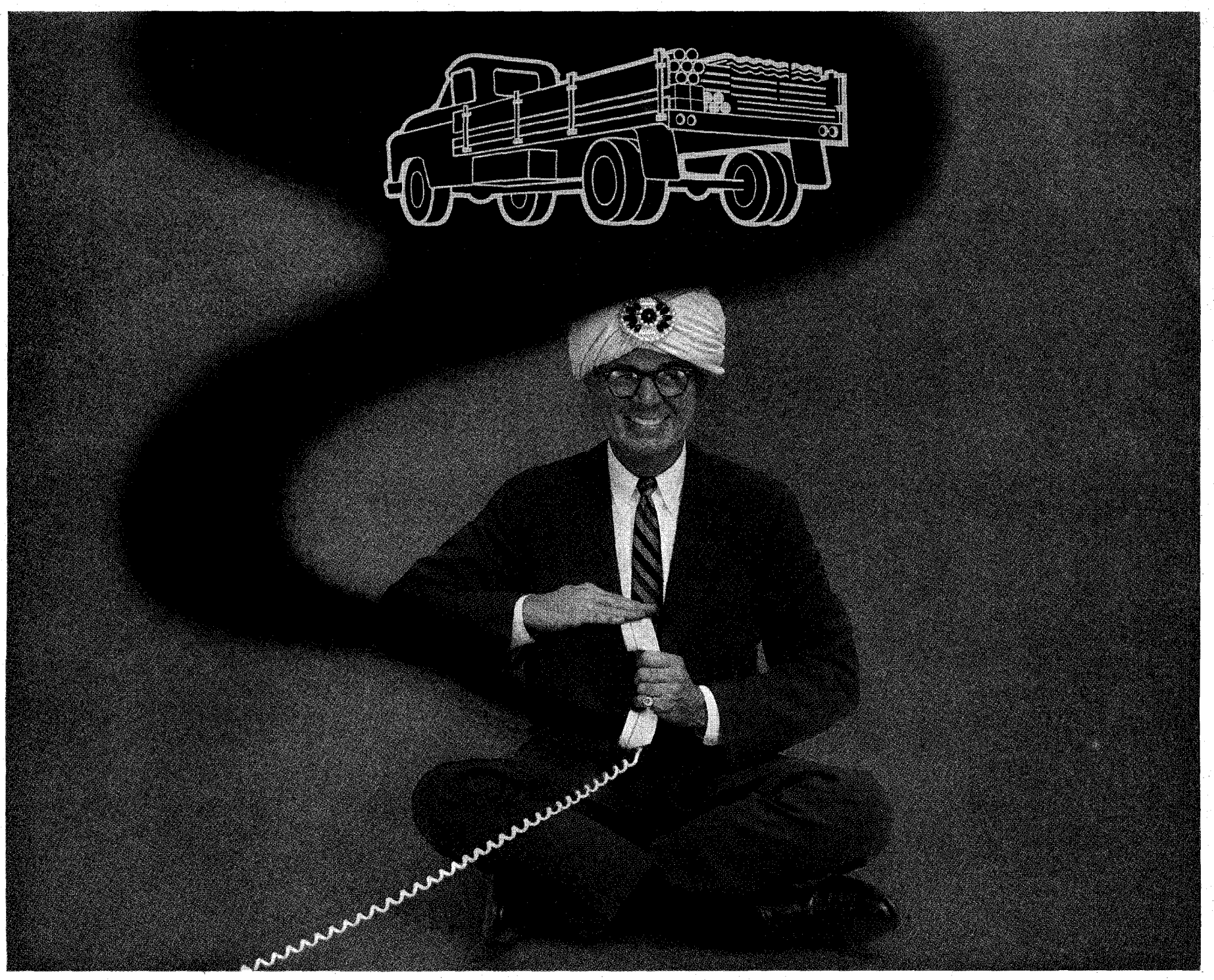

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(*Continued from Page 56*) attack. When he reported for his next flight duty, in the early hours of a still, blue summer morning, Pete greeted him briefly, with bare civility.

It was during the final preflight that Donnelly noticed the excessive oil around the cowling of Number Two engine. He studied it with a concerned frown; then went to Pete.

"We'd better ask control for a delayed take-off. There's an oil leak on Number Two engine."

That, of course, was a mistake. He should have managed to have Pete discover it for himself or for one of the other crewmen to bring it to his attention.

"It's nothing. Just excess oil from one of the breathers."

"Maybe we ought to make sure. It's pretty close to the prop feathering tank."

Pete gave him a cold stare. "We will take off on schedule, major."

Donnelly tried to put aside his sense of uneasiness. Junior was probably right, and getting the ground crew to pull the cowling and make a thorough inspection would mean an hour's delay, at the least. He dismissed it, in his absorption in take-off, and when they were airborne in the quiet morning, he felt better. If he were Pete Alsop, he thought with a flash of wry humor, he wouldn't like flying with Donnelly either. He had something less than complete confidence in his skipper, and the boy would have to be pretty thick-skinned, likely, not to be aware of it.

It was funny the way he actually felt about Junior here; it was not dislike, really, but more of an obscure, angry uneasiness. Maybe it was a sort of identification with himself. There had been a time when a young, immature Donnelly had stood in Pete Alsop's shoes and gazed dreamingly upon his own bright future in the air. These past few weeks with a crew had made very clear to him his own inborn love of flying, and the extent of the adjustment he had been obliged to make in turning to a new career, when his glorious beginning had fizzled into ignominious failure. He had pulled the plug on himself by his own youthful brashness, and he recognized the futility of crying for what might have been. In maturity, he had brought to his present career all that he had to offer, but he was sometimes aware of a vague sense of unfulfillment, a debt he owed to that part of himself which would have made flying his whole life. Perhaps his irritation with Pete Alsop was some subconscious need to complete this earlier phase, if only vicariously; a frustration at seeing so much of himself in an angry young man who wanted no part of an old desk pilot or his help.

They were at eight thousand feet now, and Pete was easing back on the throttles, calling for cruise rpm. Donnelly heard the drone of the engines soften as the flight engineer moved the propeller-pitch controls.

The evenness of sound was ripped apart by a wail which arose swiftly to an ear-splitting scream. Donnelly recognized the voice of a runaway propeller, even before the plane began yawing violently to the left. Pete's eyes were angrily unbelieving in a white, shocked face. "Help me on right rudder, and try to feather Number Two!"

He pushed the feathering button, but the tachometer needle was doing a mad dance, and Number Two prop was already at 3500 rpm and still climbing. There was a muffled explosion, the thin whine of rending metal, and Donnelly was flung violently sidewise in his seat. Then there was silence and his ears had to adjust to the sudden absence of the screaming before he could again hear the even throbbing of the remaining engines.

"Number Two prop sheared off," Pete said tonelessly, and did not look at Donnelly. Into his interphone he said, "Crew, prepare for possible bail-out. We've lost Number Two prop, but the craft is under control at this time. Radio and boom operators, check extent of damage to the fuselage and report as quickly as possible." His voice was steady, but Donnelly saw perspiration sliding from beneath his helmet, and the muscles of his face were slack with shock.

The voice of young Stone, strained with excitement, crackled over the earphones, "Sir, the prop sliced through the top part of the fuselage! Forward tank is ruptured and lower aft is already ankle-deep in fuel!"

The acrid smell of gas fumes was seeping into the flight deck now, and apprehension prickled coldly along Donnelly's spine. The danger of fire and explosion in any aircraft when fumes were present was far more imminent in an aerial tanker, loaded to capacity with highly volatile JP-4, with its perilously low flash point.

Earthbound

By Mae Winkler Goodman

I am the earthbound:
The touch of clay is sweet,
Strong and certain.
Let me plant my feet

In the dark loam,
Let the tall cool grass
Caress my ankles gently
As I pass.

I who have been landbound
From my birth
Am still enamored
Of the rich, sweet earth.

Pete radioed ground control of their predicament, instructed the crew to don oxygen masks and go to 100 per cent oxygen. Then he ordered the engineer to switch to emergency electrical source. With the main system cut off, there was no longer radio contact with the ground, and only twenty-eight-volt battery power to operate a few critical instruments. All the major systems, the extensive radar and electronic equipment, were operated by high-voltage motors, actuated by relays and switches close to the motors. With the use of these, sparking was inevitable—and one spark in their present condition could spell oblivion. Even with this danger ruled out, there was the possibility of fire from an engine exhaust doing the job or even a parachute buckle striking another metal object.

Interphone communication was out, and to be heard, they must pull aside their masks and shout at one another. Stone came forward, a walk-around oxygen bottle clipped to his parachute harness, to report that the ruptured tank was now completely empty, its load swashing around in the belly of the plane. The kid was pale, his freckles standing out vividly, but his manner was calmly matter-of-fact now.

"Harrison and I opened all the hatches, sir, but I'm afraid it's not doing much good. All that raw fuel is generating fumes faster than they can be sucked out. We were wondering, sir. How would it be if we chopped a hole in the lowest point of the fuselage with a crash ax and let the gas drain out?"

Pete's eyes took on a hopeful light and he nodded thoughtfully, but Donnelly shouted, "One spark from that ax and he blows us all to hell!"

Pete stared resentfully at him. "Aluminum doesn't spark!"

"Steel axes and metal rivets do! Use your head, man!"

The younger man hesitated, then shrugged. He ordered Stone, "See that the landing gear is fully cranked down and locked, then tell the crew to stand by to abandon. I'll make a turn to the left to bring us back over the field."

Stone turned and darted away. Pete began his turn, overshooting badly, correcting jerkily, and Donnelly noted uneasily his compressed lips, the thin white lines extending from nostrils to the corners of his mouth.

They had reduced power to hold the air speed as low as they dared, to give the men a better chance when they jumped, and the craft began to shudder, perilously near to stalling. Donnelly held his breath, cursing silently, until Pete righted it, overcontrolling unmercifully, and he thought sickly, *Your professional crew is no good to you now, Junior. You're on your own.*

As the field boundary disappeared beneath their nose, Pete switched on the alarm bell—signal for the crew to abandon. Donnelly leaned over, watching for the chutes to blossom in the empty air, one by one. "All away!"

Pete looked at him and yelled, "What are you doing, just sitting there? You were ordered to jump!"

"What are you going to do?"

The fleeting moments were infinitely precious. Any instant some unforeseen, infinitesimal spark might bring a fiery climax to this hayride. Pete stared through the side-view window, and Donnelly knew that both of them were thinking of the same thing. To their left, and much too far away, was open country—desert and timberless hills. Beneath them, stretching in all directions, was densely populated area, into which an abandoned aircraft must come screaming, spewing death and destruction.

Pete moistened his dry lips. "I'm going to try to ride it down."

"Good enough. I'll ride with you."

Pete's head snapped around, face white and tormented. "This is not your affair, major! It's my mistake and my responsibility! Do you think I want your life on my hands too?"

They stared at each other, and there was a gagging sickness in Donnelly at what he saw in Pete's eyes. *He won't make it.* Between here and safe touchdown there was no margin for error, no moment, no movement to spare, in tense indecision or erratic second-guessing. *He won't make it, and he knows it.*

"Damn it, I said 'bail out'!" Pete was almost screaming. "That's an order!"

Donnelly hit him, a swift, brutal blow in the face. Pete slumped against his shoulder harness.

The air speed had fallen and it took nearly full right rudder to counteract the unbalanced thrust caused by the dead engine on the left side. Staring down at the runway, Donnelly estimated it to be about three miles. He eased back on the throttles and started his cautious descent to normal pattern altitude. As the nose dropped, it took all his strength to hold the control column back until he could roll in compensating back-trim to prevent the plane from diving, in the severe nose-heavy condition created by the forward rush of fuel swashing unchecked in the belly. With air speed high he could control the action, but it was going to pose a critical problem in landing.

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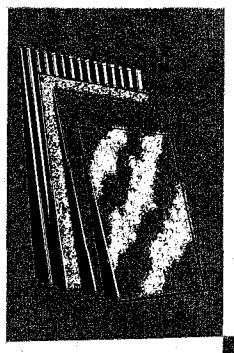

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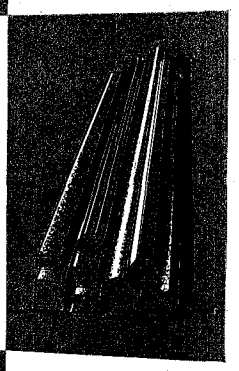

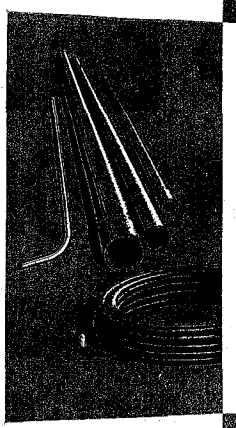

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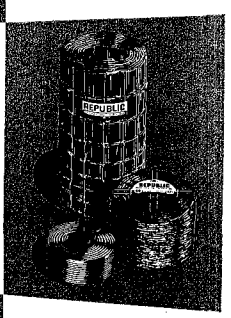

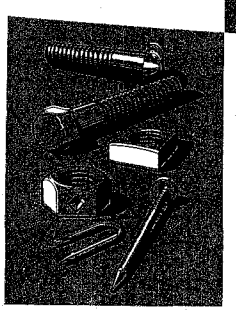

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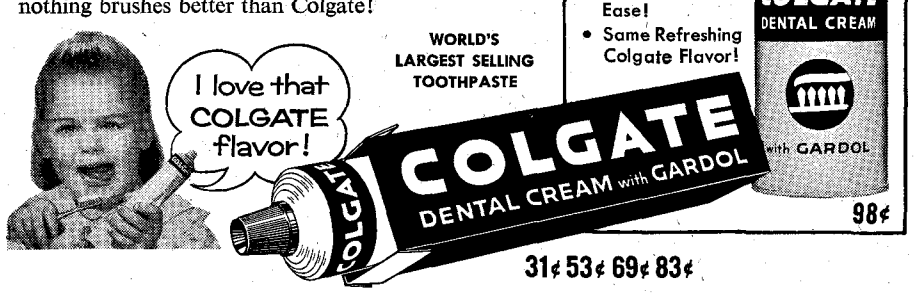

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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

When he was even with the tower he saw a bright green light. Unable to contact him by radio, they were telling him with a biscuit gun that they knew what he was planning, and he was clear to land. Before the tower disappeared from view under his wing, the light flashed again, three times in quick succession, followed by a longer dash, and Donnelly smiled grimly. Morse code for V, the universal signal for "good luck, fella."

When he began his long approach, he had to fight a tendency to overcontrol as the shifting fuel altered his center of gravity. A change in altitude would be necessary as he rounded out for letdown, and it would be touch-and-go then. If he leveled off too high, his air speed would not be sufficient to control the nosing-up action caused by the fuel gushing aft. If he leveled off too late, a bounce would result in the same action. Rolling out of his turn, lined up with the runway, he had to give his head a quick shake to clear his eyes of the perspiration streaming down his face.

In rapid mental calculation he made a rough adjustment to his gross weight. To power-off, no-flap stalling speed he added the customary twenty-six knots. He made his approach speed at a hundred and fifty knots, and if he was wrong he'd know it soon, but not for long. He flashed a sidewise glance at the still-unconscious skipper. *Sleep tight, Junior,* he thought grimly. *What you don't know won't hurt you.*

He wasn't irritated with the kid any longer. Just sorry. And it was crazy, too, that with eternity breathing down his neck he found a fraction of a second to spare for a stabbing loneliness, for Katy, for all his unfulfilled dreams, for the unaware, unfulfilled kid beside him.

On the runway, a fire truck was racing, spreading a wide trail of white behind it, coating the concrete surface with a layer of carbon-dioxide foam, in a final desperate effort to reduce the danger of explosion on touchdown. Now the nightmare quality of his ordeal was intensified. Because of the flatness of his approach he must fight the illusion that he was undershooting. Closer to the terrain than on normal approach, he was acutely aware of his excessive speed, and even with care in small corrections, the control action was sluggish and unpredictable. His arms ached and his palms were slippery with the perspiration which he dared not take time to wipe away.

He eased back on the throttles and gently lifted the nose, and there was a moment of black despair as he fought to combat the powerful nosing-up action invoked by the treacherous, rushing fuel. For the space of a breath he was hideously certain that the unaccustomed approach altitude had betrayed his depth perception and he had leveled off too high. He waited in blind panic for the first warning quiver of a stall. Then there was the blessed squishing sound of rubber gently connecting with the concrete, cutting cleanly through his despair.

The nose was extremely high, but controllable. He would recall afterward that he was laughing like a man demented as he exerted all his strength against the control column, forcing it forward, and reluctantly the nose crept downward until he felt the nose wheel make contact with the runway. The slowing process was difficult because he was unable to reverse his propellers; by the time the big plane came to a halt only a few feet of runway were left. As he unbuckled his harness and crawled out of his seat to cut the master ignition switches on the flight engineer's overhead panel, he saw fire and crash equipment pulling up beside the plane. There was a sound from the skipper's seat and Donnelly turned. Pete's eyes were open, his gaze as yet blank and unfocused.

Donnelly touched his shoulder. "Come on! Up on your feet! Let's get out of here before Lady Luck changes her mind and decides to light a cigarette!"

There were many faces, a hubbub of voices, and a ground crew swarming over the crippled tanker to make certain there was no lingering danger of fire. The wing commander had been hastily summoned, and the Safety officer and Ops officers from Squadron and Wing. Pete Alsop moved dazedly among them, through the blessed fresh air and sunlight of the summer morning, and Donnelly said calmly, "He's O.K. He got a belt on the head, that's all."

Impatiently, Pete refused a suggestion that he be taken to the hospital. "I'm all right," he insisted. "What about the crew?"

All down safely, someone said. A jeep had been dispatched to pick them up.

The voices were congratulatory, admiring, awed. They were not paying their respects to the son of General Peter Alsop, Senior, but to the skipper himself.

"By heaven, lieutenant!" boomed a flushed and happy C.O. "What a beautiful job that was!"

Pete shook off the voices, the hands. He had to go to squadron Ops office and

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, you'll know when he's ready for you."

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file his incident report, he said, and he indicated with a beckoning motion of his head that Donnelly was to go with him.

After the noise and the excitement, the room seemed abnormally still. Pete sat at a table with papers spread out before him, and wrote nothing down. He kept staring into space, and after a time he said coldly, "That 'belt on the head,' major—maybe you'd care to explain that?"

Donnelly felt tired and drained now. He didn't know what action the other would take and at this point he didn't much give a hang. He said flatly, "I slugged you." *You wanted "cause." Well, you've got it, sonny. Insubordination. Striking my commanding officer. Have fun with it.*

Pete pushed back from the table and arose, rubbing absently at the back of his neck, as if it hurt him a little. "You—feel I owe you my life, major?"

Donnelly stared at him; then uttered a curt laugh. "That's hard to say. After all, we'll never know now whether you could have made it down safely, will we?"

"You knew very well I couldn't!" Pete turned slowly, and the other saw that he was fighting some deep weariness of his own. "That's why you slugged me!"

"I knew you thought you couldn't. That would have made the difference, likely. A man has to be sure, at a time like that."

"I've got to report it like it was—that I wasn't able to handle it, and you had to take over and bring it in. The thing of it is, I don't know why! I've landed that tanker scores of times; I've brought it in with an engine gone ——" He swung his hands up, to strike his forehead agitatedly with the heels of his palms. "I tell you, Donnelly, I wasn't scared! I was just plain empty! I couldn't think!"

The older man's pity was back now, strong and understanding. "There's an instinct," he said slowly, "that a man develops after a while. A kind of life insurance. An automatic knowing, a feeling, from the tips of your fingers to the seat of your pants, and it's what you use when there's no time to think. If you're lucky, you have the chance to develop it fully, before you're required to do all the thinking and make all the decisions."

Pete let all the breath go out of him in a long, weary sigh. "Maybe that's the real reason I never liked you, major. I was scared you'd guess the truth about me: that I was running like hell to catch up with my job."

"I thought you were pretty young."

"Too young."

"Well—yes. Too young."

"The general's kid."

"All right, if you must have it. Yes, the general's kid."

"Maybe you won't believe this, major, but I never wanted to set the world on fire. I like flying. I was perfectly happy as a copilot—just the way you said, doing my job, leaving the decisions to someone else. I was in no hurry." He smiled sourly. "You don't believe me, do you?"

"I believe you," said Donnelly. "I know the general."

"You do? Then maybe you know how he's going to take it when he finds out his boy dropped the old ball!"

Donnelly laughed. "I couldn't say as to that. I know how he took it the time Mrs. Donnelly's boy dropped it."

That caught Pete's interest. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"Well, it's short, and not very painful any more. I was about your age. Young, inexperienced. But there was a shortage of pilots along about then, and I went on orders as a B-29 aircraft commander. I was what they call a calculated risk; that meant if I was lucky, I probably wouldn't have to face an emergency situation I couldn't cope with, until I had enough time behind me to have some sense. Only my luck ran out. I forgot to make sure my fuel reserve was above the critical mark, and when I found out I was flying almost empty, I lost my head. Instead of letting down for an unscheduled landing to refuel, I tried to make it back to the field. The fuel gave out over terrain where a landing was impossible, and we had to abandon the aircraft, with total loss of equipment. Ol' Thunder ——" He checked himself quickly, remembering, and Pete gave him a wry smile.

"It's all right. I know they call him that. They call me 'Junior.' That's worse. Go on."

"Well, your father was only a bird colonel then, but he was head of the accident board, and that calculated-risk stuff didn't go with him. He ruled it due to pilot error and gross negligence, and recommended I be relieved of A.C. duties for a minimum of three years. The way it was worded, it might as well have read 'forever.' I was pretty well cut up about it. I wouldn't have minded going back to flying copilot on a milk run in the boondocks, if there'd been even half a chance that eventually I could get back to the top, but the accident board had pretty well fixed that. Like I said, my luck had run out."

Pete studied him. "But you think mine is still holding," he said gravely; and Donnelly nodded.

"It can be, if you want it that way."

"I want it," said Pete. He added, a trifle embarrassed now, "I gave you a bad time, sir. I'm sorry about that. I—guess I owe you one hell of a lot."

"You don't owe me anything." Donnelly's lips quirked with sudden amusement. "The way I figure it, I owed the Air Force a plane. Today they got it back."

The squadron buzzed with speculation when it was noised about that Lt. Peter Alsop, Junior, had asked to be relieved of his duties and returned to copilot status. He cited as his ground for the request the fact that he felt himself to be lacking, as yet, in the practical experience and maturity necessary to qualify him for the responsibilities of aircraft command.

Ol' Thunder came literally roaring in from Washington, demanding to know if the boy had taken sudden leave of his senses. Pete stood his ground. The general went into closed session with the wing commander, the squadron C.O. and the accident board. Thereafter he departed, looking very unhappy. Pete and Betty saw him off, and strangely enough, it was noted, they had never looked happier.

The major was happy too. His new A.C. was a thirtyish, quiet man, easy to work with, and the remaining weeks of the tour were pleasantly uneventful. For a time the crew were puzzled. They spoke wonderingly and almost charitably of Pete, and Major Donnelly listened and made no comment, save that once he said somewhat sharply to a freckled airman, "The name is Lieutenant Alsop, Stone. Don't ever let me hear you call him 'Junior' again!"

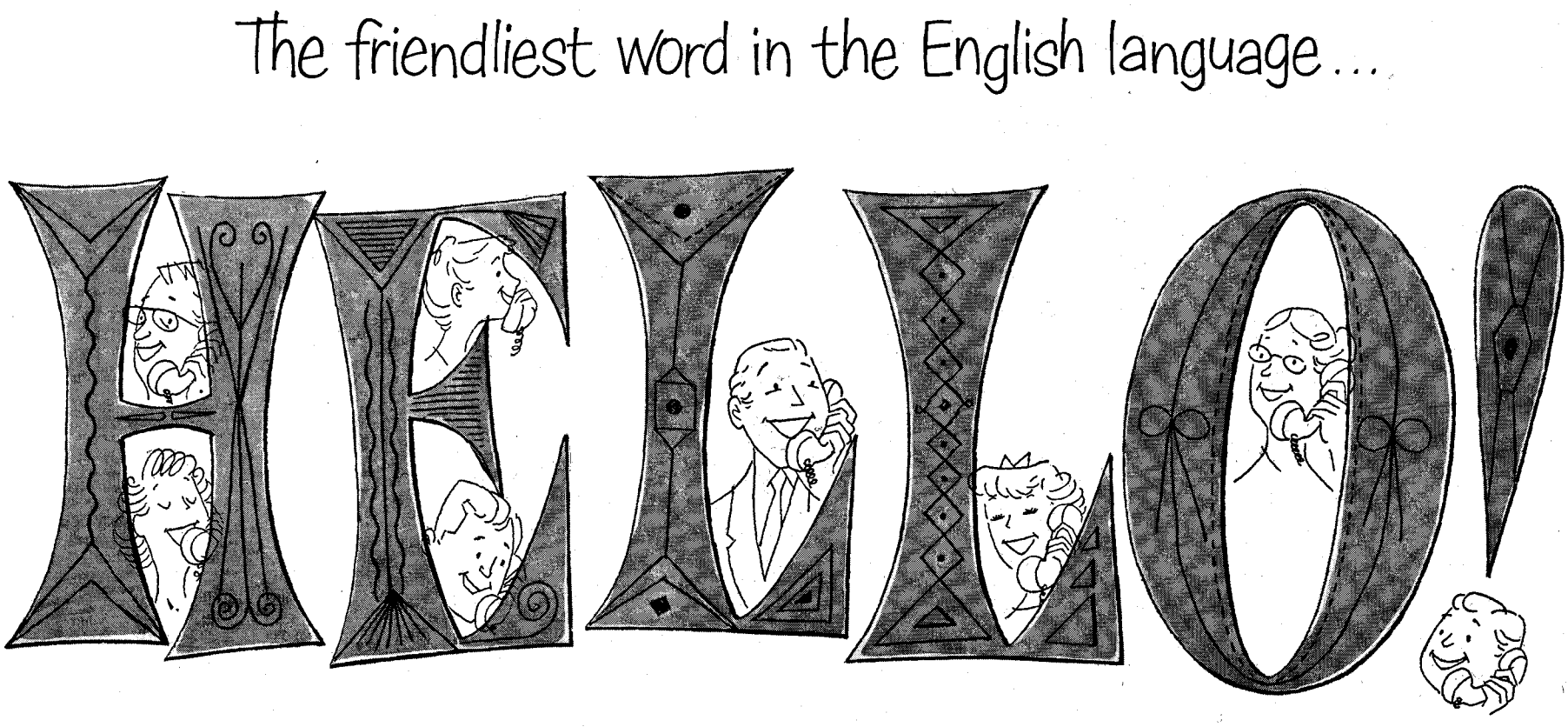
Katy was very proud of Donnelly. "You're wonderful. I don't think they half appreciate you. They ought to make you a general!"

He said modestly, "I like me just the way I am," and she laughed, and kissed him.

"So do I, major!"

He was really very pleased. As he told Katy, the way he looked at it, in addition to the plane, he had returned to the Air Force one pilot in excellent condition. So it all came out quite even, after all.

THE END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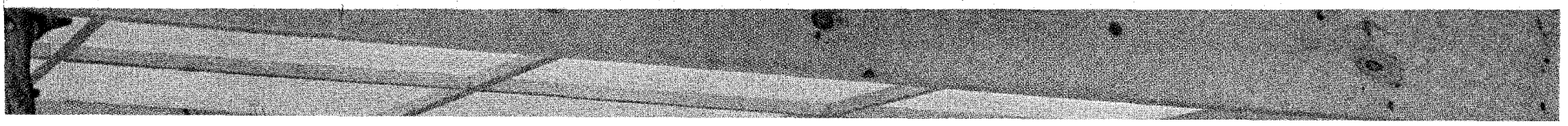

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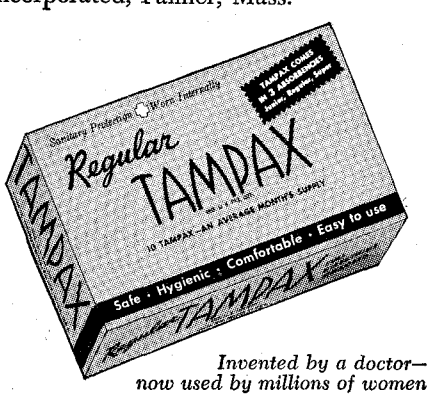


Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

She Just Didn't Understand

(Continued from Page 39)

The way she said this it had a peculiar seriousness, and I quit kidding. "She is just coming to Willow Creek for the purpose of being my dog," I told her.

"I can't bear their doing tricks," she explained. "I have a real thing about tricks. A man with a trick dog—I wouldn't even speak to him. You know how they teach circus dogs to walk around like poor little imitation people? Poor things!" Tears came into her beautiful blue eyes.

I leaned out of my car and said, "Bella, listen to me, listen to my heart. I swear I'll never teach Louise any tricks. Not even to give me her paw."

Well, she put her hand on mine. "Thank you, Emil," she said in her deep voice.

Louise, this glossy little black dog with the high forehead, was all my dog from the first. Other dogs—she didn't even recognize them. If I sat down, she sat down. If I laughed, she barked, and when I talked to her or to myself she thought it was angels singing. As for teaching her tricks! I had to watch her day in, day out, to keep her from picking up tricks. One afternoon I'm taking a snooze and she hears the evening paper go thud on the porch. She front-paws the screen door, picks up the paper and can't get back in, so she sits down and waits for two hours. Time don't mean much to Louise. If she's hungry, that's all she knows about the time of day. When I go to bed it's night.

She was the first dog I ever heard about that put a corncob pipe in her mouth on her own initiative. When she did that, I sat down on the floor and I said, "Look, Louise, no tricks. You don't have to. Just be a dog." And so on. I kept it very friendly, very simple. She looked me straight in the eye. And then what do you suppose? She offers me her front paw, to shake hands. She hadn't understood a word!

Bella had said some kind of business might bring her to Willow Creek on Saturday. Saturday morning I was wondering how long she would play hard-to-get, but I didn't phone. When I'm waiting for a woman to come to me, I wait.

My office is in a store built onto the front of my old house on Main street. A bell rings when the door opens. It didn't ring until late that afternoon. I was in my Morris chair, reading the newspaper. Louise was near, trying to see me by staring at the other side of the paper. So the bell rings a second time, and then Bella Feitelson's deep voice fills the joint, "Anybody home?"

I said, "Nope. Everybody's gone fishing. Who is it?"

Louise was very excited. She ran around, found the pipe and picked it up and then she tried standing up on her hind legs. She almost made it. You can imagine my feelings! I made a ball of the newspaper and threw it at her. I whispered: "Sh--h-h. Get down, stupid, and stay down!" These were the first cross words Louise had ever heard from me. She collapsed, but I didn't know it. I didn't have time for her just then. I went out into my office.

Bella was standing, one hand on my showcase. She had on a light green dress and a kind of small coal scuttle on her head, also light green. She looked stylish and fresh, and she was smiling all over her pretty blond face. She was a strong young woman, not more'n thirty-six or thirty-eight. It did me good to look at her.

I said, "That's a fine expensive dress."

"What's wrong with the hat?"

"It covers too much of your pretty face."

"You're just full of it," she said. "And this dress was on special sale, marked down. I altered it myself."

"It surely does fit," I told her. "It fits smooth here and here. It fits marvelous in back."

But right away she changed the subject. "How is our little dog?"

So I called back into the house. "Here, Louise. You got a caller."

I had clean forgot I'd threw the newspaper at her. There was a long minute of nothing, both of us looking at the open door, and finally Louise slowly crawled out, on her elbows. She lay there and trembled.

Bella gasped. "What's the matter with her?"

"Hello, Louise," I said. "How's the poochie?"

She covered her face with her front paws and shuddered.

"What have you done to her, Mr. Dahlberg?"

"I don't think Louise feels too good," I said.

"Have you had the vet?"

"He gave her something and she regurgitated." I thought that was a good word to use right there. "It was a dish of cucumbers. I like cucumbers, so what I like Louise likes, that's how it is, but they didn't agree with her. She feels sort of languid."

"Poor puppy." Bella talked to her awhile, asking the questions and herself answering them, the way they do. Pretty soon Louise began to wag her heavy old tail.

I had planned this first visit as a nice quiet time in my own home. Make dinner together, some music, get acquainted quick for a reasonable expenditure. In our town the only place to go out to is the Webster's Hotel, an old historical joint where the prices, being for artists and other foreigners, they make an intelligent man shudder. But if we stayed home there'd be Louise, any moment liable to start hanging from the chandeliers or reading the paper with my pipe in her mouth, giving Bella horrible ideas about my secret nature, just when I was wanting her to get interested in it. So I suggested Webster's Hotel. I said we could take the chef's special, soup and choice of dessert, or, I went on, as she gives me a kind of deep expression, "we could have chicken or the lobster"—her eyebrows went up gradually—"or we could have the porterhouse steak with Idaho potatoes," I said, and she give me a beautiful smile.

"Do they take dogs?"

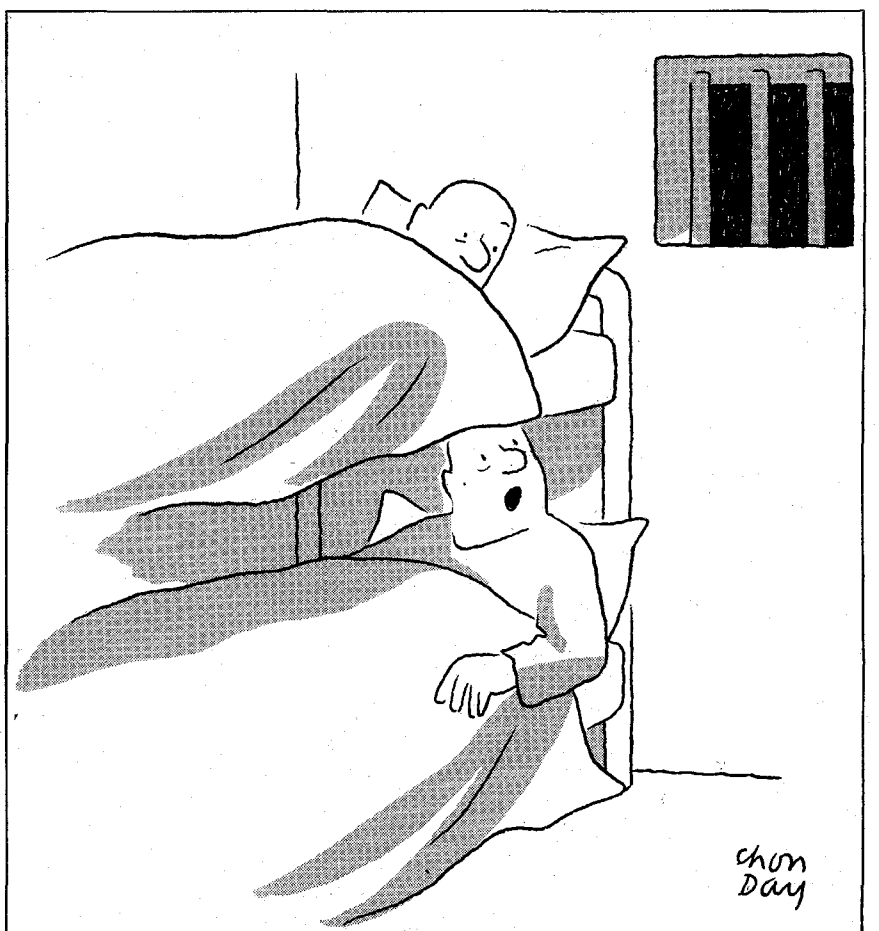
"No. But we could lock Louise in the car. It would be sort of cruel, her waiting, maybe barking loneseomely from time to time, while we regaled ourselves, but——"

Bella decided Louise should stay right in her own cozy home, and we would leave a small light burning so she wouldn't feel abandoned. We set forth in my car, leaving hers in the back street by a filling station.

Hours later—Main Street was empty—I and Bella drove back to my place, me arguing in a very sincere way how Louise would be disappointed if Bella didn't come in and say good night.

Just as I pulled up by my lilacs, I saw this moving shadow on my window curtains. Somebody was in there prowling around. "Oh, be careful," whispered Bella, and I said, "You stay right there, sweetheart."

I went quietly on the grass. Between the curtains I could see in. It was Louise. She was walking back and forth on her hind legs, back and forth, from my chair to the corner sofa, turn, and back again. She was practicing, learning herself how to walk on her hind legs. You read these dog stories. They're not about dogs. There's some dog in a hotel smells smoke at three A.M. He runs to the clerk's desk. No clerk. So he reads on the register where it says there's a baby in Room 35 on the third floor and he races up there, opens the door, drags baby out and drops him off the (*Continued on Page 66*)



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(*Continued from Page 64*) fire escape. It's all exaggeration. Telling about dogs, you should just tell the plain simple truth about dogs acting like dogs. Like poor Louise. She was so stupid, so completely mistaken, it was sort of sad.

I watched her a minute, figuring—oh, my mind raced!—then I went up onto the porch, stomping, and I called to Bella to come along. I turned the key and we went in.

Louise was there wagging her tail, looking a little bushed, but standing like a dog ought to stand. I ran past her, fearlessly through the other rooms, made a terrible slam with the back door in the kitchen, and I came back, breathing hard. "He got away," I said.

Bella clasped her hands, gazing at me in admiration. "You're awful brave," she said. "He might have had a pistol, or big knife. Oh, darling, you were wonderful!"

I didn't contradict her. I let her kiss me, and I sat down on the sofa, and we being such good friends by now, Bella sat down on my lap. Louise tried to get up with her and made a moaning sound. I waved my free hand. "So go away, Louise, old girl, and lie down."

We didn't think about her for quite a while. Finally, repeated bumping, scratching noises from my room forced our attention. Bella looked around. "Where's the puppy dog?" she whispered. For once I didn't use my head. I snapped my fingers, whistled. In comes Louise, walking on two feet. Somehow she's got my old Wells Fargo cap on her head, my corncob in her mouth. She leans against the doorjamb and tries to fold her arms—I mean her front legs. "Sit!" I yelled.

All of a sudden my lap is empty. Bella has Louise in her arms, the pipe and the cap are on the floor. "I should have known! Why, she's trembling, the poor tortured creature."

What could I do? "Bella, sweetheart," I said. "You don't understand. You think you do, but you simply don't understand dogs." I was going to go on explaining in a gentle, friendly way about my beautiful character, but that was a bum start.

She fairly glared at me. "It makes you feel big, doesn't it? Where's your whip, you monster! Cucumbers! You're a liar, Mr. Dahlberg."

Louise waved a paw at me. She had wrinkles in her forehead like she was saying, "What the dickens is going on?"

The easiest thing for a woman to learn to drive is a husband.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

I smiled. I guess I laughed. Just a cheerful sort of laugh, not at Bella or anybody. It was my rich sense of humor busting loose. But a woman full of emotion, you can't laugh at her. My laugh set Bella on fire.

"I'm taking poor little Louise out of this dump." She put Louise down so's she could put on her green hat. "Well, why don't you say something, you sadist?"

I wanted to say something. I wanted it to be something perfectly wonderful. But we had been sitting out by the ocean waves a long time that night, and I must have got a chill. It affected me now, and I sneezed. The house shook. My china rattled in the cupboard. Louise ran like a shot into my bedroom and under my bed. She wouldn't come out, not for Bella she wouldn't.

After begging her to for a while, Bella whammed out of my house and home. I followed her in the darkness, down the lane, the wet lilacs brushing my face. I was still arguing—that is, when she wasn't telling me off.

"Sweetheart," I said. "Listen to me, Bella." It began to rain, cold drops on me like personal remarks.

She slammed the door of her car. ". . . and if you do one thing more to that poor defenseless little dog I'll have you arrested." That's the last I remember. She drove off, and I stood there being rained on like an old superfluous hitching post.

We had had such tender, intimate conversations. I had mentioned my sales last year and such interesting facts as that I owned scattered in the county upward of 800 acres, some on the ocean, and so forth, and how what they say about me and this or that woman is pure gossip, but I was no saint, I admitted, and none of the women could hold a candle to her, I'd said. I was very sincere. "You have beautiful blue eyes," I'd said. "I never before had this feeling of mental equality like I did right away with you because you are so intelligent."

And after Webster's we drove over to the Seven Oaks beach property I own. We sat on the high bank, watching the moon come up out of the ocean like a Polaris from a submarine, only wonderfully slow, and the tide slid and whispered and sometimes boomed like a faraway drum. I held her in my arms, as the saying is, and I got a chill, all right.

I found Louise feeling good, full of love and happiness. After a couple of aspirins washed down with three, four ounces of strong stuff, I fixed Louise's blanket and went to bed myself. I was almost asleep—I was so tired out spiritually and physically—and then I remembered the size of our check at the Webster's Hotel. It stabbed me to the quick and I groaned out loud. I heard Louise's tail go thump, thump, thump.

I didn't move out of the house for days. Mrs. Dorothy Berry, a friend of mine from down street, she came in and helped. Clarence Williams, our chief of police, arrived one afternoon to say the cruelty-to-animals people from Cranford had asked about a dog being mistreated by a certain Emil Dahlberg, did I know same? Well, Clarence and me, we've known each other all our lives. He sat down by my bed, a big man with no hair. I told him where the bottle was and he made himself a drink.

"Mistreatment!" I snarled.

"Keep your shirt on," he said. "Where's the pooch? You put it out of its misery?"

I called Louise and she came in.

"Yeh, I seen her before," Clarence said. "Too much tail."

Louise wagged it politely and sat down, her mouth full of the Evening Advocate.

"What did you try with Bella Feitelson?"

"As it turned out, I died on third."

"Yeh. What does 'statistical monster' mean?"

"You mean sadistical. I didn't force her to do anything. What she learned she learned of her own free will."

"Who you talking about now?"

"The dog, there. She's stupid."

"I see she is. Does she have to sit up on her tail like that, staring at us?"

"If you take the paper from her, she'll lie down like a normal dog." So he did, and she did. "Clarence," I said, "don't keep me in suspenders. Did you see Bella?"

He nodded. "At the Cranford Hospital." He whistled and looked far away. "What a (*Continued on Page 68*)

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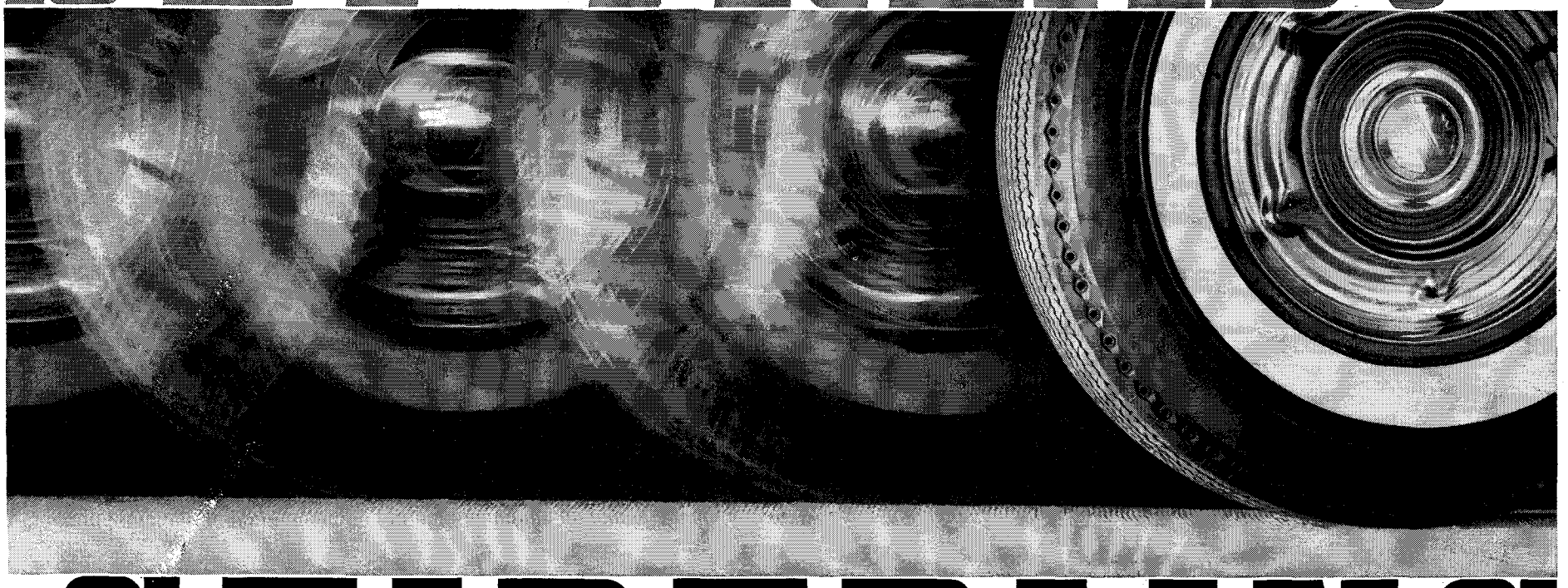
JET TREAD!



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(*Continued from Page 66*) woman!" he says. "I never see such a figure."

"Clarence, what did she talk about?"

"Talk about? Why she talked about a certain Mr. Dahlberg. Couldn't get her off the subject. Tell me, Emil, what you got I ain't got? Woman's crazy about you."

I was so relieved I near bust out crying. Louise hopped up onto the bed to lay on my feet. She let out a long moan.

"What's the matter with that dog?"

"She likes me. She walks on her hind legs because I do."

Clarence nodded his big bald head like a keen detective in a movie. "That's logic," he said. "You got nothing to worry about, Emil. Matter of fact, you could sue the woman for slander. That's what you could do to her."

"Nope, I don't want to," I said.

He looked amazed. "You going to marry the woman?"

I had to laugh. I was feeling good all over. "Just romance," I said. "I'm not the marrying type." As if he didn't know. "I'm just too smart to get married."

He sighed and said, "Yep." He put his glass down. "Good-by now," he says from the door, and then after a couple minutes he comes back. "I forgot to tell you what I was sent here to tell you. Bella, she told me she was ready to forgive you for all you done to her. That's what she said." He gave me a big stupid smile and went away.

I lay there and, as his words sunk in, the glow in me slowly went dark. She forgives me! How do you like that? For what? I thought of her check at Webster's. All the sweet things I said to her. And the dog—I hadn't done anything to the dog. I guess I was about as sore as I ever been at a woman.

A few hours later Bella telephoned, all wrought up about me having a cold. She didn't get anywhere. I just said hello and how are you, and no my cold is all better, and Louise is just fine, thank you. Good-by.

I was very polite—cold, but polite. I was breathing hard when I hung up. By the middle of the night I began to feel sorry for the woman, but I didn't phone back.

The cold settled in my chest, right here, and I sounded like two people. I could have sung duets on television by myself. Nights I couldn't sleep—I got up and sat in my Morris chair and groaned. I'm a groaning kind of a man. If it ain't much, I groan low, about lower G; if it's sharp like a mental pain, I groan higher, around B flat. One night Louise groaned. It was like an echo—she groaned low, she groaned high. I saw she was trembling, scared to hear herself sound like me. I put my hand on her head and said something comforting. I like Louise in spite of everything.

Main Street never looked so good, trees greener than spinach and new-painted houses shining on a cool May day. I got an extraordinary constitution, and I easy throw off a fatal disease like pneumonia. I and Louise were out for a walk, saying "Hi" to people, and I was singing from time to time.

Dum dum ti-dum, dum dum ti-dum.

This tune was in my head for days. Something from my unconscious brain, maybe related to something in my childhood. I and Louise turned into Willow Street and at the end of it sat on the wharf, watching the tide come in. I sung and Louise groaned. When she echoed my groans, she twisted her muzzle in a funny way, showing her teeth.

"Bella Feitelson," I told her, "is coming to the Memorial Day meeting today." I knew because I had read same in the Advocate. "She is going to make a speech. So I'll tell her it's a wonderful speech, and so forth, and this time we'll have dinner at home," I said. Louise wagged her tail and groaned two or three times, different kind of groans. I felt full of vigor. I felt it was my day.

But nobody is a prophet in modern times, not even Emil Dahlberg. When we climbed toward the flags on Town Hill, I hadn't the least dab of an idea what lay in store for us. You people who saw Louise that time on television, you got an idea, but I was completely unprepared.

I was early in the hall and, first of all, Mrs. Flinders—she's a member of the town council—came up and said, "Excuse me, no dogs in the hall, Mr. Dahlberg," so I didn't give her an argument, but took Louise out and leashed her in a nice place by the back entrance. She rolled over on the grass and sort of hummed to herself. She liked grass, so

My Son

By Milton Kaplan

My son
Stands tiptoe
In the sun,
His shadow striking
The hour chill,
And in the mirror of his
Appraising frown,
I see myself growing down.

Proud of his height,
And yet afraid,
I, too, stretch upright,
Needing the warmth
Of a son
Who needs my shade.

I talked to her and then I left her, backing away.

Next thing you know I bump into Bella Feitelson, none other, and like to knock her off her feet.

"Excuse me, I am sure," I said. "I didn't mean to."

"I'm surprised to hear it," she said. She was adjusting her hat, which had cherries on it.

I took her hand. "Bella, sweetheart, don't give me any more trouble."

"I beg your pardon," she said, and she went on into the hall, cold as ice. I hung around at loose ends. I saw Dr. Malcolm Pusey with his wife, giving us odd locals the once-over. From his suffering expression I figure he's learned how much that Heron Lake property's really worth. Well, that sort of cheered me up. Clarence Williams was there, and Dorothy Berry, and Tony Luciana, who runs the Webster's Hotel, the whole town, too numerous to mention. You've been to a Memorial Day. The band that had led the parade came up onto the hill and played loud. The best thing was the flags, and you could look between the maples and see the blue harbor. Right then I wished I was in the harbor, drowned and at peace.

Back in the hall I had to sit on the platform with other important people. The speeches were long. I didn't even listen. When it came to Bella Feitelson's turn to talk about the hospital, she made a good start. She had a fine, deep, speaking voice. You could have heard it clean to Main Street without the mike, but all at once she stopped. She had just mentioned the words, "our friends, the dogs"—dogs always got into her speeches—when she blew a fuse and just stood there. People cleared their throats and scraped their feet. She took her little hanky and touched her lips. I was perspiring like a horse, myself.

Well, that was the moment. My Louise, a middle-sized black dog with too much tail, comes up on the platform. She had slipped her collar and was looking for me.

People laughed. Louise loved people, so she got up on her hind feet and walked across the platform, bowing her head with each step. Some camera fiend set off a flash bulb. People clapped. I tried to get Louise's eye, but she was too busy. She went right by Bella, looking and looking for me, and Bella, she did a wonderful thing, she stooped down and she shook Louise's paw, and then she turned to the people and said, "This is Louise Dahlberg, a dog who is secure and happy in the friendship of her master."

Louise turned around and around, still on two feet. She was, I saw, curling her muzzle in the queer way she did when she groaned like me. Bella stooped over again and, when she straightened up, her face was stricken with amazement.

"Please be quiet, please," she hollered.

Right away it was dead quiet.

"This little dog is singing," Bella said. She put the mike down close and the whole crowd heard it, loud.

Dum dum ti-dum, dum dum ti-dum. My song, in groans—raising her upper lip, giving with a kind of umlaut sound on the last notes. She was a bit off-key on some, but then she was pretty excited.

I looked at Bella. I saw a light in her eyes I never saw before. They were blazing. They were staring, but not from being sore at me.

"Emil," she said as I went over. "You taught her that song." She was breathing hard and her chest was going up and down. Her cheeks were like roses.

"I didn't teach her anything, Bella. For some reason I been singing that song and, like I told you, what I do Louise does, if she can, and it don't make any difference if I tell her not to. I don't even know what the song is. It sounds corny."

"Oh, Emil," Bella said, leaning against me. "You can't fool me any more, you lovely man." And she kissed me right there in front of the people. "Listen," she says, "even the band is playing it." By this time I have Louise under one arm. We come slowly down the platform steps. The band was playing, Dum dum ti-dum, dum dum ti-dum. I wondered how they could learn the piece so quick. The people were all smiling, especially Chief Clarence Williams.

Well, of course, that song come out of my unconscious brain—it could happen to anybody—and it was, as you know perfectly well, the first bars, Dum dum ti-dum, of "Here comes the bride."

Well, even so, I could have laughed it off and got out of it. I'm a hard man to trap and I can prove it. But I felt my luck had run out. Before the whole town, my dog tells her, "Here comes the bride." So how could I back out? Besides that, Bella would not have let me back out. She's got a will of iron. She looks lovely and soft, but she's got a will! Of iron, I mean to say.

It all suited Louise so far's anybody could tell. She never sung another note, though. Even the time we put her on television and practically the entire country was waiting with bated breath. Nope. Louise smelled the mike and it didn't smell like anything to sing at. I told her and I told her to sing. With tears in my eyes I told her. She just didn't understand what I was talking about.

So we didn't get rich, Bella and me. We sure did get married, though.

THE END

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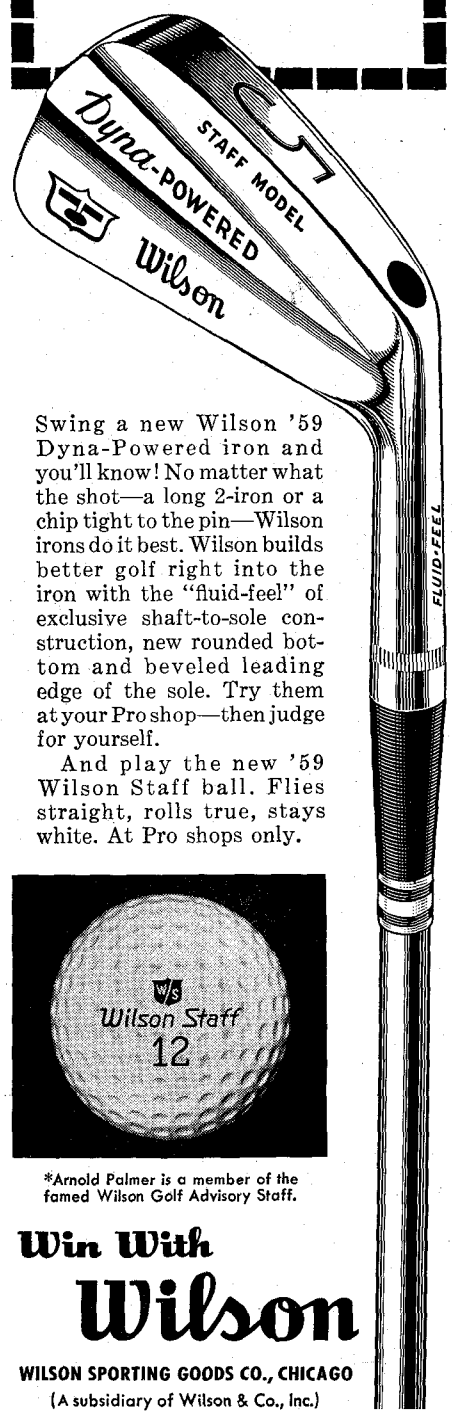

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The Oklahoma Kid (Continued from Page 37)

newspaper," said an O.U. English instructor, "a speech by Howard stacks up as pretty routine stuff. But when you see and hear him deliver it over the air, it seems like a call to Armageddon."

Public-speaking ability is shared by the Edmondsons. Congressman Ed, six years the elder, went to the finals of a national debating championship when in college, and served as Howard's coach during high-school and undergraduate days. "Anything I know about speaking," the governor said recently, "I got from Ed, and most of what I know about politics I absorbed from him too." The governor's friends agree this is too modest an assessment of his own distinctive talents, but the closeness of the partnership is undeniable. The brothers have been running in tandem since boyhood.

They grew up in Muskogee, a comfortable, leisurely town of 40,000 with tree-lined streets. Ed still makes his home there.

E. A. Edmondson, their father, came to Oklahoma in 1903 from Tennessee, to be followed by four brothers with whom he eventually engaged in the banking and abstract business. The elder Edmondson held public office only twice—once as assistant state bank examiner, and for two years as county commissioner in Muskogee—but, like many pioneers of his era, he loved the great American game of politics. He could not let a campaign go by, even a local one, without sponsoring a candidate for some office. In his living room there was rousing political talk and, as early as Ed's first debates in junior high, his father decided that Ed one day would go to Congress.

It was inevitable that Howard should grow up under his older brother's shadow. Not that he minded very much. Ed got top grades, and in college made Phi Beta Kappa. Howard was never much of a reader and isn't now. As a boy he spent his time on the playgrounds; he was more interested in football and basketball than scholarship, and he had the first of many fist fights when another boy walked home from Franklin grade school with a classmate named Jeannette Bartleson. He and Jeannette had their first date in the fifth grade, a fifteen-cent movie and a pony ride. Marriage was inevitable; they now have three children—Jimmy, twelve, Jeanne, nine, and Patty, seven.

World War II scrambled the lives of most young men. Ed Edmondson joined the FBI after graduating from O.U. in 1940 and was sent to South America; from 1943 to 1946 he was in the Navy. Howard entered the university in the fall of 1942, enlisted in the Army Air Forces, was called to duty three days before his eighteenth birthday. He attended gunnery school, advanced to bombardier training and was graduated as a flight officer. He did not get overseas and was discharged in 1945.

When Howard decided to return to school, he and two friends took three rooms over a garage in Norman and hoped that minor savings and their G.I. checks would carry them through. The friends moved out when Jeannette and Howard were married in May, 1946; Jeannette taught French at the university to augment their meager income.

The national depression which began in 1929 left the senior Edmondson broke and in debt. There were several tough years before he established himself as a wholesaler and distributor for the Skelly Oil Company. To the two sons and two daughters, Ann (Mrs. Jack Rousek) and Molly, their father is still the symbol of integrity; he scrupulously and with difficulty paid what he owed.

In 1948 Ed decided to run for county attorney in Muskogee, but his father was not to participate in that long-planned-for adventure. The very day Ed made the official announcement of his candidacy the elder Edmondson died of a heart attack. Howard, only a few months away from his law degree, took a leave of absence to assist his brother in what was a successful campaign. Later that summer he took his final examinations, received his diploma and went to work as a law clerk for Federal Judge Eugene Rice in Muskogee. This was a happy relationship, and when Howard struck out on his own, colleagues at the bar quickly acknowledged his abilities as a courtroom lawyer and jury pleader. Ed and Howard had a dream of setting up offices together, but events and public affairs intervened.

Ed was re-elected county attorney. Then, with the death of the veteran congressman from their district, came his chance to go to Washington. The brothers planned the campaign together, worked together, and again Ed triumphed. Now Howard decided to shift his base of operations; two ambitious Edmondsons rather crowded the old home town. He asked County Attorney Robert L. Wheeler in Tulsa for a job, and got it. In fact, Wheeler, an old Muskogee boy

> It's a recession when you're simply over a barrel instead of in it.
>
> CY N. PEACE

himself, made Howard his chief criminal prosecutor.

One of his first cases helped build Howard's reputation. County Commissioner Jim Hardesty, a political veteran, was charged with taking kickbacks on purchases of road oil. Hardesty was convicted and sent to the penitentiary. Subsequently four other county employees were convicted on corruption charges, as were several employees of the state who had embezzled welfare funds.

When Wheeler decided in 1954 not to run for re-election, Howard made the race. Described by opponents as a "carpetbagger" from another county, bitterly resented by many county officeholders, he achieved a narrow victory in the Democratic primary and won handily in the general election. In 1956 he was re-elected with a thumping total of 72,000 votes.

One criminal case which produced national publicity for Edmondson was that of Nannie Doss, a lethal lady who collected husbands through lonely-hearts clubs and collected their insurance by feeding them arsenic. A series of exhumations in a number of states established her as a mass murderer. A period of observation at a state hospital created a dichotomy among psychiatrists: Four thought she was sane enough to defend herself and five didn't. At a sanity hearing Edmondson played a tape recording of two interviews he had had with her in which she showed great shrewdness under persistent examination. Her lawyers pleaded her guilty, and she went to prison for life.

In the county attorney's office, Howard surrounded himself with young lawyers who were labeled by reporters "The Crew Cuts"—Bob Simms, who succeeded Edmondson in the job, is now only thirty-one. The record of the office during Edmondson's four-year tenure was excellent. Said the Tulsa World editorially, "J. Howard Edmondson has shown that the Tulsa County courthouse is not big enough for corruption and himself." Said John A. Brett, presiding judge of the State Criminal Court of Appeals, "Young Edmondson has the best record as a county attorney that I have seen in my twelve years on the bench."

When the autumn of 1957 came along The Crew Cuts were still giving a full day's work to dragon slaying; evenings they met to plot Howard's political future. He did not want to run for Congress; the Tulsa district has been so gerrymandered that a Republican usually wins. Besides, a gamble for state-wide office seemed infinitely more exciting. Burrowing into statistics, Howard and his associates discovered that, eleven years before, another crusading Tulsa County attorney, Dixie Gilmer, had run strongly for governor. True, he had lost, but only by 25,000 votes and to an immensely well-liked opponent.

Prominent in these after-dinner councils of the very young was Jeannette Edmondson, a tall, handsome woman of many talents who is a partner in most of her husband's political decisions. "She's objective and smart," one of Howard's lieutenants said recently, "and she has a mind as clear as an ice cube." At the university she had been an excellent student and a campus leader; as a public official's wife she learned to ration her time and energies. She did not want Howard to run for governor, but when his mind was made up, she became one of his ablest campaigners.

Even before the fireworks began, everyone in Oklahoma knew the 1958 campaign would be a doozy. By law Gov. Raymond Gary could not succeed himself; seven prominent Democrats were determined to have his place. The aspirants included two state senators, the speaker of the State House of Representatives, an Oklahoma City lawyer who had made the race several times before, a wealthy automobile dealer who had been a power in a previous administration, Judge Andrew C. Wilcoxen from the Edmondsons' home town, and the candidate considered most likely to win—millionaire W. P. (Bill) Atkinson, the founder and developer of Midwest City.

Midwest City is a tremendous housing project a few miles outside Oklahoma City and contiguous to war-born Tinker Air Force Base. Originally a wheat field, it is now a community of 25,000 persons. Before Midwest City made a fortune for Atkinson, he published a religious weekly and was a salesman on the side; then he saw the possibilities of the wheat field. Atkinson had been close to the Gary Administration. The governor announced his neutrality in the primary, but it seemed significant to other candidates that many of Gary's key people were pledged to Atkinson. They were convinced he was the man to beat—and the man to attack.

Political campaigns in Oklahoma offer no lessons in harmony to the forty-nine other states, but they are fun to watch from the grandstand where you can't be hurt. Atkinson had been a poor boy who wanted a Shetland pony; when he became wealthy he stocked his farm with 200 Shetland ponies. Any child was welcome to come to the Atkinson farm and ride the ponies free. On Sundays an average of 500 children took up the offer, and the farm was rechristened the Atkinson Pony Ranch for Boys and Girls. This was the kind of innocent philanthropy which made the other candidates grind their teeth. The (Continued on Page 73)

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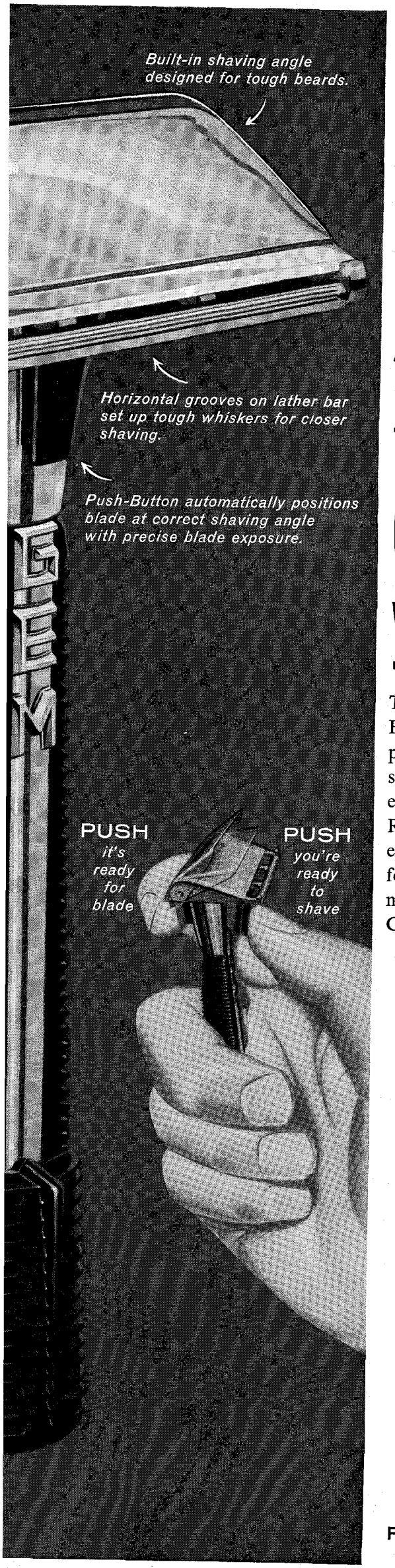
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(*Continued from Page 70*) Shetland pony became Atkinson's symbol; in his speeches he was full of Christian charity.

Speaker Bill Harkey's opening burst of oratory forecast the tone and temper of the primary struggle. Borrowing from an old phrase, Harkey said of Atkinson, "His attempt to straddle the fence on every vital issue certainly qualifies him as Oklahoma's all-time mugwump—his mug on one side of the fence, his wump on the other."

What the Edmondsons had shrewdly noted was that five of the candidates were from Oklahoma City or its environs and that this would assure some fragmentation of the Western vote. With populous Tulsa and Muskogee counties and the rest of Ed Edmondson's congressional district presumably in the bag for Howard, he should be assured of 60,000 votes; and with so many strong candidates in the race, it seemed possible that 100,000 votes would carry any one of them into the runoff. Even without a slide rule, Howard's chances looked good. If he could pick up 40,000 votes around the state he would indubitably be in there for the final round.

Edmondson became a belated candidate by way of a state-wide television announcement. He asked for volunteer political workers to sweep the "old guard" out of the statehouse. He got them too. One was a metal designer at Douglas Aircraft, who turned out 3000 Edmondson signs in his spare time. Another was Mac Burks, a young Oklahoma City clothier who had been a fraternity brother of Howard at O.U.

Burks had never been active in politics. He and his wife, Peggy, started in a small way, inviting business and social acquaintances to occasional Edmondson breakfasts. Whit Pate, a lawyer from the town of Poteau, became an Edmondson enthusiast after one meeting with Howard. Pate was one of the financial wizards of the campaign, quieting creditors, finding new ones and hornswoggling radio and television men into waiting for their money.

The Edmondson campaign crew, all unpaid crusaders, bought a secondhand truck trailer to use as a traveling headquarters, wheedled a pickup truck from a friendly auto dealer and began a 14,000-mile tour of the state. Money was a thorny problem from the start. One crisis occurred in the county-seat town of Idabel in Southeastern Oklahoma, where Howard, four friends, and a three-piece hillbilly band checked into a motel after several days of speechmaking and melody.

Edmondson left at once to pay a call on a local resident, former State Senator Tom Finney. Pate and Sam Crossland—now one of the governor's assistants—took the others to a restaurant. By skipping dinner themselves they were able to pay the bill; but then they were flat broke. How were they to bail the party out of the motel next morning?

While they brooded, Edmondson, who had lost his voice, returned from his interview. After they told their piteous story, he reached into an inside pocket, produced a $100 bill and dropped it on a bedside table. It was a campaign gift from Finney. Breaking the awed silence, Edmondson whispered, "The Lord will provide."

There were many tight squeaks. Pete de Felice, a Tulsa advertising man, solicited the candidate's business, specifying that his terms to politicians were cash in advance. When he left Whit Pate, he had an order for $1700 worth of posters and—as he realized that night—no money. Three weeks later the Edmondson crusade owed De Felice $7000, and Pete himself was downstate hammering posters on telephone poles, buying gasoline for the truck and paying for meals in diners. He could comfort himself with the knowledge that the campaign was also pinching Pate; midway of the first primary, lawyer Pate collected a $32,000 court fee, and a part of that was advanced for campaign expenses.

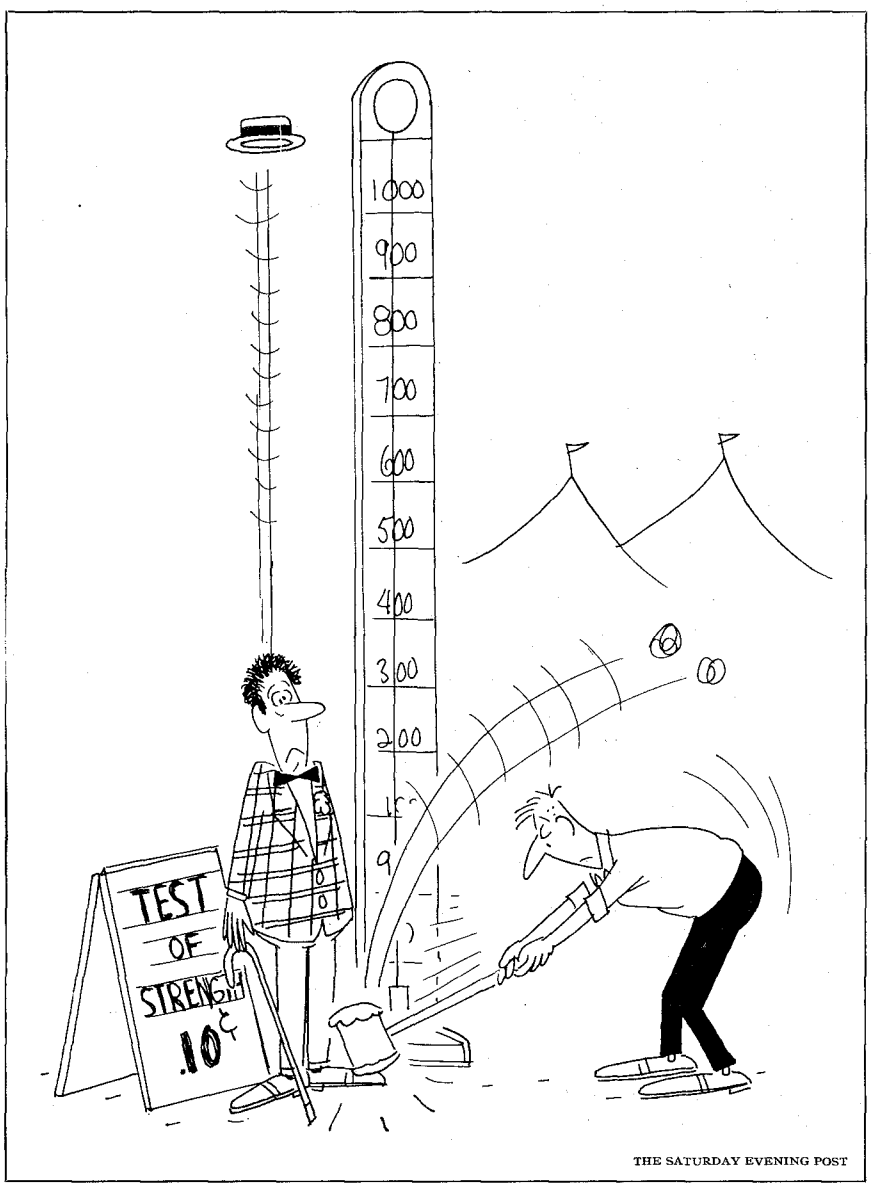
The Edmondsons themselves went into hock. Mike J. Pedrick, a Tulsa friend who happened to be a Republican, lent Howard $5000. Howard and Ed jointly borrowed $10,000 from a Muskogee bank with the endorsement of two Muskogee merchants. Jeannette, without Howard's permission, cashed in $4000 worth of her mother's Government bonds. The Edmondsons believed in their chances as strongly as their friends did. It was go-for-broke.

Just what happened in the primary is still something of a mystery. Everyone agrees that no major policy decision was made without brother Ed's approval. He fashioned Howard's platform, thought up the "Big Red E" as Howard's slogan, edited a campaign newspaper called the Prairie Fire News, and umpired differences among tired and fretful supporters. The significance of the "Big Red" will probably puzzle non-Oklahomans; I will try to explain. Oklahomans are divided by politics, but in agreement about football. The "Big Red" is the University of Oklahoma football team, coached by Bud Wilkinson, and several times a national champion. Howard Edmondson wanted to remind O.U. alumni that he was a graduate. The rather synthetic "Big Red E" stood not only for redheaded Edmondson but also supposedly for "energy, effort, efficiency" and the estimable planks in his platform of state-government reform.

As the campaign proceeded it became evident that Howard's very youth and inexperience were in his favor; the voters were tired of old faces and welcomed a new one. Seen on television, Howard's face was prepossessing whether grave or gay; it was soon established that TV was his most effective medium. He used a prompting device at first, hand-operated by Jeannette, who best knew his speaking tempo. Then he became so adept that he spoke only extemporaneously. He was modest, earnest and, as results proved, convincing. Oklahoma for a long time has been cynical about its politics; Edmondson was able to reach a group tired of cynicism.

There was nothing particularly new about his platform. He said he would take dishonesty and political road building out of the highway program. He proposed legislation which would allow voters to decide at a special election whether they wanted repeal of state prohibition on hard liquor. He advocated a central purchasing agent for the state; he had advocated such an agency and seen it established in Tulsa County, where savings were substantial. He recommended a system of district attorneys as prosecutors to check the useless proliferation of county attorneys in sparsely settled areas. But it apparently was not his promises which won him supporters; it was their belief that he would carry out his promises.

Edmondson and Atkinson easily topped other candidates in the primary; Howard polled, in round figures, 108,000 votes to Atkinson's 107,000. Then came the three-week July runoff with its fevers and polemical flights. The surge to Edmondson quickly made itself evident. It is Congressman Ed Edmondson's half-superstitious custom to (*Continued on Page 75*)



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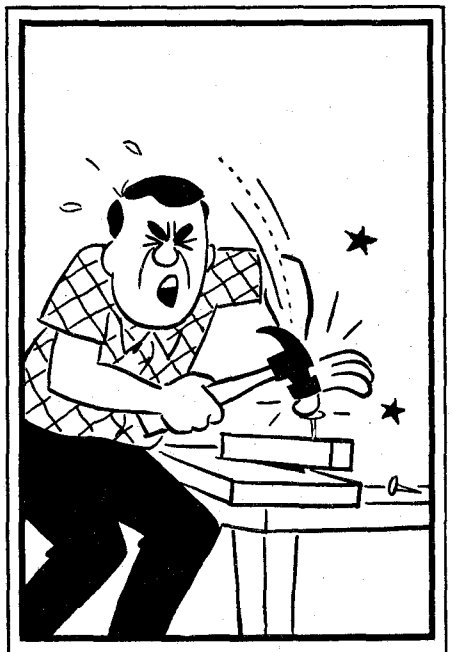

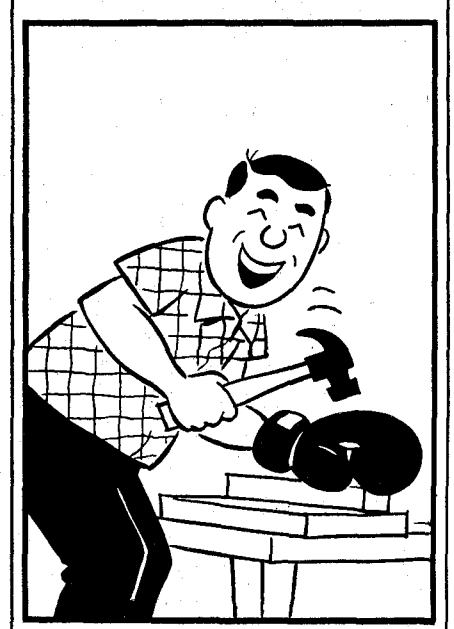

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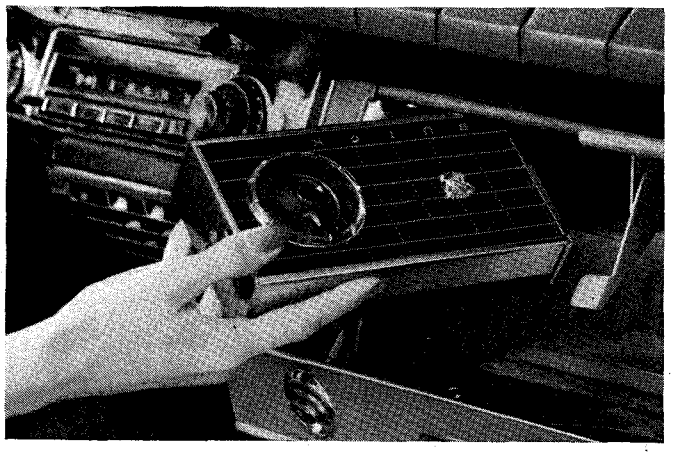

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WORLD LEADER IN AUTO RADIO

(*Continued from Page 73*) spend his own election nights at a cattle ranch near Porum, Oklahoma, owned by his close friend, Ed Futrell. Midway of the evening of the runoff poll, Ed phoned his brother in Tulsa, "Is it safe to leave Porum?" It was. Howard won by almost 200,000.

Victory in the general election was inevitable—the state has never had a Republican governor—but Edmondson's 300,000 plurality was remarkable. Many Republicans crossed party lines to support him. Obviously there was nothing sectional about his grass-roots support. But it seems reasonable to assume that the core of his strength was to be found among men and women in their early or mid-thirties.

Said one of the strongest Edmondson campaigners, "The World War Two generation has now come to maturity. Its members have been left out of things and are determined to make their influence felt. Oklahoma used to be a young man's state, but it hasn't been one for a long time. The young men and their wives wanted to take over—and they did. They no longer think in terms of the East Side or the West Side or Little Dixie; those regional rivalries are a thing of the past. They just want a good job done."

The new political generation, as everyone knows, has made itself felt elsewhere. Party lines no longer fence it in. In the face of the Democratic sweep last fall, thirty-six-year-old Mark Hatfield, a Republican, was elected governor in Oregon and newcomer Nelson A. Rockefeller, a Republican, won in New York.

Youth, of course, is an ailment we all outgrow, and Howard Edmondson takes "junior jokes" with patience. He grinned at the gridiron show in Oklahoma City where newspapermen annually spoof the politicians; the actor who played Edmondson was costumed in diapers and eventually was graduated to a freshman beanie. Howard's close friend, Joe Cannon, until recently head of the state highway patrol and now his chief legal assistant, has a favorite story. Howard, Cannon and several others motored to Dallas to see a university football game. Howard went to the desk at a Dallas hotel and asked for the Edmondson reservations. A patronizing clerk languidly thumbed his records, and shook his head. Then he said, "Oh, yes. There are reservations here for *Governor* Edmondson."

"Those are the ones," said Howard.

The clerk studied Howard for a moment; then he asked, before anybody could interrupt, "Did the governor authorize you to register him?"

Edmondson can also react sharply, and with spirit. When twitted by Atkinson in the runoff about his political adolescence, he used television for his reply. "I believe you are fed up," Howard told his audience. "I believe you want something done, and done now. People would rather have a young governor obligated to them than an old governor obligated to the politicians."

The passage of time has not healed the wounds of last year's campaign, and Edmondson himself has not hastened to apply salve. His attacks on the "old guard"—he has been accused of using the phrase thirty-five times in a single speech—did not set well with battle-scarred grenadiers of Democratic wars. A good many of them hold positions of power in the state legislature. The fate of Edmondson's program is dependent on their votes; and an Oklahoma legislature is, under the happiest circumstance, touchy and rebellious.

Edmondson is not the first governor to find that out. Experienced reporters at the capitol are critical of some members of the executive staff, most of them recruited from the ranks of Original Edmondson Men; they are accused of lacking both tact and tactics. Weathered legislators are understandably wearied of the accent on youth—in addition to a thirty-three-year-old governor, the state elected a thirty-one-year-old lieutenant governor, George Nigh, and a thirty-four-year-old state treasurer, Bill Burkhart. Even Edmondson's inaugural day in mid-January was something less than effulgent; his mother, who still runs his father's oil business in Muskogee, became ill at the ceremonies, the skies were overcast, and his speech was received coolly.

The showdown came a little later. Edmondson sent to the Senate his appointments to a new Highway Commission. The Senate refused to confirm the name of one appointee—J. Lloyd Jones, Tulsa Republican, editor of the Tulsa Tribune and practiced baiter of the legislature. Edmondson returned Jones' name to the Senate and for a night and a day put personal heat on individual senators. Result? Defeat. The governor didn't have the votes. But telegrams and letters indicated to him that he still had the loyalty and backing of the people.

Edmondson, who reports regularly to his constituents by TV, admitted in a telecast that he had taken a licking, that he was likely to take more lickings and that he could only advance his program with their publicly manifested support.

The next test of power concerned the prohibition repeal bill. A two-thirds majority in both House and Senate was required to submit the constitutional amendment to the people. This majority was achieved by the margin of a single vote in both chambers. The referendum was set for April seventh.

Now Edmondson, who had promised to enforce the dry laws until the repeal issue had been disposed of, began to harass the bootleggers and to make life anything but uneventful for the drinking public. Joe Cannon and his highway patrol exploded with a series of spectacular raids which created newspaper headlines, dried up private clubs and night spots, and raised the price of whisky. Edmondson's opponents charged that the raids were politically inspired—that he was trying to pressure Oklahoma's people into voting wet. The enforcement drive reached its climax two days before the state-wide balloting. On Sunday, April fifth, "Cannonball" Cannon and his men set up thirty-nine roadblocks on the highways, checked 3253 vehicles for liquor possession, made 128 arrests and padlocked a number of cafés.

Will Rogers, a brilliant Oklahoman, once predicted that his state would stay dry as long as the voters could stagger to the polls. Will was wrong. On April seventh repeal won by 396,422 votes to 314,874. County local option lost on the same ballot by a two-to-one vote. Oklahoma will have package stores, no saloons, and it is estimated that liquor taxes will bring between $7,000,000 and $8,000,000 of badly needed revenue into the state treasury—to be used for roads, schools, colleges.

Governor Edmondson, despite a balky start, seems to be definitely on his way.

THE END

The thing that keeps most men from committing bigamy is that there's another mouth to heed.

DAN BENNETT

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The Dark Road (Continued from Page 47)

it in one great strand. He pulled her head back and looked closely at her face. Whatever it was that he saw, it seemed to satisfy him. The hand released her head and dropped to the bare shoulder caressingly. She moved closer, rubbing against him like a cat.

"Yes," he said thickly and slowly. "I think you could be useful."

The yellow head bent down suddenly. There was a scream of pain from Antonescu as the white teeth met in the hand that held the gun. He tried to tear it away from her, but she was holding the hand desperately in both of hers, sinking the teeth deeper and deeper. Antonescu tried to bring his knee up into her soft belly, but she had turned halfway away from him. He beat at her head wildly with his clenched fist, but the sharp teeth sank deeper.

Stumpf had lost a moment in surprise, so that by the time he moved his great bulk forward to crush the girl and free Antonescu, Harry Benton was in between. He hit Stumpf once, hard, on the point of his jaw; then as Stumpf's arms came up to protect his face, in the pit of his stomach, with everything he had. It was like hitting a tree. Stumpf grunted once and shook his head. Then the huge arms reached out for Harry Benton and found him. They crushed him briefly, almost contemptuously, lifted him off his feet and hurled him aside on the floor. Then Stumpf moved ponderously toward Magda and the struggling Antonescu.

It had been very little Harry Benton had accomplished, a pinprick, a gnat bite. But it had been enough. Antonescu had screamed once more, high-pitched and hysterical, and then the gun had fallen from his bleeding hand. As the gun fell and skidded a few feet, Magda reached desperately for it. But now with both his hands free Antonescu was on her, raining blows at her head with his clenched fists. He was all hysteria now. He did not go for the gun himself. He did not think of calling the guards. And below, the two little dark gnarled men only smiled secretly and ran their tongues over their lips as they heard the faint screams through the soundproof panels, and in their minds pictured Magda's bleeding face. It was almost as good to hear as to do.

Daubigny saw the gun fall. He avoided the flailing bodies, bent over and picked it up. He turned to Stumpf, who had just finished with Harry Benton.

"Halt!" he said loudly. "Hands up!"

It was the old voice from the past, the sharp parade-ground whiplash of the old Junker Daubignys, and Stumpf froze rigidly, looking at the gun in amazement. It reached through the mists of hysteria to Antonescu and he let his hands drop to his sides. He sank heavily into his ornate chair and began to weep, sucking at his bleeding hand with the curved row of tooth marks.

The gun was wavering in Daubigny's hand now and he was beginning to look at it strangely as if he no longer knew what it was. Harry Benton went over quickly and took it from his hand.

"You are not used to these," he said gently. "You had better leave it to me."

He went over to Stumpf and without warning chopped savagely at his head with the butt. Stumpf staggered and began to fall. Harry Benton hit him again, not quite hard enough to kill. Stumpf lay on the floor, supine.

Benton went over to Magda and gave her the gun. "Keep him covered," he said, pointing to Antonescu.

"Do not give her the gun," Antonescu begged. "She will kill me."

"I will not kill you," Magda said slowly. "You would have sold them like cattle to the butchers. But I will not kill you—not unless you move or call out."

Harry Benton went to the windows. He tore down the cords from the curtains. Then he went to the unconscious Stumpf and tied him tightly. He bound his wrists behind his back and then he bound his ankles. He bent up the bound ankles and secured them to the wrists. Then he tied a loose end of cord to the wrists and ankles, looped it around Stumpf's throat and tied the other end to where it had begun. If Stumpf lay quiet he would be all right; if he began to kick and twist and struggle, he would strangle himself. Benton tore up a strip of curtain and gagged the man. When the gag was finally removed, he thought, Stumpf would have to talk very well to survive, no matter who found him.

He went back to Magda and took the gun.

"Listen carefully," he said to Antonescu. "I am not going to say it twice. You are going to take us out of here, and if anyone asks questions, we have come to an agreement and are going to arrange for the payment. You had better make it very sincere, because if there is any hesitation, any delay, any signals, you will be the first one dead."

They went slowly down the stairs to the garage below. Antonescu led the way, with Harry Benton a step behind him, his hand on the butt of the automatic in his waistband. The two others were behind.

As they came down the stairs into the garage below, the two little dark men rose, but Antonescu waved them aside.

"To the bank," he said. "We will be back soon. There is no trouble; we are all friends now."

He turned toward Benton. "I have never mastered one of these machines," he said. "Will you drive us, Mr. Benton?"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He waved grandly at the driver's seat of the big car.

He really does it well, Benton thought. He was still thinking so when Siegfried caught Antonescu's almost imperceptible signal, and fired quickly at long range. Antonescu clawed suddenly for the gun in Benton's waistband. Benton got the gun loose, stepping away from Antonescu's attack. He swept it up in a circle, backhanding Antonescu with the flat of the automatic like a cuff on the head, stunning him so that he fell forward into the front of the car.

"Get in," he shouted to the others, tugging at Antonescu's feet, getting him inside and slamming the door. The car was between him and the guard now, and Siegfried was holding his fire, circling warily and trying to get in a shot. The guard ran quickly for the stairs so that he could get above the car and shoot down. The second guard, Baldur, was weaponless; it was his automatic that Harry Benton had taken from Antonescu and now held in his hand. Baldur headed for some stone steps leading down into a cellar, slowly and cautiously, watching his cover.

Harry Benton snapped a shot at the guard, Siegfried, on the stairs, swung round to the front of the car and made for the driver's seat. They were all in the car except him. The door on this side was closed and he lost a split second opening it. He was nearly inside when the slug from Siegfried's gun took him in the left shoulder and spun him around. The gun fell from his hands as he sprawled forward into the car. Siegfried moved down the stairs toward the auto with deliberate caution, keeping his eye on the gun.

Pastor Daubigny came out of the back seat of the car, and stood between Harry Benton and the stairs, far back at the end of the huge room.

"Stop," he shouted at Siegfried, holding up his hand.

Siegfried fired once nervously and then his automatic jammed for an instant. He tugged at the ejector mechanism, trying to throw out the jammed cartridge. Daubigny bent down and picked up the gun from the floor.

"Stop," he cried again.

The gun was cleared now and Siegfried fired quickly. Daubigny could hear the bullet pass by him and clank into the side of the car. He raised his gun and fired. The man jerked convulsively, letting the gun drop from his hand, then he sank to the concrete floor of the garage.

I have killed a man, Daubigny thought suddenly; *we are all murderers*. He flung the gun from him savagely.

Harry Benton had pulled himself to his feet now and was sitting in the driver's seat. The ignition key was in the car and he turned it carefully with his right hand and stamped clumsily on the starter.

"Get in," he shouted to Daubigny.

"The lock," Madga said suddenly in his ear. "The garage doors are locked."

Benton glanced at the door. He could see the heavy padlock in place over the inside hasp. He glanced back over his shoulder. Daubigny was in the car now, in back, his face white and set and stunned. Through the rear window Benton saw Baldur emerge from the cellar steps. The two big men whose names he never knew were on his heels.

Benton threw the car into reverse with his good hand and accelerated, watching through the rear-view mirror the three men scatter in panic as the heavy car rushed backwards at them. He braked sharply and threw the car into forward speed. The gears ground alarmingly as he pushed the accelerator to the floor, picking up all possible speed in low gear.

"Look out," he shouted, bracing himself for the shock.

The heavy car hit the two wooden doors squarely, tore the hasp from its hinges and swung the wooden doors outward. It got halfway through, then paused and stalled. Benton had let go of the wheel at the last moment and put his arm in front of his head to cushion the shock. He was thrown forward into the windshield and lay there for a minute, dazed and sick. The wound in his left shoulder was beginning to hurt him badly now.

One of the three men at the far end of the garage was firing wildly and ineffectually at the back of the car. The two others were climbing into a second car, sleeker and newer and faster than the car Benton was driving.

Benton stamped on the starter. For a sickening instant the car jerked forward and then stalled again. She was still in gear. He pushed in the clutch and tried again. The engine caught and the car jerked forward almost instantaneously as Benton let up on the clutch and fed her gas. The car rushed forward with the wooden swinging doors rasping down her sides. They went through the courtyard very fast and out into the side street. As they came out of the courtyard, Benton thought he could see, in the rear-view mirror, the dark shape of the second car moving forward in the garage.

He swung out of the side road onto the main highway, cutting right. There were the narrow streets of a small town to go through, then a straight, fast, long level stretch toward Heidelberg. But on the approaches to the city was a military-police barracks. If he could reach it, they were in. There was no involved planning now, it was a simple race.

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The heavy car weaved through the narrow streets. Harry Benton was driving with his right arm only. The wounded left shoulder was so sore now that he could barely move the arm, but somehow he got it across the wheel in a position from which, agonizingly, he could force it down on the horn. A policeman blew his whistle indignantly, but Harry Benton did not stop. There was no protection there. The other car was behind them and the policeman would be shot dead, coldly and efficiently.

Ahead of them was the last bottleneck of the old city wall and the old gate. It was very narrow, too narrow for more than one car to pass through. As the car leaped forward toward the opening, Benton saw the farm cart swing slowly forward, ready to move through the only exit, to block it completely for agonizing seconds. He could hear the blaring of a horn behind him; he could see the second car in the mirror.

He stepped heavily on the accelerator. The car leaped for the narrow opening, straight for the farm cart a few feet back of the other side. As they came through, and the farm cart loomed up in front of the windshield, he spun the wheel desperately. The big car skidded and slewed wildly. From the corner of his eye, Benton had a momentary glimpse of rearing horses. Something on the far side scraped down the side of the car. Then they were through and headed straight out on the highway.

The frightened horses pulling the farm cart came back under control, moved forward again into the gap, blocking it completely while the cart lumbered through. In the short time it took to clear the passageway, Benton had gained a mile and a half on their pursuers. Then another half mile while the pursuing car was accelerating. He felt almost safe now and curiously lightheaded. At the far end of the wide front seat slumped against the door, Antonescu breathed heavily, still unconscious.

"Harry," Daubigny said suddenly. He had never called Benton by name before, and when he did now it was like a father to his son. "I am going to burn the notebook now. I owe it to you to tell you first."

"You're crazy," Benton said desperately, not daring to take his eyes from the road. "We're nearly there."

"I cannot trust myself any more," Daubigny said slowly. "I have killed a man today. When I think of those others, I am tempted to give the notebook to your people."

Benton heard the scrape of the match, the acrid stink of sulphur. His foot paused over the brake. There would be a chance, he thought, a good one. *I could stop suddenly; it would take two seconds to grab it from the old man.*

"Magda," he shouted, "get the match."

"No, Harry," she said. "I cannot. He is right. No one should have it."

Benton's foot came off the accelerator, touched the brake pedal, like a caress. It paused a moment while the car lost speed, then slid back again to the right, back to the accelerator. The car plunged forward. Behind him he could smell burning paper. In the rear-view mirror there was a spurt of flame.

It was not a large notebook, and not all the pages were filled. It did not burn very long. Daubigny held it by the bent-back leather covers, keeping the flame away from him. The flame fed on the brittle paper and consumed it, then flickered and died as it reached the leather covers. It licked for a last moment at the leather and there was a smell like burning flesh. Then the flame died forever. A page or so was still attached to the notebook, a shell of ash, but still holding its shape, still legible. Daubigny crumpled them in his fist, feeling the ash dissolve into powder.

"I will tell them you tried to stop me, Harry." The voice was kind, but impersonal, as if he were talking to an acquaintance.

The car behind them was gaining now. There was not much time, but there was still time enough in which to die. Benton pushed desperately at the accelerator, but the car had no more speed to give. He raced forward, swerving around occasional traffic on the almost-deserted stretch of the highway, sporadically watching the pursuing car grow larger in the mirror.

It was still closer. They'd be shooting soon, he thought. But then he realized that they would not shoot, not with Antonescu in the car, not when they wanted them alive.

Now the pursuing car was a few yards behind. It swung into the outside lane, ready to force them toward the curb and halt them. The car was alongside them now. Benton could see the little dark driver and the two big blond men in back. The two in back had their guns drawn. They would shoot as soon as it was safe.

The second car pulled ahead slightly, crowding them to the side. Benton waited until the rear wheels of the other car were almost even with his front wheels. Then he swung the steering wheel sharply to the left. The pursuing car had moved forward a little, even as he was swinging the wheel. The front of Benton's car caught it obliquely on the right side just ahead of the bumper and spun it around.

The rear of the car leaped forward under the blow, swinging the front around. The driver had already turned slightly to the right in order to force Benton off the road. He felt the car begin to go out of control, and swung the steering wheel sharply to the left in order to straighten out. He was a good driver, but he was an instant too late. The heavy car rolled over twice and ended up with a shrieking clang of metal against a tree. It lay there on its back, warped and twisted, facing the way it had come. No one got out of it, there was no movement inside.

Just before he had hit the other car, Harry Benton had braked sharply, bracing himself with his feet. He felt the shock of the collision, felt the steering wheel hard against his wounded arm, but he was not thrown into the windshield. There was a little space on the far side of the road and Benton swung his car for the hole. He could not swing sharply or they would go completely out of control. He missed the slewing, careening car by inches. Then he was clear and began to brake cautiously, bringing the car toward normal control again, preparing for a slow stop. He was very sick and dizzy now, and his arm burned.

They were nearly out of it now when the tire blew out. Harry Benton tried to steer, but it was no use. They were off the road on the far side, slewing around in the dirt shoulder. Beyond it, a grassy bank went up in a slight rise. Benton managed to steer the car up the bank, losing speed all the time. The car went straight up the bank bouncing through the clumps of grass. Over the rise was a level open meadow with a few cows at the far end. But between bank and meadow was a narrow drainage ditch. The car came over the top of the bank, hesitated a moment and then hit the front of the ditch, grinding to a sudden stop. Harry Benton felt his head hit the windshield, almost gently, he thought, in his last moment of consciousness.

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When he came to, he was lying on the grass in the meadow. His head was in Magda's lap and she was stroking his forehead. He raised his eyes and saw Daubigny, shaky but on his feet, between two men in American uniforms. They were helping Daubigny gently forward into a car. A hospital corpsman was bending over Antonescu in the background. Benton sighed tiredly and relapsed into unconsciousness.

When he woke up it was in a hospital. An armed Military Policeman was sitting by his bed and a nurse was just leaving the room. She passed out of sight and he looked up at the same moment the M.P. did.

"Good duty," the M.P. said in a friendly tone. "I like it here."

"That nurse must be something," Benton said, "if she has to have a police escort when she goes into a patient's room."

The M.P. laughed. "Hell, I'm guarding you, not her."

"What for? I'm not going to run away."

"I don't know a thing. All I know is, you don't go out and no one comes in except doctors and nurses."

"What about the others, the people who were with me?"

"I don't know about that, Mac. But if there was anyone else, they got them just like they got you. Watch it, Mac," he went on. "Here they come."

He stiffened to alertness as the nurse re-entered the room on the heels of a short, stout medical colonel. When they were inside, he closed the door behind them and took up his post in the corridor.

A chicken colonel, Benton thought wryly; *they must think a lot of me to have him out making night calls.* The doctor looked at him with professional calm.

"How do you feel, Mr. Benton?"

"Well, sonny, what sort of mischief have you been up to today?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Fine. I'm just hungry."

The doctor looked toward the nurse questioningly.

"We can get him something from the kitchen, doctor. Scrambled eggs?"

"Fine. Let him have some."

The doctor looked at Benton. "Shock," he said; "mainly shock and some loss of blood. There's no concussion, just a bump on the head. You were barely moving when you hit the windshield. You've had transfusions and you seem to be coming along well. The shoulder will still need dressing, but you could be on your feet tomorrow and out of here the next day." It was very frank and open.

"The guard," Benton said. "The boy with the carbine. Is that standard procedure?"

The doctor's face was expressionless. "I know nothing about that. It has nothing to do with me."

"How are the others—the people who were with me?"

"They are well, Mr. Benton. Good night."

That was all the information he ever got in the two days he was in the hospital. On the morning of the third day, the medical colonel told him he would be discharged. They had even brought him clean clothes from his apartment in Frankfort. He smiled as he thought of the long, careful, useless searching of his apartment that probably was going on.

Benton dressed quickly and was sitting in an armchair when a young captain arrived.

"Will you come with me, Mr. Benton?"

The tone was courteous, more invitation than command; but Benton noted that the captain was accompanied by two M.P.'s with side arms. There was no real attempt at custody. He left the hospital walking freely alongside the officer, with the M.P.'s bringing up the rear watchfully. They got into a staff car and drove to the river, crossed it by the new bridge, and headed west. They had not gone more than a few blocks when Harry Benton began to recognize the area. In a minute more they had pulled up in front of an old house, the house in which Major Feldman had lived and died. Somebody from Psychological Warfare, Benton thought, half amused, one of the Psychwar boys had dreamed this up. They climbed the stairs and stood in front of Feldman's old study. The captain knocked briefly, waited till he heard a voice from inside, then opened the door. He waved Benton through the door.

"All right, captain," a voice said; "you wait outside. Bring the others in when they arrive," it added.

Benton looked up at the source of the voice. It was foolish to make a judgment on physical appearance, but there were types that Benton disliked on sight, and

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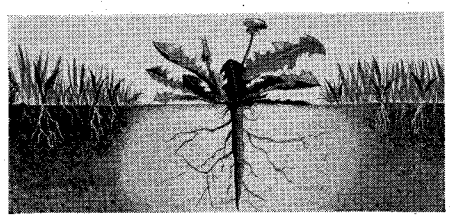

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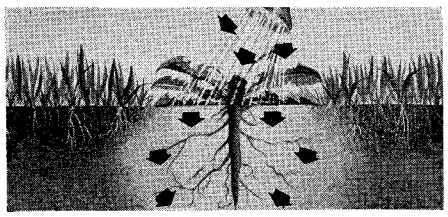

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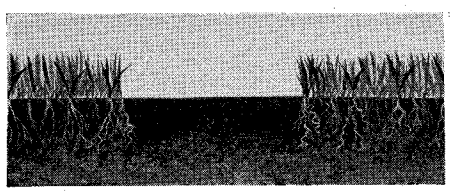

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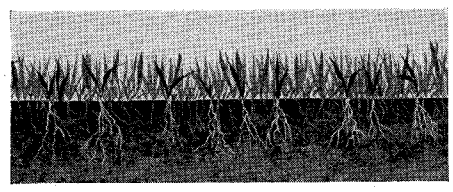

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this was one of them. The man behind the desk was no older than Harry Benton. From what Benton could see of him, he was tall and powerfully built. There was an impression of ruthless physical power; but this was no longer an alley fighter, this was a very smooth article, from the highly polished brown shoes with their unbelievably thick soles and the well-cut expensive tweeds, up to the rounded collar with the little gold pin holding the points under the necktie.

There was only one way to handle this type. Benton lowered himself casually into a chair without waiting to be asked and looked inquiringly into the smooth handsome face below the wavy red hair.

"What do you want?" he asked.

The man sat across from him as if he had not heard the question. "You've given us a lot of trouble, Benton," he said coldly. "Murder," he went on, "illegal disposition of a body, larceny, illegal border crossing, manslaughter, reckless driving. We could hold you on almost any charge you wanted to name."

"If you had a charge that could stick," Benton said slowly, "you'd have me locked up now."

It may have been true. It was certainly not the wisest thing to say. But it was worth it to Benton to crack the smooth façade, to see the dark angry flush on the man's face, to see him reduced from a very smooth and superior cloak-and-dagger operator to something like an angry plainclothes lieutenant in a local precinct.

"Benton," the man said thickly, "you're going to co-operate with us or you'll wish you'd never been born."

His voice was under control, but it was nearly choked with anger. He slapped his big hand down on the desk so hard that it rattled; and as if in answer to the gesture, the study door opened again.

"You can forget that tough-cop act," Benton said as a second man entered the room. "You haven't asked me any questions yet. I'll answer them when you do."

He turned around to look at the newcomer. This one was short and slight, almost boyish, despite his gray hair. He was wearing tweeds like the other, but they were rumpled and careless. Behind large black-rimmed glasses, the eyes were mildly inquiring. The second man turned to Harry Benton.

"Mr. Benton," he said, holding out his hand, "I've been looking forward to talking with you. My name is Carter."

The face had been vaguely familiar and when he heard the name, Benton recognized it at once. It was very close to the top and it was one of the few names that were known in an organization that concentrated on anonymity. Wendell Carter was first-team, and that fact worried Harry Benton considerably more than all the vice-squad toughness of the first man. He shook hands with Carter and sat down. Carter took another chair unobtrusively and smiled at Benton like an absent-minded professor.

"Benton here seems to think he's a tough boy," the first man said. "He doesn't want to co-operate."

"Well, he really is tough, O'Hara," Carter said. "He seems to be very tough indeed. The very fact that he is alive indicates that. But I think he will help us. Perhaps you haven't asked him in the right way, O'Hara."

He smiled encouragingly at Benton. A beautiful technique, Benton thought in wry admiration. And then a moment later he was not so sure. *Maybe it's not technique*, he thought; *maybe it's just the man. He simply wants to know, it's important. So he asks as he would always ask of anyone, quietly and courteously.*

"Whatever you want to know," Benton said, smiling at Wendell Carter. He glanced at O'Hara. "Just don't try to push me."

"First of all, Mr. Benton," Carter said, "let me set your mind at rest. Your friends are quite all right. In fact, they should be here shortly. They told me about your little trip: I have seen men decorated, Mr. Benton, for a good deal less."

Harry Benton glanced at O'Hara and watched the jaws go rigid as he bit the bullet.

"Mr. O'Hara, here," Carter went on, "is an organization man. I don't think he appreciates free-lancing or unorthodoxy."

It was neither praise nor condemnation; simply a flat statement of fact, but somehow it thrust O'Hara aside into a room filled with stainless-steel filing cabinets and clacking office machines, and left Benton and Carter alone and face to face.

"I don't like prima donnas," O'Hara broke in suddenly; "I don't like people who play it by ear. I don't like people who think they know better than the coach. I don't like people who rock the boat. I don't like people who think they can think the way they want, and to hell with the organization."

Carter smiled at O'Hara.

"Don't worry," he said, "Benton is a dying species. You are going to inherit the earth, one way or another. But I'm rather glad I'm sixty years old and won't be around to see it."

He glanced at Benton. "I could be wrong," he said, "I have been wrong before. You die hard, Mr. Benton, very hard indeed."

As he looked at Benton, there was in his eyes the same friendly, speculative, almost affectionate look that Daubigny had given him.

"All right," Carter said, "the Great Issues Seminar is over. I'm going to tell you just where you stand, Benton. First of all, we picked up Stumpf where you left him. He was quite willing to talk—almost begged for a prison sentence. Anything not to go back to the Democratic Republic after he had failed. And one of Antonescu's men survived—the one Daubigny shot."

"I'm glad," Benton said. "It was too much for the old man to have on his conscience."

Carter looked at him musingly. "So you worry about other people, Mr. Benton."

"My friends."

"It is going to handicap you, Mr. Benton, in your career as a lone wolf."

"I'm not alone," Benton said.

"Antonescu," Carter went on. "Antonescu. He (*Continued on Page 82*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Sophie Sludge gave her eighth-grade teacher fits by being late every day. Her only excuse was that her father, Elmer, never waked her up in time. The truant officer, sent to investigate, found that Elmer was an incorrigible late sleeper who didn't care if Sophie was tardy every day. He ordered the truant officer away. The officer thereupon charged Elmer with violating a state law requiring parents to cause their children to attend school "continuously" every day.

"Though Sophie was never entirely absent, she was usually so late that she actually did not attend school on a full-time basis as the law contemplates," the truant officer asserted. "Elmer, whom the law requires to have his child in school 'continuously,' has failed to do his duty."

"Bosh," said Elmer drowsily. "My Sophie eventually gets to school every day. The law doesn't say parents must get their youngsters to school on time. Therefore I am innocent of the charge."

If you were the judge, would you hold Elmer guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Not guilty. The court said that while the school might discipline Sophie for excessive tardiness, Elmer could not be held criminally responsible for her lateness as long as she actually got to school.

Based upon a 1929 Vermont decision.

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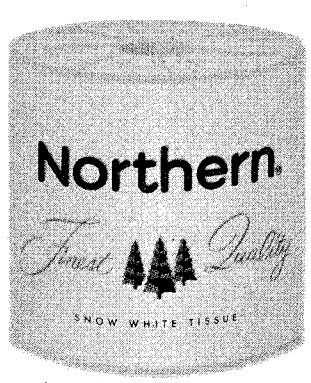

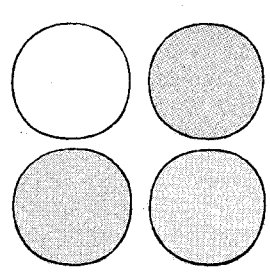

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(*Continued from Page 80*) talked, you would be surprised how he talked. It was hard to stop him. We know about his murder of his brother and we know about Major Feldman. You are quite clear, Mr. Benton. Of course, there is the technical charge of concealing the body of a crime, but I do not think there will be trouble about that. The border crossing is to your credit. And the jewels, the diamonds"—he looked sharply at Harry Benton—"well, I don't think Antonescu is going to bring charges against you. Petty larceny, they were glass. They were always glass," he went on slowly, "from the day Bruno Antonescu got them. And they were not bought cheaply. Even then, two men had been murdered for them. That is why Bruno Antonescu was so certain they were real. They have cost a great deal."

"All right," Benton said irritably, "you don't need to make a blueprint."

But it was impossible to keep his anger for the mild, inquiring face. Halfway through the sentence, he began smiling wryly.

"Now," Carter said suddenly, "the notebook. I want to know all about it."

"It's burned."

"I know that. Daubigny told me. And why he burned it. Did you get a chance to read it?"

"No. I wouldn't have been able to understand it anyhow."

Carter looked at him calmly.

"You were with Pastor Daubigny several days. On several occasions you actually saw the notebook. Couldn't you have taken it from him? It would not seem to have been so difficult."

"He was an old man. He was very stubborn. I thought I was going to get it anyway. There was no point at first in pushing too hard."

"And afterwards?"

"I would have had to use force. He was an old man, I might have hurt him."

Behind him he heard O'Hara's snort of disgust.

"All right," he said. "Maybe I could have taken it from him without killing him, without hurting him too much. It wasn't just that. I was ashamed to do it. He took me in," Benton went on. "There was the girl and the old woman, they would all know. What sort of man do you think I am?"

"Soft," O'Hara snorted, "like mush."

"No," Carter broke in, "I wouldn't say that, O'Hara. Mr. Benton has his own set of values, and some of them are still developing. You can call him soft when you have gone over into the other side and returned.

"No," he said quickly, looking at O'Hara's face. "That was not fair. You'd go wherever you were sent, and do your job well. But for God's sake," he burst out in sudden irritation, "don't judge people all the time. You can't apply regulations to everyone. Benton's outside the organization, he'll always be outside. And as for me —— As for me," he went on, and behind the quizzical smile was the faintest hint of authority; in the almost-light tone, the barest ring of iron, "as for me, I move on the level where they make the regulations.

"All right," Carter said, turning to Benton, "you were ashamed to use force. But you went back when you found Daubigny had fooled you. You brought them out. You brought Daubigny and the notebook. You had it nearly there. And then he burned it. Couldn't you have stopped him?"

"At seventy-five miles an hour?" Harry Benton asked. "With a car full of gunmen behind us? Do you think I could take a chance of its getting into their hands?"

"Your story matches Daubigny's perfectly," Carter said. He turned to O'Hara. "Will you go and see what's happened to Pastor Daubigny and the girl?"

When O'Hara had left the room, when the door had closed behind him, Carter turned to Harry Benton.

"Daubigny and the girl are not good liars," he said. "There was time, you might have saved it. Do you want to tell me anything more or shall we leave it the way it is?"

Microphones, Harry Benton thought, *they have the room bugged. It's been a nice build-up and now they're springing the trap.* But there was no hint of suppressed eagerness in Wendell Carter's calm, intelligent face. Only the mild interest behind the thick glasses. *I don't know a decent man when I see one*, Harry Benton thought,

Nostalgia

By Betty Cook Rottmann

Each year when lilac-laden
spring comes round
And gives my old romantic
heart a turn,
I long to be a sorceress, one
bound
On brewing up love potions.
In some urn
I'd crush the lilacs, purple,
white and blue,
And, blending in the scent of
budding pine,
Dissolve them all in moonlight
mixed with dew.
Then stealthily dispense this
brew of mine
Alike upon the puritan, the
staid,
The hearts abandoned or
betrayed, the shy—
And equally for every man a
maid.

Oh, well I know the world
must work. But I
Recall as well how bittersweet
the sting
Of being young—and lonely—
in the spring.

hot with shame; *I don't know a decent man any more.*

"All right," he said slowly, looking directly at Carter. "There might have been time. I don't know. I didn't try. I didn't want to any more. Daubigny was right. No one is fit to have it. Not even you. Not even God."

He sat there waiting for the storm, but it did not come.

"Do you know, Harry," Wendell Carter said to him—"do you know, Harry, I think I might have done the same thing myself. I'm glad I'd never had to make the decision.

"This is a funny organization," he went on. "We need a lot of O'Haras in it—too many, maybe, for our own good. And we need people like myself. To steer. Somehow to keep the machine from running away from us. There are a lot of special jobs; we need people like you for them. Outside the organization, on special assignment to people like me, or Lou Feldman."

He paused as if waiting for an answer, but before Harry Benton could frame the words, he shook his head.

"No," he said, "I guess it wouldn't work. I wish we could use you, but it wouldn't work. Someday there might be something, a single job. But we couldn't keep you on the payroll. I'd have to fire you myself the first week."

"I'm going to get married," Benton said. "And then I'm going back to the States and practice law—in a small town."

"I've seen the girl," Carter told him; "I don't blame you. Well, I can help you there," he went on; "I don't think you'll have any visa trouble."

Then he looked at Harry Benton, and behind the mild eyes was almost a cry for help.

"The small town," he said as the door opened quietly behind him, "the university, the one-man business. Always away from the center. And always the best ones. What is it that makes them hate the cities, hate the big organizations? Why do we only get the O'Haras, more and more of them?"

"You can breathe," Harry Benton said, "you can stretch your arms without hitting someone. You can do something yourself without waiting for a committee."

But if Wendell Carter had heard him, he did not reply. He was looking at the open door. Benton's eye followed his. Magda was standing there waiting. She rushed to Benton with a little cry.

"Harry," she said. "Oh, Harry, you're all right." Then, "Your arm," she said.

There was a bandage across her cheek and he reached out his hand and touched it.

"It will be gone," Magda said. "The scar—they have started already. They started it while you were in the hospital. It will take many weeks, but when I take the bandage off, there'll just be a little line."

She looked at Wendell Carter adoringly. "He had it done," she said. "He arranged it with the hospital. I told you, Harry, they are different over here."

Benton looked at Carter inquiringly.

"It was not much," Carter said, speaking in German for Magda's benefit. "I like breaking routine, I like pulling strings."

He was still pulling strings for them when he took Harry Benton and Magda to the airport a few days later. They did not wait in the regular waiting room, but in the manager's office. Pastor Daubigny was with them, and the four of them sat there waiting for the plane to be called.

"When is it coming?" Magda asked. Her eyes were shining with excitement. But before Benton could reply, she had turned to Daubigny.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Daubigny looked at Wendell Carter.

"I imagine I am going to be guarded by Mr. Carter's men the rest of my life," he said dryly. "After all, there is still a lot of it in my head."

"You could pass the responsibility on to us," Carter told him.

"No, no; we have gone through all that. I will never talk of it to anyone." He looked at Carter with respect. "I am lucky to be here. There would be no argument on the other side. But even so, even so, I am not going to talk about it. I am going to live quietly and let Mr. Carter's guards do the worrying."

"Not guards," Carter said; "for your protection. For a while until we know you're safe. You'll scarcely notice them."

"I have gone a long way," Pastor Daubigny said slowly. "I tried to love mankind and I failed. It is too big for me, too big for any of us. We seek everything and lose what we have. You cannot love mankind—it is too much, you can only love men and women, a few of them. You can only love what you know. Not ideas and abstractions. Not the world, not a whole nation, not even a city. A village, perhaps, a family, a few people. I wish I had known better when I was young. But at least I know something now."

They looked at him expectantly.

"Not much," Daubigny said, "perhaps no more than any decent peasant knows. That it is better to heal than to harm, that it is better to grow wheat than burn it, that life is better than death no matter what names you give them. That there is no land so dark that you cannot do good in it"—he looked at Benton—"if only saving a cat's life."

"We know that," Wendell Carter said, "but when you get a situation ——"

"We have been in a situation, as you call it, since 1914. Saving the world, and each crusade bloodier and crueler than the one before. The state ——" He paused a moment and looked at Harry Benton. "—— the state. Some seeking good, some evil, some bad, some worse. My son, perhaps I am wrong but I do not think any state in this world and all its ideals and crusades and plans are worth the death of anything that lives."

"And yet you shot a man," Benton said.

"Of course. He would have killed me. Or my friends. I shot the one I had to, no more. I didn't infect his wife's second cousin, a thousand miles away, with plague germs."

"It's not so simple as that," Wendell Carter said slowly. "Don't you think we're looking for an answer?"

"It is not so simple at all. If I had an answer I would be shouting it in the streets. Hang on and wait. That's all. It's not much of an answer. And meanwhile," he went on, "meanwhile, I'm going back."

"You're crazy," Benton said; "you wouldn't last half an hour."

"I don't mean Kronstadt. I mean all the way back. Where we Daubignys came from. Back to France—to Coutras. Did you know we still own something there—a little farm? Vineyard and wheat field. If the French will have me. I think they will. It should make a pleasant little propaganda story. The Lords of Coutras come home after three centuries as small farmers. The land is still there. The small church—it was never torn down. But no preaching," he went on. "I am going to see what I can do to save myself first, and then perhaps I will talk to other people."

He went up to Harry Benton and shook his hand, then he kissed Magda quickly, paused a moment and went to the door. On the threshold he paused.

"I will not say good-by to you, Mr. Carter. I imagine you will be visiting me from time to time. It will do you no good."

"I wouldn't say that," Carter said slowly.

Daubigny disappeared through the door. Through the wide windows, they saw him go into the airport lounge and at length blend with the crowd. Behind him, imperceptible to anyone who was not looking for them, two of Carter's men followed him, not in the manner of someone trailing a criminal, but protectingly, almost gently.

"We have not heard the end of him yet," Carter said softly. "He is old, but not that old. If he lives another twenty years ——" He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, sometimes, the world is changed."

But Harry Benton and Magda were not listening. They were staring out the broad window of the manager's office, out onto the field, where the great gleaming plane taxied slowly to position, pausing a few moments in her flight to the west.

THE END

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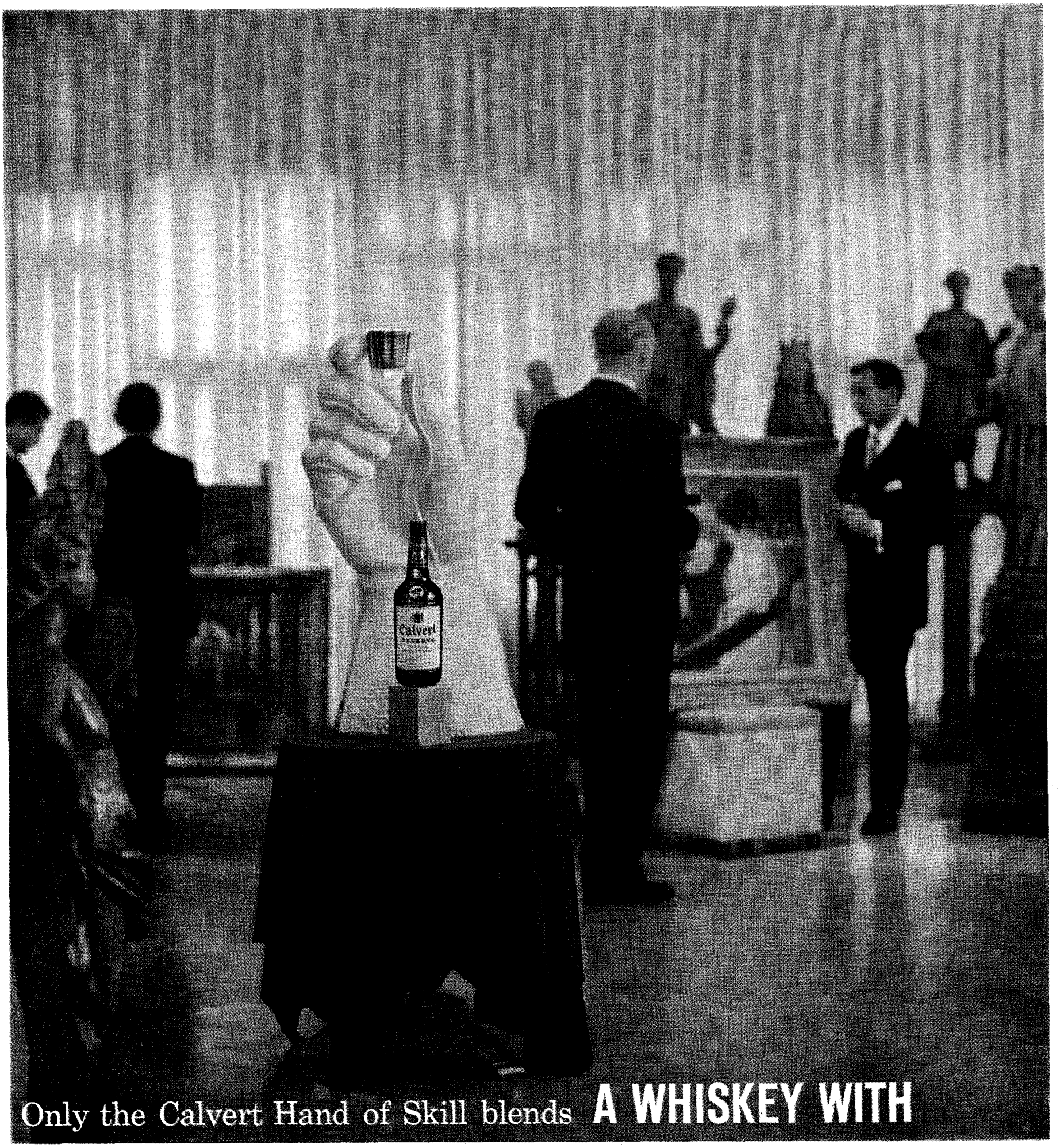

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PLAY GOLF ON NATIONAL GOLF DAY, JUNE 6

TRADEMARK

It's not only the par shooters who are buying Titleists in ever increasing numbers. The golf cart set is getting into the act too—in a big way.

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ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

Get Out of Town (Continued from Page 30)

that man setting on the edge of the platform. I decided he was the man we wanted. I gave no further thought to Johnny or Ed.

"Mister," I said, "are you rustling work?"

He turned those black eyes on me and studied me right careful. I was pushing fourteen, but I'd been man of the house for nigh three years now. It didn't seem to make no difference to him that I was a wet-eared boy.

"Now I just might be. What work do you have?"

"Ma and me have a little outfit over against the foothills. We figured to roust our cattle out of the canyons and bring 'em down to sell. There's a month of work, maybe more. We'd pay thirty a month and found and if I do say so, ma is the best cook anywheres around."

He looked at me out of those black, careful eyes and he asked me, "You always hire strangers?"

"No, sir. We usually hire Johnny Loftus or Ed Shifrin or one of the loafers around town, but when I saw you I figured to hire you." The way he looked at me was beginning to worry me some.

"Why me?" he asked.

So I told him what pa said when we bought the buckskin, and for the first time he smiled. His eyes warmed and his face crinkled up and laugh wrinkles showed at the corners of his eyes where they must have been sleeping all the time. "Your pa was a right smart man, son. I'd be proud to work for you."

We started for the livery stable to get him a horse to ride out to the ranch, and Ed Shifrin was in front of the saloon. He noticed me and then the man who walked beside me.

"Tom," Ed said, "about time your ma started the roundup. You want I should come out?"

Did me good to tell him, the way he'd loafed on the job and come it high and mighty over me. "I done hired a man, Ed."

Shifrin came down off the walk. "You shouldn't have done that. The Coopers ain't goin' to like a stranger proddin' around among their cows." He turned to the man I hired. "Stranger, you just light a shuck. I'll do the roundin' up."

The man I'd hired didn't seem a mite bothered. "The boy hired me," he said. "If he don't want me he can fire me."

Ed wasn't inclined to be talked up to. "You're a stranger hereabouts or you'd know better. There's been range trouble and the Coopers don't take kindly to strangers among their stock."

"They'll get used to it," he said, and we walked away up the street.

About then I started worrying about what I'd done. We'd tried to avoid trouble. "The Coopers," I told him, "they're the biggest outfit around here. They sort of run things."

"Who runs your place?"

"Well. Me sort of. Ma and me. Only she leaves it to me, because she says a boy without a father has to learn to manage for himself."

We walked on maybe twenty yards before he said anything, and then he just said, "Seems to me you've had uncommon smart folks, boy."

Old Man Taylor brought out the sorrel for us. While the stranger was saddling up and I sat there enjoying the warm sunshine and the barn smells of horses and hay and leather, Old Man Taylor came to where I sat the saddle and he asked me low-voiced, "Where'd you find him?"

"Down to the depot. He was rustling work and I was looking for a man."

Old Man Taylor was a man noted for staying out of trouble, yet he had been friendly to pa. "Boy, you've hired yourself a man. Now you and your ma get set for fireworks."

What he meant I didn't know, nor did it make any kind of sense to me. My hired man came out with the sorrel and he swung into the saddle and we went back down the street. Only he was wearing chaps now and looked more the rider, but somehow he was different from any cowhand I could remember.

We were almost to the end of the street when the sheriff came out of the saloon, followed by Ed Shifrin. He walked into the street and stopped us.

"Tom"—he was abrupt like always—"your ma isn't going to like you hiring this stranger."

"Ma tells me to hire whom I've a mind to. I hired this man and I wouldn't fire any man without he gives me cause."

Sheriff Ben Russell was a hard old man with cold blue eyes and a brusque, unfriendly way about him, but I noticed he cottoned up to the Coopers. "Boy, this man is just out of prison. You get rid of him."

"I'll not hold it against him. I hired him and if he doesn't stack up, I'll fire him."

My hired hand had sat real quiet up to now. "Sheriff," he said, "you just back up and leave this boy alone. He sizes up like pretty much of a man and it begins to look like he really needs outside help. Seems to me there must be a reason folks want to keep a stranger out of the country."

Sheriff Ben Russell was mad as I'd ever seen him. "You can get yourself right back in jail," he said; "you're headed for it."

My hired man was slow to rile. He looked right back at the sheriff with those cold black eyes and he said, "Sheriff, you don't know who I am or why I was in prison. You recognized this prison-made suit. Before you start shaping up trouble for me, you go tell Pike Cooper to come see me first."

Nobody around our country knew a Cooper called Pike, but it was plain to see the sheriff knew who he meant and was surprised to hear him called so. He said, "Where'd you know Cooper?"

"You tell him. I figure he'll know me."

Seven miles out of town we forded the creek and I showed him with a sweep of the hand. "Our land begins here and runs back into the hills. Our stock has a way of getting into the canyons this time of year."

"Seems plenty of good grass down here."

"This here is deeded land," I told him. "Pa, he always said the day of free range was over, so he bought homesteads from several folks who had proved up, and he filed on land himself. These are all grazing claims, but two of them have good water holes and the stock fattens up mighty well."

When we rode into the ranch yard ma came to the door, wiping her hands on her apron. She looked at the new rider and I knew she was surprised not to see Ed or Johnny.

The hired man got down from his saddle and removed his hat. Neither Johnny or Ed had ever done that.

"The boy hired me, ma'am, but if you'd rather I'd not stay I'll ride back to town. You see, I've been in prison."

Ma looked at him for a moment, but all she said was, "Tom does the hiring. I feel he should have the responsibility."

"And rightly so, ma'am." He hesitated ever so little. "My name is Riley, ma'am."

Ma said, "Supper's ready. There's a kettle of hot water for washing."

We washed our hands in the tin basin and while he was drying his hands on the towel, Riley said, "You didn't tell me your ma was so pretty."

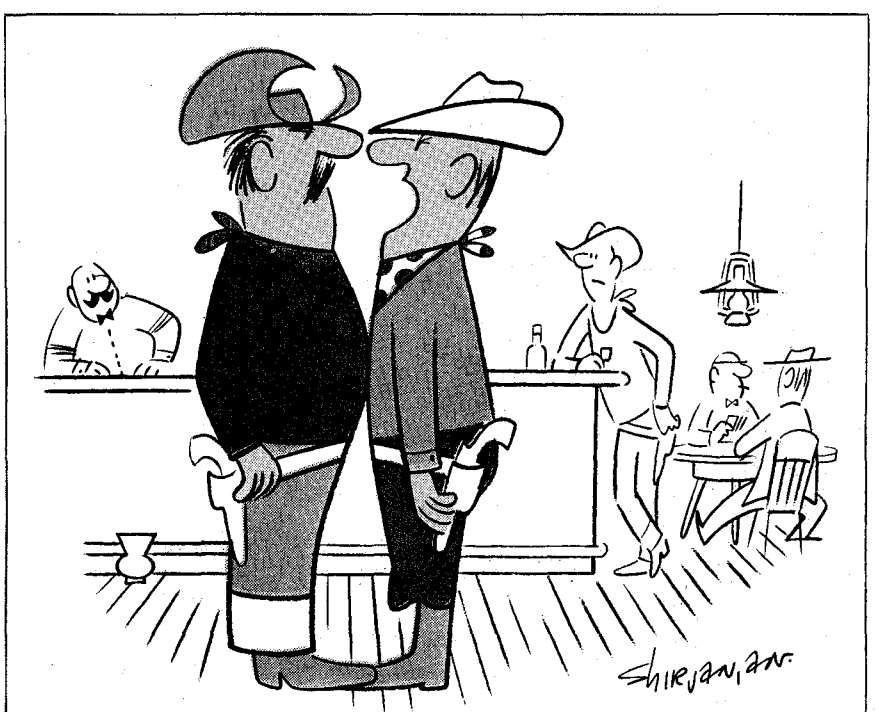
"I didn't figure there was reason to," I said, kind of stiff.

He took a quick look at me and then he said, "You're right, boy. It's none of my business." Then after a minute he said, "Only it surprised me."

"She was married when she was shy of sixteen," I said.

Supper was a quiet meal. With a stranger at table there were things we didn't feel up to talking about, and you don't ask questions of a man who has been in jail. We made some polite talk about the lack of rain, and how the water on the ranch was permanent, and when he'd finished eating he said, "Mind if I smoke?"

Reckon that was the first time in a while anybody had asked ma a question like that. Pa, he just took it for granted and other men who came around just lit up and said nothing, but the way ma acted you'd (*Continued on Page 86*)



"Stranger, I'm giving you till sundown to get off my foot."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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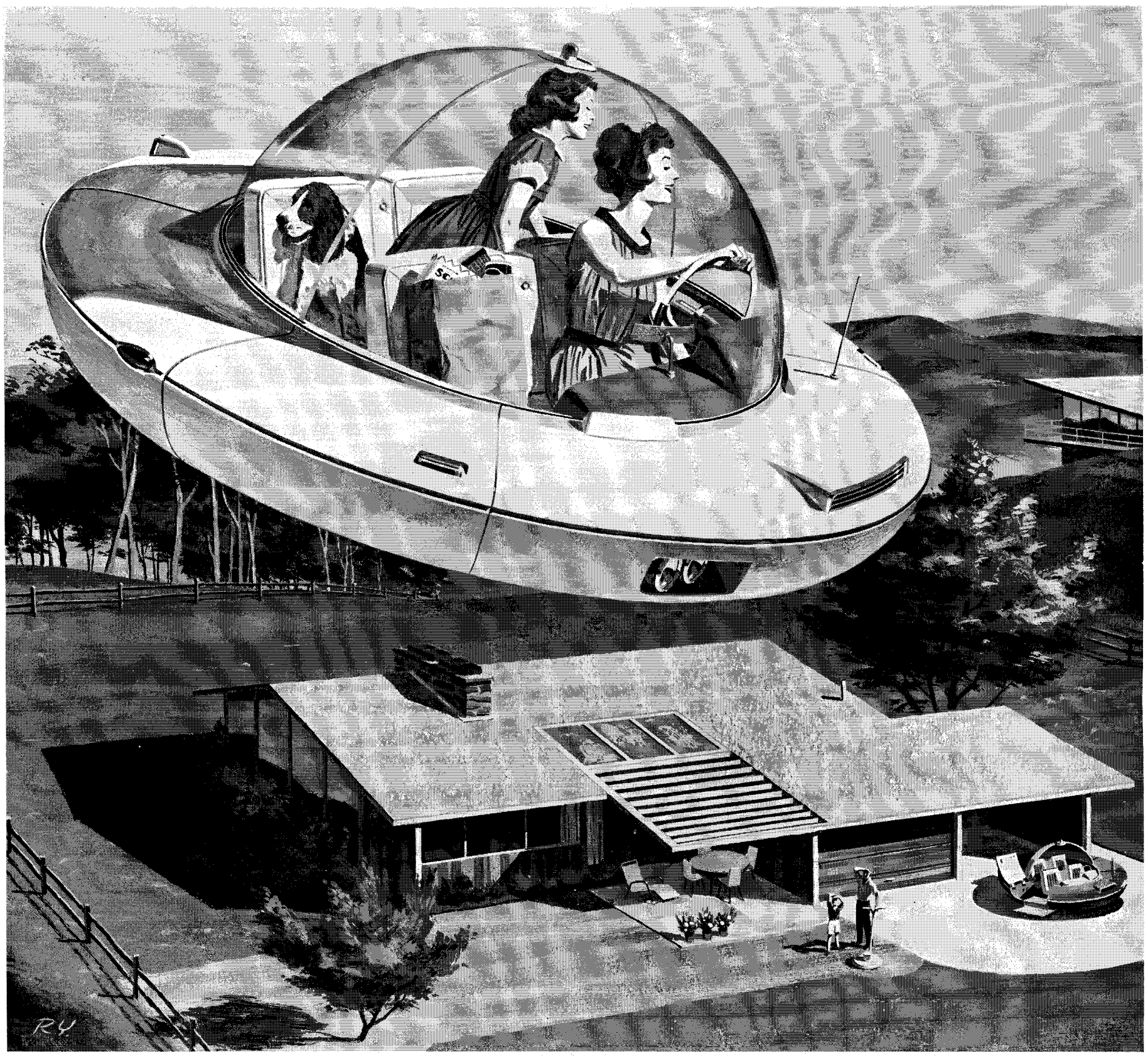

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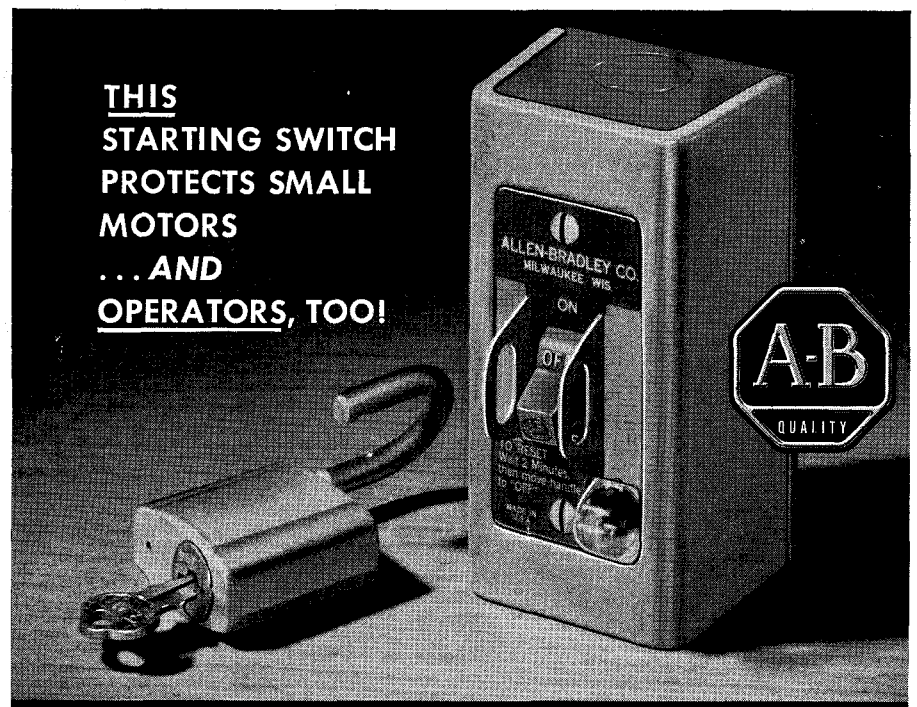

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(*Continued from Page 84*) have thought it was every day. She said, "Please do." It sounded right nice, come to think of it.

"You been getting good returns on your cattle?"

"The calf crop has been poor the last two, three years, but Ed and Johnny said it was because there were so many lions in the mountains. You have to expect to lose some to lions."

"Good range," Riley said, "and plenty of water. I'd say you should make out."

When he had gone to the bunkhouse ma started picking up the dishes. "How did you happen to hire him, Tom?"

So I told her about the buckskin and what I thought when I saw this man, and she smiled. "I think you learned your lesson well, Tom. I think he is a good man." And then she added, "He may have been in prison, but he had good upbringing."

Coming from ma there was not much more she could have said. She set great store by proper upbringing.

Awhile after, I told her about the talk with Ed Shifrin and Sheriff Russell, and when I came to the part about Riley telling Russell to tell Cooper to come see him, I could see that worried her. Cooper had some tough hands working for him and we didn't want them around.

Year after pa was killed, some of them tried to court ma, but she put a stop to that right off.

Come daylight just as I was pulling on a boot I heard an ax, and when I looked from behind the curtain I saw it was Riley at the woodpile. Right off I could see he was a hand with an ax, but what surprised me was him doing it at all, because most cow hands resent any but riding work, even digging postholes.

The way it worked out we rode away from the place an hour earlier than I'd ever been able to with Ed or Johnny, and by noon we had hazed seventy head down on the flat, but we were mighty shy of young stuff. Whatever else he was, I'd hired a hand. He was up on pa's bay gelding and he knew how to sit a cutting horse and handle a rope.

Next three days we worked like all get-out. Riley was up early and working late, and I being boss couldn't let him best me, but working with him was like working with pa, for we shared around and helped each other and I never did see a man learn country faster than he did. Time to time he'd top out on high ground and then he'd set a spell and study the country. Sometimes he'd ask questions. Mostly, he just looked.

Third day we had built us a hatful of fire for coffee and shucked the wrappings off the lunches ma fixed. "You said your pa was killed. How'd it happen?"

"Ma and me didn't see it. Pa had been to the Coopers' on business and when he got back to town he picked up some dress goods for ma and a few supplies. He was tying the sack on the saddle when he had a difficulty with a stranger. The stranger shot him."

"Was your pa wearing a gun?"

"Yes, sir. Pa always wore a gun, but not to use on no man. He carried it for varmints or to shoot the horse if he got thrown and his foot caught in the stirrup."

"You hear that stranger's name?"

"Yes, sir. His name was Cad Miller."

That afternoon we ran into Ed Shifrin and Johnny Loftus. First time I'd seen them up thataway except when working for us, but they were coming down the draw just as we put out our fire.

Riley heard them coming before I did, but he looked around at the mountainside like he was expecting somebody else. He looked most careful at the trees and rocks where a man might take cover.

Both of them were armed, but if Riley had a gun I had seen no sign of it. He wore that buckskin jacket that hung even with his belt, but there might have been a gun in his waistband under the jacket. But I didn't think of guns until later.

"You still around?" Shifrin sounded like he was building trouble. "I figured you'd be run out before this."

"I like it here." Riley talked pleasant-like. "Pretty country, nice folks. Not as many cows as a man would expect, but they're fat."

"What d' you mean by that? Not as many cows as you'd expect?"

"Maybe I should have said calves. Not as many calves as a man would expect, but by the time the roundup is over we'll find what happened to the others."

Shifrin looked over at Johnny. "What about the kid?"

Johnny shrugged. "To hell with the kid."

The way they talked back and forth made no sense to me, but it made sense to Riley. "Was I you," Riley said, "I'd be mighty sure Cooper wants it this way. With the kid, and all."

"What d' you mean by that?"

"Why, it just won't work. There's no way you can make it look right. The kid doesn't carry a gun. You boys don't know your business like you should."

"Maybe you know it better?" Johnny sounded mean.

"Why, I do, at that. Did Sheriff Russell tell Pike what I said?"

"Who's Pike?" Shifrin asked suspiciously.

"Why, Pike Cooper. That's what they used to call him in the old days. He ever tell you how he happened to leave Pike County, Missouri? It's quite a story."

Something about the easy way Riley talked was bothering them. They weren't quite so sure of themselves now.

"And while you're at it," Riley added, "you get him to tell you why he left the Nation."

Neither of them seemed to know what to do next. The fact that Riley seemed to know Cooper bothered them, and Johnny was uneasy. He kept looking at me, and I kept looking right back at him, and that seemed to worry him too.

"You boys tell him that. You also tell him not to send boys to do a man's job."

"What's that mean?" Shifrin was sore and he shaped up like a mighty tough man. At least, he always had. Somehow when they came up against Riley they didn't seem either so big or so tough.

"That means you ride out of here now, and you don't stop riding until you get to Pike Cooper. You tell Pike if he wants a job done he'd better come and do it himself."

Well, they didn't know which way was up. They wanted to be tough and they had tried it, but it didn't seem to faze Riley in the least. They had come expecting trouble and now neither one of them wanted to start it and take a chance on being wrong. Or maybe it was the very fact that Riley was taking it so easy. Both of them figured he must have the difference.

"He'll do it!" Johnny replied angrily. "Cooper will want to do this himself. You'll see."

They rode out of there and when Riley had watched them down the slope without comment he said, "We'd best get back to the ranch, Tom. It's early, but we'd better be in when Cooper comes."

"He won't come. Mr. Cooper never goes anywhere unless he feels like it himself."

"He'll come," Riley said, "although he may send Cad Miller first."

When he said that name I stared right at him. "That was the name of the man who killed my father."

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"Cad Miller does special jobs for a number of big cowmen who feel as Cooper does. I think your pa found out somebody had been branding his calves and he went to Cooper with it." We listened to the clatter of horses' hoofs on the stones of the ford, and then rode on. "I think Cooper had Cad Miller get to town in time to meet your pa before he could leave for home."

There'd been no trouble between the Coopers and us, so Riley must be wrong. Nor had I heard of Cad Miller around town before or since he killed pa. So far as we knew he was just a drifting, saddle-sore puncher who had a run-in with pa.

"Do you know Mr. Cooper?"

"I know him, all right. I haven't seen him since he left the Nation, but I'd know Pike Cooper's coyote tracks wherever I'd find them."

Mr. Cooper and his two sons were the biggest men of all that ranched around here. They had a big outfit and they spent money in town so folks looked up to them—at least, nobody crossed them. Especially Sheriff Russell.

Ma came to the door when we rode into the yard. "Is anything wrong?"

"Ma'am"—Riley put his hands on the pommel—"I've seen sign of it for two days, but I suspected it even before I started work, knowing Pike Cooper was in the country.

Old-timers recall when a fellow wondered where his next dollar was coming from instead of where it had gone.

CY N. PEACE

"He's been stealing your calves, ma'am. His men have been driving them out of the canyons and over the ridge, then branding them with the Cooper iron. It wasn't lions getting your calves. It was Cooper."

"But that can't be!" ma protested. "Johnny or Ed would have known."

"That's why they didn't want a stranger around. They've been covering for Cooper. You've the best range and the fattest stock, and the way it looks to me, Cooper has been selling sixty or seventy head of your calves every year."

"I can't believe that," ma said, but knowing ma, I knew she did believe it.

"Another thing. Cad Miller is a professional killer for the big cattle outfits. It was no accident, his meeting your husband in town."

We were waiting for them, but they fooled us. It wasn't Cad Miller who came, and it wasn't Cooper. It was Sheriff Ben Russell, and he didn't come alone.

Al Johnson, who owned the hardware store, was in the posse, and so was Haskins, the county clerk. There were six or seven of the town's businessmen and among them Rafe Cadieux, the best lawyer in the country around, astride a fine chestnut mare.

Riley stood in the doorway watching them ride up. He wore a faded red shirt and jeans, with those old chaps over them, and his black hat pushed back from his forehead. I remember there was a white streak below his hairline where the hat shielded it.

"This is a show-off posse," Riley told us. "They're the town's first citizens come to see that I'm sent from the country. Then if anything happens to me it leaves Cooper with a clean slate."

They rode into the ranch yard looking as if they meant business. They rode up in front of the ranch house and they were all armed, right down to Haskins, whom I'd never seen touch a gun before.

"Good afternoon." It was ma who opened the ball and I was proud of her. "It's nice of you to call. Will you gentlemen get down and come in? I've some cold lemonade."

It was a mighty hot afternoon and there wasn't a man in the outfit wouldn't have sold his saddle for a cold drink, but Sheriff Russell spoke up.

"Ma'am"—he was brusque as always—"we've come to ask you to get rid of this troublemaker you've hired. You're to fire him."

Ma smiled, and like Riley said, ma was a right pretty woman. Thing was, ma came of an old Virginia family and she had the dignity that came of it. She smiled mighty sweet but there was a chill in it too. "I am afraid, sheriff, that I do not quite understand you. Do you mean that I am no longer permitted to hire whom I wish? Upon what law are you basing this—this order?"

Russell wasn't used to being talked up to. He was a hard old man who was used to being kowtowed to. Some of the men behind him kind of shifted in their saddles and looked uncomfortable. Ma was a real lady and they all knew it.

"This man's a troublemaker!" Russell's face was showing his anger. "He's ——"

"What trouble has he made? I wasn't aware he had been off the place, and am sure he has not."

"That's neither here nor there."

"Will you name an instance, sheriff? You accuse him of being a troublemaker. What has he done?"

Russell was flabbergasted, and I never looked to see the day. He had brought all those men who did business with the Coopers out here to lend weight to his demand for Riley's being fired. It was to be public opinion behind him. Only ma had a real stubborn streak.

Riley never said a word, but I could see the admiration in his eyes, and I know I was seeing ma like I never had before. She believed in taking care of our own, but I'd never expected to see Sheriff Ben Russell faced down by anyone.

"What is more to the point, sheriff, Johnny Loftus and Ed Shifrin were on my range today, threatening my son and Mr. Riley. I want them arrested for trespass and put under bond."

Russell was really mad now. Nothing was going like he planned, and the worst of it was, Rafe Cadieux chuckled. The sheriff turned on Riley.

"You get out of town or I'll have you in jail!"

"On what charge?"

"I'll find the charge."

Riley was very cool. "Sheriff, I want to make something very clear. I took this job because I wanted work and because I liked the way this boy approached me. I think he's a fine lad.

"When I started work I found out there had been a lot going on that wouldn't go on if there was a man on the place who knew what he was doing and who was honest.

"You have no charge against me. I have made no trouble here. Furthermore, as long as I can work on this job I'll stay, and you'll not run me off. You tell Cooper I'll be in town tomorrow at ten. If he'll meet me there in person and tell me to leave, I'll go."

Those days, folks didn't have many amusements. We looked to court trials, fights and showdown for excitement, and every now and again somebody would blow his top and there'd be a shooting.

There was nothing Sheriff Ben Russell could do but turn around and ride back into town, and that's exactly what that posse did. Only Rafe Cadieux waited behind.

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"Riley, what I've seen today, I like. If this comes to a case in court I'd admire to be your lawyer."

"Thank you, but I doubt if it will come to that."

We had a quiet supper. We had come in early from the range, so Riley put in the last hour before sundown tightening a sagging gate. He was a man liked to keep busy.

At supper Riley said to ma, "Thank you, ma'am. I am proud to work for you."

Ma blushed.

Next morning ma came to breakfast all prettied up for town. Only thing she said was, "Your father taught you to stand up for what you believe to be right, and to stand by your own people."

There was quite a crowd in town. Word has a way of getting around and folks had a way of being on the street or in the stores when it looked like excitement, and nobody figured to finish their business until it was over.

We left our rig with Old Man Taylor and he leaned over to whisper, "You tell that friend of yours Cad Miller's in town."

Ma heard it and she turned sharp around. "What does he look like, Mr. Taylor?"

Taylor hesitated, shifting his feet nervous-like, not wanting to say, or figuring why ma wanted to know. But ma wasn't a woman you could shake off. "I asked a question, Mr. Taylor. I believe you were a friend of my husband's."

"Well, ma'am, I figured so. I figured to be a friend of yours too."

"And so you are. Now tell me."

So he told her.

It was a warm, still morning. We went down to the hotel, where I waited, and ma went out to buy some women fixin's like she won't buy with a man along.

All the chairs were taken in front of the hotel, so I leaned against the corner of the building next to the alley. Moment later I heard Riley speak from behind my right shoulder. He was right around the corner of the building in the alley.

"Don't turn around, boy. Is Cooper on the street?"

"Not yet, but Cad Miller is in town."

"Tom," he said, "just so you'll know. I was in prison for killing a man who'd killed my brother. Before that, I was a deputy United States marshal." He hesitated. "I just wanted you to know."

Nobody on the street was talking much. A rig clattered along the street and disappeared. The dust settled. A yellow hound ambled across the street headed toward shade. Ma went walking up the other side of the street and just when I was wondering what she was doing over there the Coopers turned into the upper end of the street. The boys were riding on his flanks and the old man was driving a shining new buckboard.

Cooper pulled up in front of the hotel and got down. His boys were swaggering it, like always, both of them grinning in appreciation of the fun.

Cooper stepped up on the walk and took a cigar from his vest pocket and bit off the end. His hard old eyes glinted at me. "Boy, where's that hired man of yours? I understand he was asking for me."

"He leaves town today," Andy Cooper said loudly, "or he'll be carried out."

Cooper put the cigar in his teeth. He struck a match and lifted it to light the cigar and I heard a boot grate on the walk beside me and knew Riley was there. Cooper dropped the match without lighting his cigar. He just stood there staring past me at Riley.

"Lark!" Cooper almost choked over the name. "I didn't know it was you."

"You remember what I told you when I ran you out of the Nation?"

Cooper wasn't seeing anybody but Riley, the man he had called Lark. He wasn't even aware of anything else. And I was staring at him, because I had never seen a big man scared before.

"I told you if you ever crossed my trail again I'd kill you."

"Don't do it, Lark. I've got a family—two boys. I've got a ranch. I've done well."

"This boy had a father."

"Lark, don't do it."

"This boy's father has been dead three or four years. I figure you've been stealing his cows at least two years before that. Say five hundred head."

Cooper never took his eyes off him, and the two boys acted as if they couldn't believe what was happening.

"You write out a bill of sale for five hundred head and I'll sign it for the boy's mother. Then you write out a check for seven thousand dollars and we'll cross the street and cash it together."

"All right."

"And you'll testify that Cad Miller was told to kill this boy's pa."

"I can't do that. I won't do it."

"Pike," Riley said patiently, "you might beat a court trial, but you know mighty well you ain't going to beat me. Now my gun's around the corner on my saddle. Don't make me go get it."

Cooper looked like a man who was going to be sick. He looked like a school kid caught cheating. I figured whatever he knew about Riley scared him bad enough so he didn't want any argument. And that talk about a gun on the saddle—why, that might be just talk. A man couldn't see what Riley was packing in his waistband.

"All right," Cooper said. His voice was so low you could scarce hear it.

"Pa!" Andy grabbed his arm. "What are you sayin'?"

"Shut up, you young fool! Shut up, I say!"

"Cad Miller's in town," Riley continued; "you get him out here on the street."

"He won't have to." It was ma's voice.

The crowd moved back and Cad Miller came through with ma right behind him, and trust ma to have the difference. She had a double-barreled shotgun, and she wasn't holding that shotgun for fun. One time I'd seen her use it on a mountain lion right in the door yard. She near cut that lion in two.

Sheriff Ben Russell wasn't liking it very much, but there was nothing he could do but take his prisoner. Once Cooper showed yellow, those two boys of his weren't about to make anything of it, and any man who knew our town knew Cooper was through around here after this.

Back at home I said, "Cooper called you Lark."

"My name is Larkin Riley."

"And you didn't even have a gun!"

"A man has to learn to live without a gun, and against a coward you don't need a gun." He rolled a smoke. "Cooper knew I meant what I said."

"But you'd been in prison yourself."

He sat on the stoop and looked at the backs of his hands. "That was later. Ten or fifteen years ago, what I did would have been the only thing to do. There are laws to handle cases like that, and I had it to learn."

Ma came to the door. "Larkin . . . Tom . . . supper's ready."

We got up and Riley said, "Tom, I think tomorrow we'll work the south range."

"Yes, sir," I said. THE END

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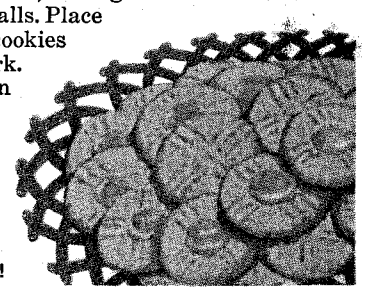
PEANUT BUTTER POLKA DOTS

1⅔ cups sifted flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
½ cup KARO Syrup
½ cup peanut butter (Skippy® is Best!)
1 egg, well-beaten
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix and sift first two ingredients. Cream butter or margarine; gradually add sugar; cream until light and fluffy. Add KARO Syrup and peanut butter; blend thoroughly. Add beaten egg and vanilla. Add sifted dry ingredients, a little at a time, mixing well after each addition. Shape into small balls. Place on cooky sheet; flatten cookies with lightly floured fork. Dot with ½ teaspoon peanut butter, if desired. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes. Makes about 3½ dozen.



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We Saved Our Baby (Continued from Page 33)

our baby would live, and whether he would recover from his physical handicaps if he did live, no one could say.

For Meg, the worst time of all was the next morning, a Sunday. She hadn't even had a glimpse of our baby, but she could see the nurses carrying other babies to their happy mothers across the hall to be fed. "I even wondered how God could let such a thing happen," she confessed to me long afterward. "I almost broke down."

There was very little hope left, that Sunday. Doctor Meckstroth had telephoned me at home late Saturday night to tell me our baby was having convulsions. "We're doing all we can, and if there is any further change I'll call you no matter what time it is," he said.

That was how things stood when I preached three sermons that Sunday. I drove, rather blindly but safely, I guess, a forty-mile round trip to give an early-morning radio sermon. Afterward I played hooky from Sunday school to dash over and peek prayerfully into the hospital nursery where little Gary was struggling for breath. Then came the regular Sunday-morning sermon at the church, then another hospital visit, and finally the Sunday-evening sermon.

Fortunately I had planned the sermons well in advance. To this day I've never been able to recall the topics, or even remember giving them. I'm sure God must have given the preacher an uncommon lot of help that day.

Any parent would be shocked by such a birth, but there was a special reason for the severe reaction Meg and I had when we learned about Gary. We got married on May 30, 1948, when we were both twenty-one-year-old students at Ashland College and Seminary in Ashland, Ohio. I was the eldest of six children; my father, Clyde Grumbling, was a Johnstown, Pennsylvania, plasterer. Meg—Mary Elizabeth Gilmer, whose nickname came from her initials—was the only child of the Rev. and Mrs. C. Y. Gilmer, then residents of Huntington, Indiana. As newlyweds, we lived in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where I had my first pastorate. But no children arrived. Later, in my second pastorate in Bryan, Ohio, we had begun to wonder if we could ever have any.

Meg was so concerned that she had gone to Doctor Meckstroth for a physical checkup. We had been married then more than five and a half years. I drove down to pick her up.

"He says we'll just have to wait and see," she said. Her expression puzzled me, but I was so bubbling over with good news about our new church-building program that I didn't give her a chance to say anything else. It wasn't until after we reached home that she remarked, looking awfully smug, "Well, would you like to know what else Doctor Meckstroth said? He said we'll have to wait and see—but he told me, 'For my money, Mrs. Grumbling, you're already pregnant.'"

I was supposed to work that night, but I didn't. We sat there holding hands and looking foolishly happy, and planning how to save enough money for the bills, and wondering about names.

Meg has told me many times that the ensuing months were one of the happiest periods of her life. It had been twenty-five years since there had been a baby in our parsonage at Bryan, and the congregation was almost as excited as we were. The women gave Meg literally everything a baby would need—a normal baby, that is.

Doctor Meckstroth told us on the third day that the convulsions were not recurring and that Gary had a fair chance of survival, but we had no very clear idea how the hospital was caring for him. All we knew was that he had been moved from the resuscitator to an incubator and was fed by a method the hospital staff called *gavage*, which involved putting a tube in his mouth.

At the end of the fourth week, Doctor Meckstroth said Gary seemed strong enough to be moved and advised taking him to a pediatrician, Dr. Wallace E. Bash, at Lutheran Hospital in Fort Wayne, Indiana, for further examination.

"You can take him yourself if you like," Doctor Meckstroth told us. "Keep him on his tummy and you won't have any trouble, I'm sure. It's only a one-hour trip."

It was then that we learned for the first time exactly what had to be done to keep our baby from choking to death. One way was to keep him face down, so that fluid could not collect in his paralyzed throat and block the air passage to his lungs. Another method was what the nurses called "aspirating" him with a suction tube somewhat like those used by dentists to keep patients' mouths dry.

"Oh, Al, I'm scared," Meg confessed as we were getting our instructions.

"Now don't worry," Doctor Meckstroth told us. "Nothing can go wrong." But he had us take a small, rubber-bulb syringe which we could use to clear Gary's mouth and throat if necessary.

Gary was breathing with a terrifying rattle when a nurse gave him to Meg. She aspirated him with the hand syringe several times on the way to Fort Wayne, but we really had no trouble. The rough part was leaving him in the hospital there after having him all to ourselves for an hour. Meg was crying as we started home.

"Nothing's wrong," she said. "It's just that this was the first time I'd held him. And then to go away when we're not even sure he's going to live! But he is a strong little fellow, isn't he, Al?"

We made the ninety-mile round trip to Fort Wayne daily to visit Gary, not knowing at first how many days or weeks or months he might have to remain there. In the second week, however, the doctors told us there was nothing more they could do. Although X rays showed no physical obstruction in his throat, the nerves controlling these muscles had been injured. Only time would tell whether that damage would prove permanent. One doctor told us that if Gary lived to be three years old, he probably would regain at least partial use of those paralyzed muscles.

"Before you take him home, of course, you'll have to spend a week here learning how to feed and care for him," Doctor Bash told Meg.

But Meg was so eager to have Gary home with us that it took her only three days to learn what must be done. She wrote every step of the procedure in a notebook—how to mix the formula, how to sterilize and use the slender rubber tube that was inserted so carefully through the baby's mouth to carry the liquid food past those paralyzed throat muscles.

We took him home for the first time on a Monday afternoon, fixing a little car bed so we could keep him flat on his stomach. It would have been a full hour's drive if I had observed the speed limits, but Meg kept saying, "Al, I can hear that noise in his throat!"

We both were worried by the time we got home. Meg ran to hook up the aspirator we had got from the hospital—a simple device that is connected to a faucet and uses the water flow to create suction in its rubber tube. I held the baby, and Meg handled the aspirator tube. It began to work. I don't believe either of us has ever been happier than we were at that moment. We didn't realize what an ordeal of constant care lay ahead; all we knew was that we were saving our baby's life.

Our great, happy glow lasted about one night. After that, we found ourselves struggling through the motions of living without feeling much of anything. For twenty-four hours a day we were caught midway between wakefulness and sleep without ever quite achieving either. In the daytime, while Gary was awake, we had to use the aspirator every few minutes; during the night, at least once every hour. Feedings, by *gavage*, were necessary every four hours, day and night.

An expert nurse would have lightened our burden wonderfully, but we couldn't possibly afford one. The $400 we had managed to save before Gary was born barely covered the doctor and hospital bills, even at the reduced rate I received as a pastor, and we had no money left. Nor did we dare entrust our child's life to untrained, cheaper help. It had to be a trained nurse or no one—so it was no one. No one but us.

For the first week, both of us jumped up whenever Gary's steady, faint whisper of breath became suddenly, alarmingly noisy. We had less than an hour between those alarms to get what sleep we could. By the end of the week we knew we couldn't go on much longer.

"It's Saturday night and you can't possibly preach tomorrow if you don't get a little sleep somehow," Meg told me. "We can't keep this up anyhow. We'll just have to take turns. I'll stay up tonight while you sleep in the other room, and you stay up tomorrow night."

I went to bed early and I was certain that nothing could awaken me, yet next morning I had a distinct, puzzling memory of having heard a baby cry out. Gary hadn't been able to cry in the whole seven weeks of his life. I asked Meg about it.

"Why, Al!" she exclaimed. "He did cry!" She seemed startled by the recollection, as though she were realizing for

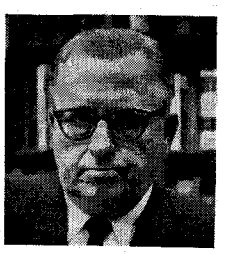
NEXT WEEK

The Untold Story of Little Rock

By VIRGIL T. BLOSSOM, Superintendent of Schools at Little Rock, 1953–1958

"I WAS THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE"

Now, for the first time, the key figure in a historic episode reveals what really happened during the Arkansas school-integration fight.



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the first time what this might mean. We stared at each other in growing excitement. Our first real hope was born at that instant. If Gary could learn to use his vocal cords, was there any reason why he couldn't learn to swallow too?

I gave my sermons without any preparation that Sunday—the first of many such Sundays, I'll have to confess. I chose a topic from my opened Bible as I walked across the platform. I was filled with such a profound sense of thankfulness, though, that I believe it must have been a fairly convincing sermon.

Such moments of high hope were rare, of course. The treadmill of our days and nights ran on and on, with no indication of further improvement in Gary's condition. He had regular examinations, but the doctors said they could do no more for him than we were doing at home. I did discover on one of our visits to doctors in those depressing weeks that my own blood pressure had dropped rather alarmingly. It slowed me down quite a bit, and I recall that my legs ached continually. We could sleep soundly only on alternate nights, so it was literally impossible to get the amount of rest we needed.

The days were even worse than the nights. Gary required more frequent care in the daytime, Meg was trying valiantly to keep up with essential housework, and I had conferences and committee meetings almost daily on our church-building program, in addition to my regular work as pastor. I haven't the slightest recollection of what went on at all those meetings. The bottom didn't exactly drop out of our lives, but everything seemed to be sliding inexorably down.

It is only human to wonder, at such times, why God permits such terrible injuries to innocent little babies. I am human, even though I am a pastor, and I pondered about this a great deal.

Meg helped find a part of the answer. "Everything must have a purpose, Al," she told me. "It is just that humans cannot always perceive God's plan."

As I thought about it during those lonely nights of caring for Gary, I realized that our trouble had brought Meg and me much closer than we had ever been. It also strengthened our faith and it gave me a little more insight. I was able to help others more effectively because of my own experience.

About that same time, incidentally, I began to get all sorts of other "answers" to our problems, unsolicited and really quite annoying. Chain letters, supposed to bring us good fortune, would be dropped in our mailbox at night, along with an assortment of anonymous bits of advice. One included an advertisement of a purported "healer" and the suggestion: "All you have to do is write to him for help, and sit the baby on your radio. . . ." It seems rather amusing now, but at the time I almost lost my temper.

I know that God, with what human help the doctors and Meg and I could give, saved Gary's life—but it wasn't done by sitting him on a radio.

As a matter of fact, he was lying on our kitchen counter when he made his most surprising progress toward recovery. He was six months old at the time. Meg was giving him his ten P.M. feeding, working in a daze because she had been up most of the time for twenty-four hours. I noticed her tugging at the feeding tube.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Pulling the tube back up," she said petulantly. "He keeps swallowing it."

"Swallowing?" I repeated, not quite understanding what was happening.

Meg looked up, so surprised that she was wide awake in an instant.

"He actually was swallowing!" she exclaimed.

I took hold of the tube and felt a distinct little tug.

Trembling with excitement, we removed the tube and tried dribbling a few drops of water into his mouth from a teaspoon, but we couldn't get him to swallow again.

"Well, let's give up for tonight," I said finally. "We'll try again in the morning."

Next day we tried honey and warm water in a bottle with a dribble-sized hole in the nipple. We could see Gary swallowing—not regularly, but occasionally. Meg was still trying when I left to take care of some church work.

We experimented twice daily after that with liquids from a nursing bottle or spoon, and within a month he was taking two or three consecutive swallows. He was also swallowing whenever he cried, to clear his throat. Eventually we succeeded in giving him a small part of his daily food by spoon.

Then a new problem arose, one that frightened us more than anything else that had happened. Gary had improved to the point where his throat had grown normally sensitive, but it was a mixed blessing because he began to gag whenever we tried to use the feeding tube. He couldn't swallow enough to keep him alive, but he could no longer tolerate the tube. We had no idea what to do.

I think it was our sheer desperation that solved that one. We were attempting to avoid the last resort—taking him back to the hospital for intravenous feeding—and Meg kept trying the tube hour after hour. She finally discovered that when Gary was relaxed in sleep the tube caused him no discomfort at all.

The discovery gave us a way to guard against starvation, but it marked the beginning of our most difficult weeks. We had to put Gary to bed hungry, and get him to sleep, before we could feed him. Daytimes, Meg sometimes was able to rock him to sleep and thus get him fed, but often the telephone would ring or something else would happen to awaken him. Meanwhile his ability to swallow developed very slowly. At one time in those trying weeks Meg counted thirty swallows for a single ounce of formula.

Then, for some reason we never understood, he eventually learned to tolerate the tube again even when awake. It was fortunate, because when he was two years old he contracted a severe case of intestinal flu and became so terribly dehydrated that only constant use of the *gavage* tube saved his life. We poured liquids into him every two hours, day and night—far more than he could possibly have swallowed.

After that the bad days were mostly behind us. Gary could swallow well enough so that we didn't need to stand guard with the aspirator all night. We still were afraid to leave him with a baby sitter, however, until one Sunday when an emergency forced us to do so.

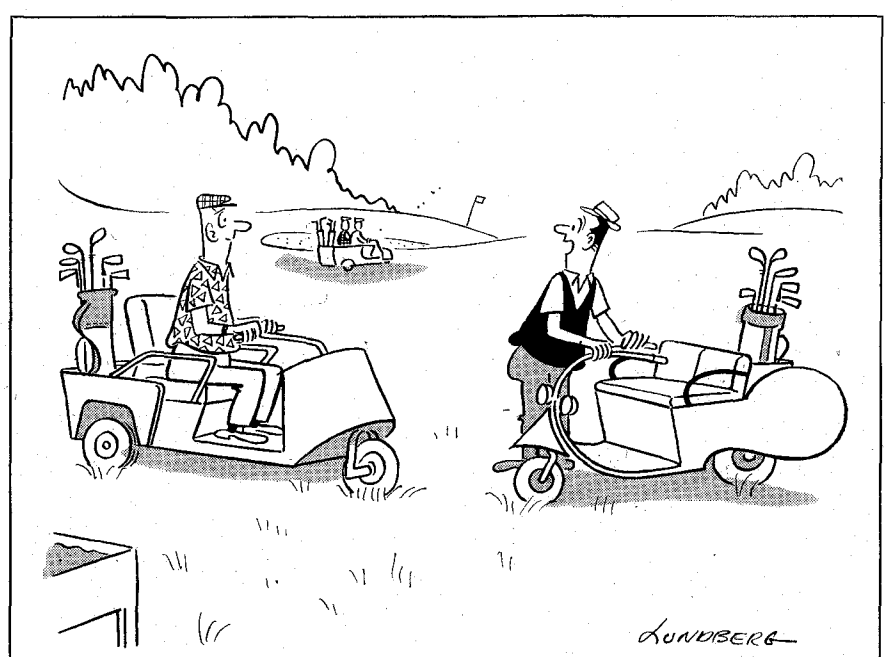
Gary, who was twenty-six months old at the time, had just recovered from his flu crisis. I was finishing my Sunday-night sermon when I suddenly felt such severe abdominal pains that I literally hung onto the pulpit with both hands. By 10:30 P.M. I was in the hospital being prepared for an appendicitis operation and wondering how in the world we were going to pay for it. Meg had never been away from Gary for more than a few minutes, but she left him with two women of our church—who managed very nicely—and came to the hospital to be with me.

On the fifth day the doctor told me, "I'll let you go home if you promise absolutely to stay there and take it easy." I promised, but neither of us realized how good those five days of wonderful rest had made me feel, operation or not.

When the doctor came over two days later to take out the stitches, I wasn't home; I'd gone downtown to get the car greased. He had quite a bit to say about the relative importance of taking care of people and cars, but I felt fine.

Gary was quite active by then too. We were still afraid to leave him with young, untrained baby sitters, so we took him to church with us on Sunday mornings. We still do, every Sunday. Nowadays he stands on a seat near the front, leading the singing with vigorous arm-waving while Meg plays the piano. He loves it, and no one in the congregation seems to mind.

At home, he always exhibited such a lively curiosity that we became convinced his mental development, slowed inevitably by his physical handicaps, would in time become normal. Our optimism was based on little more than wishful thinking, however, until after we moved to a new pastorate in Stockton, California, in September, 1957. A few months later a county nurse called. She had heard about Gary and told us that special classes for such children were held at Herbert Hoover Elementary School in Stockton, a type of state-aid project that was unknown where we had lived in Ohio. We enrolled Gary there as an outpatient, as he was too young for schoolwork.



"Par here is nine holes in forty-five minutes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

After five months of testing and treatment, the school gave this evaluation: ". . . The child appears happy and alert. Some of his accomplishments in the face of his numerous disabilities attest to his intelligence."

Will he develop into a physically and mentally normal child?

"No one can answer that now," Mrs. Florence Whetherhult, the school's physical therapist, explained. "We do know there has been definite improvement."

Meg, still fighting hard against overoptimism, tells our friends she believes Gary will have a useful life, if not a completely normal one. I'm confident he is going to be normal both physically and mentally. I haven't the slightest doubt of it.

His continuing improvement has been impressive. He began eating strained foods normally a year ago. Now, at the age of four, he has learned to handle a spoon without help, although his cup must be held for him. He still refuses to try to chew solid foods at mealtime, but loves to gnaw on celery stalks between meals.

He is attempting to talk now, too, although thus far only Meg and I can understand any of the words. Even we were puzzled when he muttered unintelligibly into his toy telephone instead of trying a simple "hello." Then we realized his problem. Meg and I always answer our telephone by saying "Grumblings'," so naturally that's what he was attempting.

Despite the slight spastic paralysis of his right arm and the more noticeable effect in his left, he is also learning to help when we dress him, and his physical activity during the day is tremendous.

Using both legs vigorously, Gary rides a tricycle like a small demon. He pedals his big dump truck in such vigorous circles that our shaggy little mongrel dog, Curly, leaps nervously into Meg's lap for safety. And whenever Gary, Curly and I play rough-and-tumble on the rug, I'm usually the one who tires first.

Gary likes to push a carpet sweeper diligently, although he does most of his "walking" on his knees. His leg muscles are strong enough—therapists have advised us not to give him crutches. But unless he clings lightly to some support, like the handle of his toy buggy, he loses his balance and falls.

Last Thanksgiving Day, however, gave promise that this disability, too, is being overcome. Gary saw Santa Claus on our television screen and was so entranced that he popped up from his hassock and walked six or seven feet toward the set.

Mornings, when he knows very well that I'm not to be disturbed in my study—a converted sun porch—he tries hard to keep busy in the kitchen with Meg. Sometimes, however, he simply can't stay away. I'll look up at the window between my study and the living room, and there will be his impish little eyes peering through the slats of the Venetian blind. I can't resist. I give up, laughing, and open the door.

Last November, about the time Gary was taking his first steps at the age of four, Meg and I learned that we will have another child this summer. This time, both we and the doctors are convinced nothing will go wrong. We will have a normal baby.

Yet every time little Gary proudly hands his mother his shirts to be ironed, and every time I look up in my study and see him peering in at me, the same thought occurs to both Meg and me: No matter how many normal children we may have in the future, we shall always be humbly thankful that we managed to save our handicapped baby. THE END

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The Littlest Big-Leaguer

(Continued from Page 34)

called Little Guys and Dolls of America, with membership limited to persons less than five feet six, voted Albie its Athlete of the Year. He received a trophy describing him as a symbol of success for undersized men and women everywhere.

Pearson knows what the Little Guys and Dolls mean. In his chosen field of professional baseball he has never been allowed to forget that he is a shorty competing in what is supposed to be a game for the bigger boys.

In an early game last year against Chicago, Albie registered his first major-league double, sliding into second base ahead of a tag by Nellie Fox, who is no giant himself. As Albie got up and began brushing himself off, he heard Fox say, "Nice going, kid. I hope you stick around. There's nobody else in this league I can eat soup off the head of."

Pearson has been hearing gibes like this all his baseball life. At the start of last season he was even getting them from teammates on the Senators, who resented the special attention Pearson was receiving.

Albie was popular with the players when he first reported to spring training. However, as one of the tiniest men ever to hit a major-league camp—and an engaging personality into the bargain—he was a natural magnet for the writers, photographers and broadcasters on the baseball beat. He showed a lively willingness to lend himself to interviews and picture taking.

Ill will developed among some of the Washington players who were being overshadowed by little Albie. They took to calling him by nicknames, such as "Primo," "Midget" and "Short Stuff," in tones that were not affectionate.

On plane trips and bus rides, some mimic would do a parody of Albie's routines with the radio and television interviewers. It would go like this:

"Now, Albie, it must be tough for the little fellow in the majors."

"That's right, sir. The little man has to try twice as hard to stay up."

"Albie, what is the chief problem of the little man who gets a shot at the big leagues?"

"Well, sir, they only take one look at you. You have to make good the first time."

"Do you think you can stick in the majors, Albie?"

"Yes, sir, I can, with the help of the Good Lord and my wonderful wife."

His teammates cut that stuff out in the course of time. Resentment of the little guy gave way to unanimous admiration. Pearson converted his hecklers not by words but by his performance on the field. He showed them that he was a big-leaguer—the best hitter on the club, after big Roy Sievers. Albie also could catch a fly ball and throw; and on a team that goes in for very little base stealing, he was the leader, with seven.

Pearson bats—and throws—left-handed. Most of his hits were slickly managed grounders between the infielders, or line shots that dropped safely in the outfield. Manager Cookie Lavagetto said admiringly of Pearson's skill at placing his hits, "This kid can play baseball with his bat."

Albie could leg out an infield roller, too, as befits a man who was a star sprinter in high school. His size gave him an edge in waiting out pitchers, and he drew sixty-four bases on balls. However, the pitchers found that he would rather hit than go for the walk. He was an eager swinger—sometimes overeager in his zeal to pull the ball.

Although some clubs might have demanded more from a regular outfielder than Albie contributed in the way of power, his hits by no means were all singles. He was tied for tenth in two-base hits, with twenty-five. Left fielders and center fielders generally could play him shallow, but right fielders who tried the same thing often had cause to regret it. Pearson served notice that, despite his lack of stature, he could pull a ball against a right-field fence—and even bang an occasional home run.

Albie's first major-league homer was, to him, an unsatisfactory one. It was an inside-the-park affair over the head of Baltimore center fielder Jim Busby in Griffith Stadium. "It doesn't prove that I can hit one out of a big-league park," Pearson said.

He got two more homers before the year was over, and both were completely to his liking. One was off Chicago's Early Wynn, the league strike-out king in 1958; the other off the Yanks' Bob Turley, the league's winningest pitcher. Against Wynn, Albie put one far into the right-field seats in Comiskey Park in the sector where the sign reads 352 FEET. Against Turley, his clout went deep into the stands in right-center in Yankee Stadium.

Prior to last season Pearson spent five years bouncing around the minor leagues as the property of the Boston Red Sox. He undoubtedly would have come up faster if his smallness had not kept people from taking him very seriously. When he first reported to the San Jose club of the Class C California League in 1953, Manager Red Marion said, "My gosh, they've sent me Bill Veeck's midget."

At each succeeding stop the initial reaction was much the same. Everywhere Pearson was viewed as a fellow who, through speed and hustle, just might overcome his size limitations to the point where he would be a handy utility man. Everywhere he wound up playing regularly.

When Pearson finally got his first crack at the majors in 1958, after the Red Sox had tossed him into a trade with Washington, he was determined not to muff it. Albie felt that time was running out on him, although he was still only twenty-two. Along with his signed contract, he sent this letter in January to the Senators' president, Calvin Griffith:

Dear Mr. Griffith, I wish to request permission to attend early camp. It is extremely important. I need a ton of work on certain parts of my playing. There is no short cut to being a winning ballplayer when you're five feet five inches. There is twice as much work. Thanks and sincerely, ALBIE PEARSON.

Griffith was glad to comply with this request, although Pearson had been only a secondary factor in the deal that brought him to the Senators that month. This was the trade in which Washington agreed to give Pete Runnels to Boston in exchange for first baseman Norm Zauchin and a rookie outfielder. Griffith originally asked for Marty Keough—a fellow who had been taking the play away from Pearson since the days when they both were in high-school ball in Southern California. However, Griffith was persuaded to take Pearson instead.

Senator fans were dubious about the whole transaction. They had learned to be wary of Griffith's constant trading with his brother-in-law, Joe Cronin—general manager of the Red Sox until his elevation to the American League presidency last winter. Invariably the Senators seemed to come off second best when Griffith and Cronin did business.

In this instance Cronin assured Griffith over the telephone that Zauchin would justify the trade, but warned him on another matter. "Stay away from Zauchin on the golf course, because he'll take your money," Cronin said. "That big fellow hits them a mile down the middle, and he's deadly with the putter."

Never was a brother-in-law more wrongly touted. Zauchin didn't help the Washington club at first base, and he wasn't even the best golfer in the deal. Little Albie Pearson, whose golf game wasn't mentioned by Cronin, won the annual Major League Players' golf tournament in Miami the next month. He just missed repeating in 1959, incidentally, losing in the final round to Cincinnati's Eddie Kasko in a match that went into extra holes.

When Albie reported to the Senators' camp at Orlando, Florida, last year, Griffith blinked at what he saw. Pearson looked like a scale model of a ballplayer. He was well formed for his inches, though, with eager, flashing eyes, a wide smile that showed white, even teeth, and a small, arrested beak of a nose that gave him the appearance of an imp.

"I don't believe it," Griffith exclaimed. "Cronin told me he was sending us an outfielder, and all that shows up is a cutie-pie."

On the Senators' 1958 spring roster Pearson was listed at five feet six inches, and 150 pounds, which was overstating the situation by more than an inch and about a dozen pounds. The figures were provided by Albie, who later explained, "One of the things Joe Cronin told me years ago was never to give my right measurements." On the 1959 Washington roster he was again credited with being five-six in height, and his weight was boosted to 160 pounds.

Even at his actual dimensions—which, to repeat, are five feet four and seven-eighths inches and around 138 pounds—Pearson is bigger than he once expected to be. At the age of twelve he was one of the unhappiest boys in California. He faced the prospect of going through life as a near midget, not nearly as large as his bantamweight father and tinier mother. He weighed sixty-two pounds and measured only fifty-three inches. He was marking off his height every day, and he didn't seem to be growing at all. He asked his parents why, for he wasn't having any fun. Other kids shooed him away from their ball games. They snickered at him and called him Tom Thumb.

There was across-the-board unhappiness in the Pearson household. Father Harry Pearson tried hard to speed up Albie's physical development. In the back yard he constructed a pitching target, a sliding pit and a high-jump standard. Albie also had a three-and-one-half-pound brick which he threw every day. His throwing arm was getting stronger, even if he was getting no bigger.

Papa Pearson knew that Albie wasn't going to grow up to be very big, because none of the Pearsons ever did. But he knew, too, that his son would be athletic, because all of the Pearsons were. Albie's grandfather had fought 100 professional bouts in England—as a bantamweight, of course. The father himself had made all the teams at El Monte High School in California, and had boxed in the Golden Gloves. In naming his son Albert Gregory Pearson, he had been inspired by the feats of a wonderful little athlete—Albie Booth, the Yale football scatback in 1929–31, who died recently.

In 1946 the elder Pearson took twelve-year-old Albie to Dr. Milton Tobias, of Beverly Hills, and asked whether the boy's growth could somehow be stimulated. He had been told that movie stars brought undersized children to Doctor Tobias for treatment. Albie's father was quick to explain that he had only a modest income as an automobile sales manager and could not afford large fees.

The Pearsons found themselves in friendly hands. Doctor Tobias, himself only five feet three inches, was understandably sympathetic. More important, he was an expert in this field. On first examination, Doctor Tobias found twelve-year-old Albie to be at the nine-year level physically. In summarizing the Pearson case history recently, the doctor stated, "His body proportions were immature, eruption of teeth was delayed, physical examination and X ray of his wrist (carpal centers) placed him at a development level three years below his age. His metabolism was moderately low.

"On thyroid, Albie grew only one inch during the ensuing year, but gained eleven pounds in sound muscle tissue. Hypodermic injections were then started of a hormone preparation designed to facilitate adolescent changes in physical, emotional and intellectual development." Says the doctor, "Albie stopped biting his nails and for the first time entered in competition with his own age level."

At thirteen Albie won a junior golf tournament conducted by Hearst newspapers. He was the smallest boy entered—and possibly the only left-hander.

Three times a week Albie was traveling the eighteen miles from El Monte to Hollywood for the doctor's needle, applied alternately in the arms and the rump. Meanwhile, the boy was on a diet allowing no sweets or sugar. At the end of the second year, Doctor Tobias softened to the extent of permitting one ice-cream soda a week.

At fourteen years of age, according to Doctor Tobias, Albie's development was up to the thirteen-year-old level. When Albie was discharged as a patient, he was five-two and 120 pounds. The doctor promised Albie that at least two more inches of height would come later. He virtually hit it on the nose with this prediction; Albie grew up to within a whisker of five-five.

With his new height and poundage, Albie was still the smallest athlete at El Monte High, but now he was hot stuff. In his junior year he became varsity baseball pitcher and quarterback of the football team. Too small to pass over the heads of his own line, let alone the charging opposition lineman, Albie rolled out of the pocket to throw running passes. He handled the varsity punting, too, averaging forty yards.

As El Monte's pitcher, Albie won twenty-three games and lost six in two seasons. A baseball was a feathery thing for him after those all-day throwing sessions with his three-and-one-half-pound brick in the Pearson back yard. Just before graduation he gave El Monte a no-hitter against Whittier High. His earned-run average for two years: 0.83.

For the El Monte track team three-letterman Albie ran the sprints. The inter-scholastic meet record for the 100-yard dash in that area (*Continued on Page 94*)

I Can't Win

If I served octopus on toast,
Or fricassee of loon,
I'm almost sure my spouse
would say,
"That's what I had this
noon!"

Lee Avery

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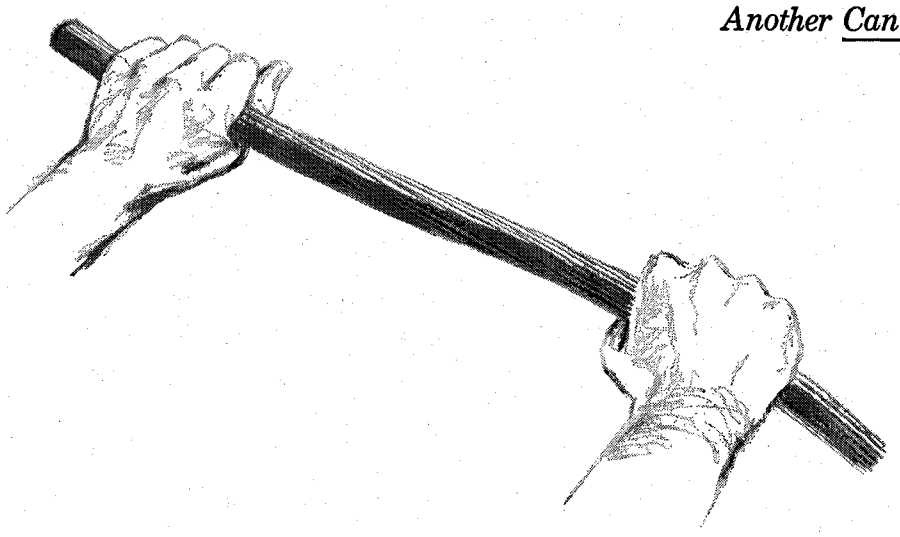
Another Can Do—from Chrysler Corporation.



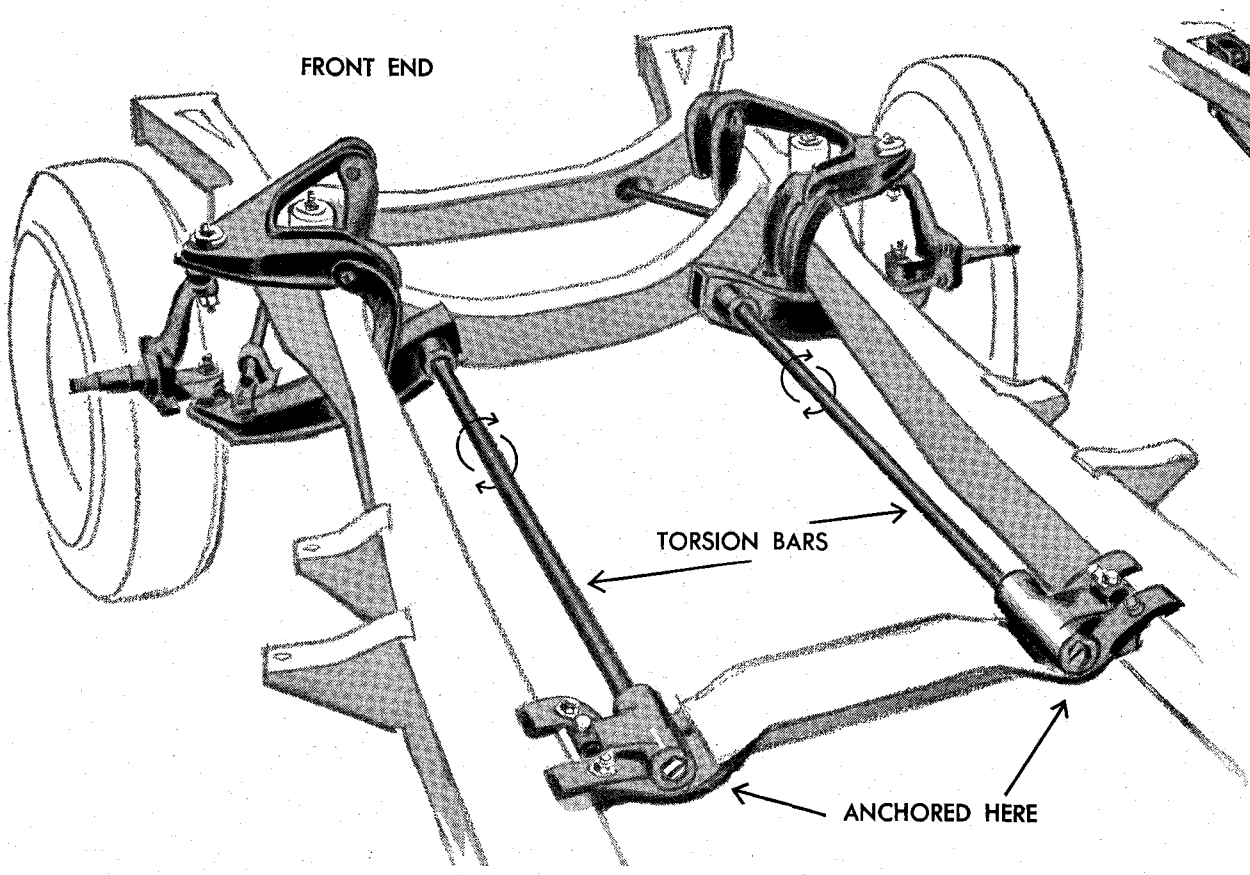
The Torsion-Aire Ride

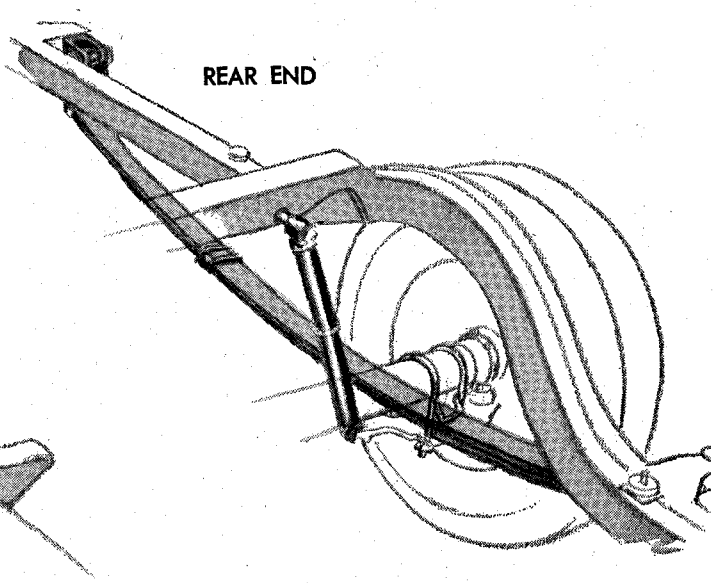
Now recognized by the pros as one of the great engineering achievements of our times—employing the same torsion-bar principle now used in many $10,000 to $15,000 sports car imports. Available among U. S. makes only in cars from Chrysler Corporation—and at no extra cost.

"The cars from Chrysler Corporation have good road manners," writes a noted sports-car tester and engineer. "They maintain an adhesion to the road far beyond any speed the average motorist will ever use."

"They easily outcorner many bona fide sports cars," writes another. "In tight, slow hairpins they refuse to break loose at either end, even under savage braking and acceleration."

And all through the United States, average motorists who'll never put a car through a harder test than a drive to the station, the supermarket, the schoolhouse, the church or on a two-week vacation trip, label these cars from Chrysler Corporation as simply "the sweetest-handling cars on the road."





AHEAD OF AXLE:
SHORT, HEAVY SPRING

PLYMOUTH

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Cars of The *Forward* Look with Torsion-Aire Ride "easily out-corner many bona fide sports cars". (Shown here: Plymouth Sport Fury)

How they get that way

Have you ever twisted a rubber hose (as shown at the top of the facing page) and felt the spring action as the hose tried to return to its normal shape?

This illustrates what happens in the two high-chrome steel Torsion Bars which serve as part of the front spring action of Chrysler Corporation cars and wagons. Broadly speaking, the Torsion-Aire Ride results.

Old coil-type springs gone

Torsion-Aire Ride does away with the bouncing-ball effect of ordinary coil springs which most cars employ.

Chrysler Corporation engineers get front spring action by use of the full-length torsion (or twist) of those two bars of high-chrome steel. These bars gradually resist the up-and-down motion of the wheels, and avoid the usual vertical bounce at the same time. The rear ends of the bars are anchored and can't turn. So you have smoother front action, steadier front action, and this is combined with the faster acting "Levelizer" rear leaf springs. They "catch up" with the front torsion bar action in time to *minimize seesaw motion.*

Since the rear springs are short and stiffer in front of the axle, the rear wheels pull smoothly over rough spots.

You don't have to understand it to enjoy it!

Vertical shock absorbers help in front and "flying buttress" shock absorbers in the rear slant out and thus reduce side rock as well as soften vertical action.

Actually, it is as difficult to describe the Torsion-Aire Ride on paper as it is actually to see it when you look at the car. Yet, in toto, it delivers a ride as smooth as a canoe in a millpond—dip-free stops, squat-free starts, and a stability on turns that is wonderfully reassuring.

A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes

All great American cars have different features which endear them to the pros as well as to the public. But none has come up with a principle which contributes more to the over-all enjoyment of motoring than the Chrysler Corporation Torsion-Aire Ride.

The man who "looks under the hood" and knows what to look for will understand fully what we mean.

So if you sit in the left-hand seat day after day, *sit happy*—over the proven and famous Torsion-Aire Ride.

A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more

DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

The Can Do Cars—Quality-built from Chrysler Corporation

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(*Continued from Page 91*) had stood at 10.2 seconds for twenty-five years. Albie broke it with a 10.1 performance. The old record had been set by his father.

Graduation day at El Monte wasn't thrilling for Albie. All about him kids he had played ball with were being buzzed by big-league scouts. None of the scouts came Albie's way.

"I knew why," Pearson says now. "They didn't want to be caught talking to a kid my size who was less than five-four and weighed only 127 pounds at the age of sixteen. They didn't want to be ridiculed by the other scouts or their home offices. I knew some of them had seen me pitch and win, but they weren't interested. A couple of them patted me on the head and said, 'Too bad you're not bigger, son.' Red Ralph, the Detroit scout, did tell our coach, 'If that kid was four inches taller I could get him a fifty-thousand-dollar bonus.'"

A few days later California newspapers reported that Marty Keough, a Pomona High School outfielder, had been given a $100,000 bonus contract by the Boston Red Sox. In one of his last games for El Monte, Albie had struck out Keough three times and held him hitless. "I got three hits in that game myself," Albie remembers.

A year later, when they both wound up playing the outfield in the minors for San Jose, Pearson outhit Keough. When they were on the same San Francisco team in 1957, Pearson outhit Keough again. As was mentioned earlier, the Senators first asked for Keough in the 1958 deal which brought them Pearson. Albie became a fixture at Washington, while Marty hit only .220 in sixty-eight games with Boston last year.

Getting back to the summer of 1952, when the baseball scouts were rejecting Pearson as too small, some of the college-football scouts did display interest in Albie. California State Polytechnic and Oregon's Pacific University—not major football powers—both offered him full scholarships. Little Eddie LeBaron's feats for College of the Pacific had made them small-player minded. They wanted Albie as a specialist, to do the kicking, run back punts and scoot with flanker passes as he had for El Monte High.

Albie scorned the football offers. He got a $250-a-month job pitching semipro ball in Mason City, Iowa, that summer, and then went back to California and a bright new world. Baseball scouts now were ringing his doorbell.

"All of us little guys were suddenly getting a great break," Albie says. "Bobby Shantz made us more important when he won twenty-four games for the Philadelphia Athletics that year. Stories began to come out that Shantz wasn't even five-seven, like the books said. And he didn't weigh one hundred fifty pounds, only one hundred thirty-eight. The same scouts who gave me the brush in the spring were coming around to the house now."

The Pittsburgh Pirates made overtures to Albie. So did the Brooklyn Dodgers and the St. Louis Browns, as well as San Diego, of the Pacific Coast League. "I got excited and asked for a one-thousand-dollar bonus, and they all turned me down like I had insulted them," Albie recalls. "If I flopped, none of them would want to admit they gave a kid my size any kind of a bonus. But they would take me for nothing. Then if I flopped they could say, 'Oh, well, we never were serious about that midget.'"

Finally Tom Downey, a Red Sox operative, persuaded Pearson to sign a contract at no bonus and take an assignment to the San Jose club in the California League at $225 a month.

His first problem at San Jose was getting a uniform. The club had nothing close to Albie's size. Eventually Albie took the field wearing uniform No. 0. It was pre-empted from the San Jose bat boy, who never got it back.

Pitcher Albie Pearson—who really wanted to play the outfield—never pitched a game for San Jose. A delay in shipment of talent from the Red Sox left the club with a shortage of outfielders on opening day, and Albie volunteered to fill in. They never got him out of there. He was second in team hitting and led in runs scored. He batted .334, threw out fourteen base runners and was named to the league's all-star team.

Pearson is remembered as a California Leaguer by Dario Lodigiani, former Athletics and White Sox infielder, who in midseason of 1953 took over as manager of the Ventura team. On a day when Ventura was playing San Jose, and Albie came up, with the tying run on second and first base open, he was fed two deliberately wide pitches. Lodigiani dashed from the dugout to confer with Harry Higgins, the Ventura pitcher.

"You walking that office boy?" Lodigiani demanded. When Higgins said that Pearson wasn't a man he wanted to pitch to in that kind of situation, Lodigiani was furious. "You walk him and it will cost you fifty," he told his pitcher.

With that threat, Lodigiani headed back to the dugout. He had scarcely crossed the foul line when he heard the crack of Albie Pearson's first home run in organized baseball.

The next winter Albie married Helen Zaha, a dimpled Rumanian-American lass, in the same El Monte church where they had first met as worshipers. The wedding vocalist was tardy, so Pearson, who had been the only male in a high-school singing group called Four Sharps and a Flat, blithely pinch-hit for him.

Albie was promoted in 1954 to the Red Sox' Class A farm at Albany in the Eastern League. He batted a disappointing .269. However, he had a bright .305 year at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1955. This brought him a shot with the top Red Sox farm team, San Francisco, in 1956. Although he hit .297 in thirty-one games, he was then shunted for the rest of the season to Oklahoma City in the Texas League. There he became all-everything—the league's batting champion with .371, and its most valuable player.

The Red Sox reinstalled Albie in their San Francisco outfield in 1957. He stuck this time, hit .297 and had high hopes that at last they would call him up to the majors. They didn't. In desperation Pearson telephoned Joe Cronin in Boston to ask if he would ever get a chance. "We're thinking of you," Cronin said.

In January of 1958, Western Union phoned the Pearson house with a telegram from Boston. Albie heard the operator recite, "We hereby assign your contract outright"—and sickened at what sounded like a new shuffle in the minor leagues. Then he heard the operator go on—"to the Washington Senators. Good Luck. Joe Cronin."

Albie wasn't particular which entrance he used to the big leagues. However, in the Senators' camp, he was somewhat dismayed to learn that they expected him to play center field.

Later on Pearson declared, "I couldn't tell Cookie Lavagetto then what I can say now, because I would have tackled any job, but I always played right field. Center field was bad for me. My view of the plate from center field is blocked by the pitching mound because I'm so short. But I've been making out pretty good."

In 1958 the only other real candidate for the Senators' center-field job was Whitey Herzog, a rookie flop of the previous season. Albie hit a miserable .234 in the exhibition games, while Herzog to all appearances won the job with a fancy .357 average. However, Lavagetto played a hunch and started Albie in the season's opener in April. With rare interruptions, Pearson was there to stay. By mid-May Herzog had been waived to Kansas City.

This spring Lavagetto did not respect Albie's preference for right field and reinstalled him in center. "He played center good enough for me last year," said Lavagetto, "and nobody is threatening his job." There was another kind of threat to Albie's job, however. In mid-March he developed a mild hernia. He scorned an operation, and the club physician outfitted him with a truss. In the season's opener against Baltimore, Albie legged out a bunt, stole a base, and twice scampered to the distant fences to haul in fly balls. "Maybe I should have worn this truss last year," Albie said happily. For the next couple of weeks the base hits just weren't dropping for him, but he continued to move around with his accustomed freedom.

Albie left as little as possible to chance last year. Umpire Bill Summers relates, "He introduced himself to all of us umpires early in the season to explain that his strike zone was different from the ordinary player's. He was most respectful, and we could not take offense."

One day fast-baller Early Wynn sent Pearson into the dirt with a high hard one under the chin. Regaining his feet, Albie turned to the umpire as if complaining.

"Get back in there, mouse!" Wynn yelled. "I couldn't hit you if I tried."

Afterward Pearson said, "Wynn had me wrong. I wasn't squawking to anybody. Fact is, I was feeling pretty proud about the whole thing. I used to dream of the day when I'd be important enough to be thrown at by a big-league pitcher."

In his first Yankee Stadium appearance, Albie was informally introduced to the memorial statues erected to Yankee heroes Babe Ruth, Miller Huggins and Lou Gehrig in deep center field. He found himself in their midst while tracking down a tremendous wallop Mickey Mantle had hit over his head.

Retrieving the ball, Pearson had to delay his throw. He was too short to see over the statues. Shortstop Rocky Bridges, who had gone out to handle the relay, was yelling impatiently at him. The story goes that Bridges screamed to Albie out there among the statues, "Hey, one of you guys throw the ball in!"

The fun-loving Bridges—since traded to Detroit—said of Pearson on another occasion, "Warming up with Albie is very relaxing. It makes you feel as though you're throwing downhill."

At a $7000 salary, lowest among the club's regulars last year, Albie played alongside Roy Sievers, the highest-paid Senator at $36,000. They collided once in left-center, and Albie said, "I hope some of your bargaining power rubbed off on me." He needed it when he settled into 1959 contract negotiations with Calvin Griffith, after picking up an extra $3500 in winter ball in Cuba. Pearson, who now has a wife and three daughters to support, finally settled for an $11,000 contract.

Big man Sievers did his best to build little Albie's morale last year when Pearson was grabbed by a dismal slump in early June. He was hearing his erstwhile pals, the bleacher fans, grumble and yell, "Back to the Little League, Albie."

"Don't listen to them," Sievers told Pearson. "These are the same guys who were telling me a year ago, when I was leading this league in homers, not to sign another contract for less than sixty thousand dollars. Now I hear 'em yelling, 'Sievers, you're overpaid.'"

Pearson's slump continued. Finally Lavagetto had to bench him when his average dipped into the .230's. Albie said to his manager, "I don't blame you. I'm just a freak. I've been getting all this publicity on account of my size. Thanks for giving me a good shot at it, skipper."

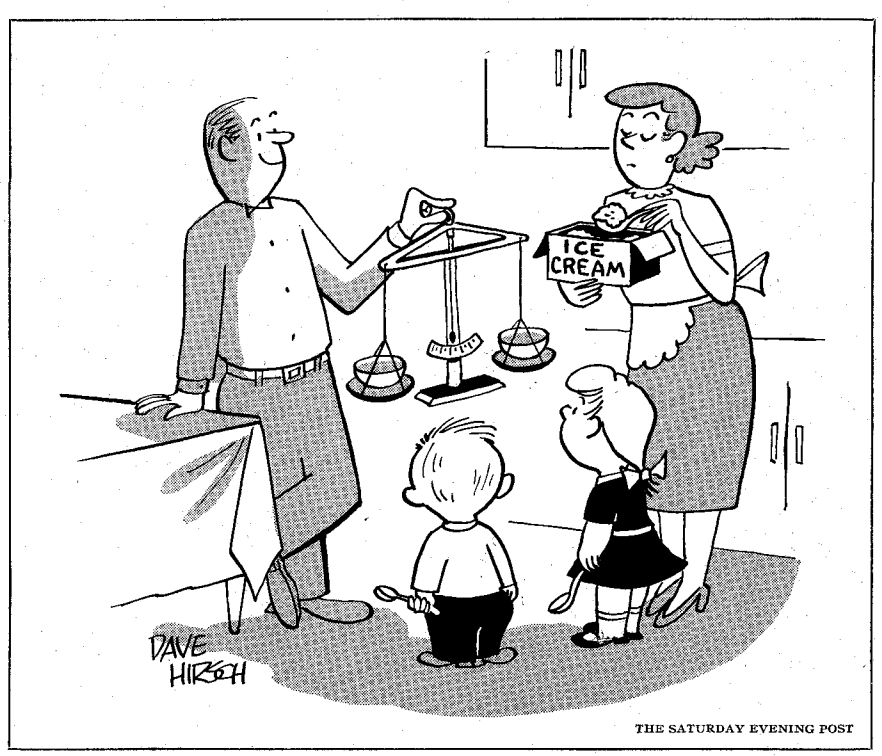
Whereupon Lavagetto told Albie, "Shut up. You want to be spanked? You're in a slump, that's all. You showed me a lot. You're still a big-leaguer. Now behave like big-leaguer." Within a week Pearson was back in there.

There are many rookies who start off with a flourish, then can't buy a base hit after the pitchers have had a chance to find their weaknesses. In Pearson's case the process was reversed. Albie seemingly learned more about American League pitchers than they learned about him. In the last ninety-one games of the season he batted an even .300, to bring his average up to .275.

At the finish he was still politely telling newspaper and radio interviewers, "Sir, I feel very grateful to the Washington club for having given me this chance."

Only once has he been known to display a bit of impatience with an interviewer. This was when a radioman suggested, "Albie, there could be some way in which your lack of size is an advantage, perhaps?"

Pearson just looked at the fellow for a moment. "Well," he said, "I never hit my head on the dugout roof, if that's what you mean." THE END



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Now FRAM offers Filters for air conditioning and heating systems. Write for name of nearest distributor.

OIL AIR FUEL WATER

The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

(Continued from Page 43)

twelve-twenty Ringbolt Avenue in Terra Vista.

"The cabin is heated with an oil stove, but the cooking stove burns wood. Apparently Manly had been up there for brief intervals for several months. At first he'd gone around and rustled up what wood he could, using dead branches and sawing up a few fallen logs; then he drove into Atkins' place and made arrangements to buy a cord of wood."

"Good work, Paul," Mason said.

Mason drove with swift skill through the traffic. At length he turned the car and said, "This is Ringbolt Avenue—it's a good-looking neighborhood."

Street lights at the corner showed the house numbers in hundreds painted on the street signs, and Mason ran quickly to the twelve-hundred block.

"This looks like the place," Drake said. "The one over on the right, Perry, third from the corner."

"There's a light on," Mason said. "I guess somebody's at home."

"It'll be our luck to have the police there ahead of us," Drake groaned.

"No police cars," Mason said. "So far, so good."

He eased his car to a stop and led the way up to the porch and rang the bell.

After a moment, a woman who would have been strikingly beautiful in different surroundings came to the door. Her brunet hair was stringy, her blue slacks were old and faded and her short-sleeved blouse was opened deep at the throat. She was wearing rubber gloves.

"Good evening," Mason said. "Does Mr. Manly live here?"

"That's right."

"We'd like to see him."

"He isn't here."

"Can you tell me where I can reach him?"

"Tucson."

"Can you tell us where he is staying there?"

"No. Probably a motel. He'll stay one place one time and another place another."

"I gather, then, he makes rather frequent trips?"

"You gather a lot, don't you?"

Mason smiled affably. "You're Mrs. Manly?"

"That's right."

"I'm Perry Mason, a lawyer. This is Della Street, my confidential secretary, and Mr. Drake."

"You're Perry Mason, the lawyer!" she exclaimed.

"That's right."

"Well, for heaven's sake! What in the world brings you out here? Well, don't stand there. Come on in. Now why in the world would you want to see Josh?"

"He may be a witness," Mason said.

"Well, come on in and sit down. I was just cleaning up the kitchen. Things are a mess and I'm a mess, but do come in and sit down. What's he a witness to, Mr. Mason?" She stripped off the rubber gloves and shook hands with each of them in turn. "Do sit down and make yourselves at home—you would have to catch me looking like this!"

She laughed nervously, glanced at her hands self-consciously; then, as she noticed the smudged finger tips, hastily put the rubber gloves back on.

Mason caught Della Street's eye and shook his head, indicating she was not to take notes. He waited until they were settled comfortably in chairs in the compact living room.

"What business is your husband in, Mrs. Manly?"

"He's a sharpshooter."

Mason raised his eyebrows.

"Buys and sells and makes deals."

"What sort of deals?"

"Heavens, I don't know. I don't ask him about his business, and he doesn't ask me what I put in the dishes I cook. He brings home the money, and I keep the house."

"Was your husband ever in trouble?" Mason asked.

She looked at him sharply. "Now what makes you ask that question?"

"I'm just trying to get information."

"Well, you'd better ask him about that."

"I want to. Now, can you tell me when he left for Tucson?"

"This is Monday. He left—let's see—Wednesday."

"That was Wednesday of this last week, the fourth?"

"Yes."

"Was he driving a car?"

"Yes."

"His own car?"

"That's right."

"A jeep, is it?"

"A jeep? Heavens, no. It's a big sedan. He doesn't have any jeep. What gave you that idea?"

"Somehow I gathered the impression he was making mining deals," Mason said smoothly. "In that case I reasoned he'd be driving a car he could use on the highway or in the desert, and so I quite naturally thought of a jeep."

She laughed. "It was fine reasoning if you hadn't got off on the wrong foot at the start, Mr. Mason. I don't think Josh ever dabbles in mining deals. He goes in for quickies—you know, the sort of deals where he can get a quick turnover on his money.

"Frankly, I don't know too much about his business, and I don't want to know too much. I know he always has cash available and he buys for cash and sells for —— Say, maybe I'm talking too much—I've heard so much about Perry Mason I sort of feel you're one of the family."

"Thank you," Mason said. "Has your husband been making frequent trips to Tucson?"

"He's out all the time, working on deals. I never know when he's going or when he's coming."

"How does he get a line on these deals of his?" Mason asked.

"He has friends that keep him posted. The phone will ring and he'll go out, maybe for a day, maybe two or three days. Sometimes I know where he is and sometimes I don't."

"He doesn't call you up long-distance?"

"Why should he?" she asked. "He knows where I am. He knows what I'm doing. I don't always know what he's doing, but—well, he's a man. He travels and lives out in the world. I'm a housekeeper. I stay home and take care of the place."

"Do you have a car when you're staying home, for shopping and things?"

She nodded. "I guess you'd call it a car. It runs, gets me down to the market

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Experience is the difference between keeping your chin up and sticking it out.

G. NORMAN COLLIE

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and back. Say, you're asking lots of questions."

Mason laughed affably. "Well, a lawyer has to, you know."

"Yes, I suppose so." She turned to Paul Drake. "What do you do?"

"Drake's an investigator," Mason said.

"He works for you?"

"Sometimes."

"Private detective?" she asked.

Mason nodded.

"Well, you must have something in mind, coming out here. Ask me; maybe I can tell you."

"Do you know your husband's friends and acquaintances?" Mason asked.

"The folks next door and—my husband is away a lot and we don't have any social life, to speak of."

"How about his business acquaintances?"

She motioned toward the telephone. "About all I know is that the telephone rings and somebody wants him."

Mason thought for a moment, then said, "I'm going to ask you a personal question, Mrs. Manly."

She laughed. "That's all you've been doing ever since you walked in."

"Does the telephone ring and people want your husband when he's not here?"

"Heavens, Mr. Mason, how would they know he was here if they didn't telephone?"

"I was just wondering," Mason said. "You get a good many calls, then, when he isn't here, and ——"

He broke off at the look on her face.

"Well, now, that's funny," she said.

Mason waited.

"Come to think of it," she went on, "when he's here, the phone is ringing all the time. People are calling up and wanting to talk with him. When he isn't here, the phone hardly ever rings."

"These people that talk with him," Mason said, "are they men or women?"

"I don't know," she said. "He answers the phone when he's here—oh, once in a while, if he's busy on something, I'll answer the phone, but he doesn't like to have me do it. He usually takes the calls himself."

"Men or women?"

"Men mostly. Why?"

"I was just wondering," Mason said. "Usually a wife is a little more curious about her husband's business."

"I'm not. His business is his business."

"Even when a woman calls up?" Mason asked.

"It's business," she said. "Josh is a live wire. If some woman makes a play for him, he'll brush her off unless there's an angle. And if there's an angle, he'll turn it into money. That man has the sharpest mind I've ever seen. He hears some casual remark, and the first thing you know he's out buying and selling."

"Does he hold property and ——"

"Not Josh," she interrupted. "He handles everything for a quick turnover. He doesn't try to get rich on any one deal, but we get by all right. He keeps turning things over and he deals for cash."

"Do you know if he's acquainted with any writers?" Mason asked.

"Writers?"

Mason nodded.

"Heavens, no! At least I don't suppose so, Mr. Mason. I don't ask him about his business. If he wants to tell me anything, he can tell me. If I wanted to know anything, I'd wait until he did tell me."

"Do you know if he ever goes up in the mountains?"

"In the mountains?"

"Yes."

"You mean just to stay?"

"Camping," Mason said.

"Heavens, no. Josh is the poorest camper on earth. He wants comforts. Why in the world would he go camping, Mr. Mason? He can't do any business out camping. I've told you he isn't interested in mining deals."

"I'm just trying to get a line on his personal habits," Mason said. "Now do you have any pictures of him—photographs?"

Her eyes narrowed. "I have a picture or two, but—look here, Mr. Mason, I don't think Josh would like to have me give you a whole lot of information."

"It might save a lot of trouble," Mason said. "Or, I'll put it this way; it might save a lot of time. You see, Mrs. Manly, I'll be frank. I don't know whether your husband is the man I'm looking for or not."

"But you know the man you're looking for?"

"Yes."

"Can you describe him?"

Mason glanced at Paul Drake.

Drake took a notebook from his pocket. "About five feet ten, chestnut hair, about a hundred and seventy-five pounds," Drake said.

She shook her head emphatically.

"No?" Drake asked.

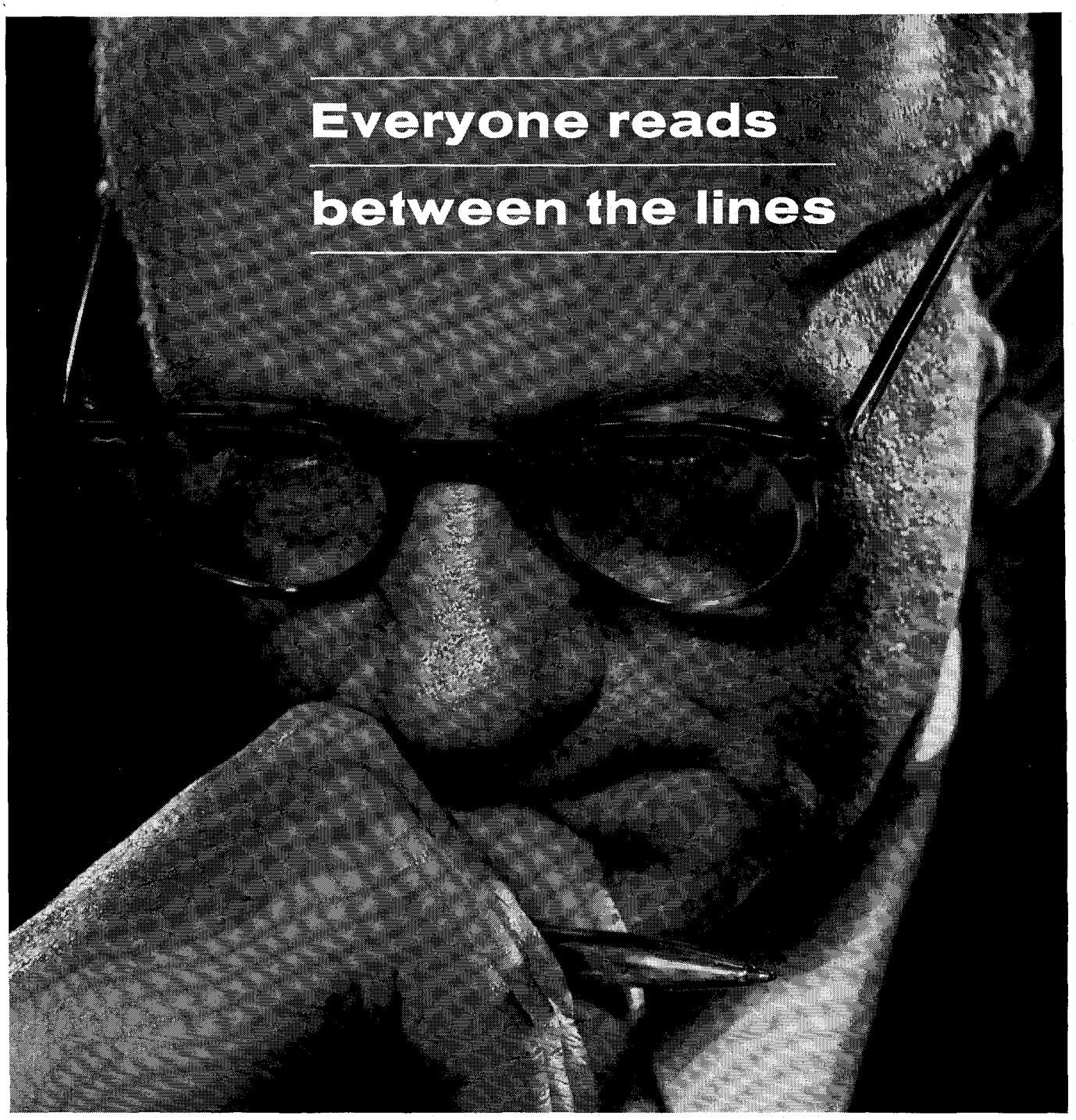
"That doesn't fit my husband at all. He's six feet one, he weighs—I think it's a hundred and eighty pounds, and he has rather light hair."

"Well, of course," Drake said, glancing at Mason, "you can expect a certain number of mistakes in a description. . . . How old is your husband, ma'am?"

"Thirty-two."

Drake sighed and shook his head. "The man we're looking for is at least fifty."

Her laugh showed a certain amount of relief. "Well, my husband is thirty-two,



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and he's built like an athlete. He looks like a football star."

"It's strange that there'd be such a coincidence on names," Mason said. "Did your husband say anything to you about seeing an accident at Pico and Western about five or six days ago? That, I guess, would be just before he left for Arizona."

"Not a word. Was anybody hurt?"

"A car tried to make a left turn without a signal," Mason said. "It was a pretty bad smashup."

"Where would my husband have been? In one of the cars that was hit?"

"No, two cars behind."

"Did anyone talk with him?"

"No one talked with him," Mason said, "but he chatted briefly with a bystander, told the bystander his name was Manly and that his first name was Joe. He said he'd seen the whole thing, and then traffic was cleared and he jumped back in his car, drove around the wreckage and sped away. We'd like to find that witness very much indeed."

"I suppose you're running down all the Joe Manlys in the city."

"We certainly thought we were on the right trail here," Mason said.

"Well, I'm sorry. You've drawn a blank."

"When do you expect your husband back?"

"I don't know. He's usually gone four or five days when he goes to Arizona, sometimes a week. I don't think he's ever stayed longer than a week."

"Then he'll be back by Wednesday or Thursday?"

"I think so, but I'm certain he's not the man you're after."

"Well, thank you," Mason said.

They left the place, and she stood in the doorway watching them.

It wasn't until after they were in the car with the motor started that Mason said to Paul Drake, "How about the description, Paul? Does it tally?"

"He's the guy, all right," Drake said. "The body is that of a man around thirty to thirty-three, the height is six feet one, the weight is a hundred and eighty-nine pounds; he has light hair, blue eyes."

Mason sighed. "All right, Paul, we know the corpse. Now we've got to find out everything we can about him."

"And using the information his wife gave us as a starting point, that's going to be a real chore," Drake said.

"How much time do you suppose we have?" Mason asked.

Drake said musingly, "We haven't any time. If he's thirty-two, he's done military duty somewhere. They'll have his fingerprints. Tragg'll be out here any minute now."

"And when he arrives," Della Street said, "and finds that you have been there—well, Tragg will be wondering how you made the identification."

"We'll have to tell him sooner or later," Mason said, "or he'll think my client gave me a tip."

"Business in Arizona," Drake said thoughtfully.

"About a week at a trip," Mason observed. "Goes down there frequently—what's the best guess on that, Paul?" He drove in silence.

"Well," Drake said, "you know what it means, Perry—women."

Mason said thoughtfully, "Let's keep it in the singular and say woman, Paul, but let's not jump at conclusions. Start some men looking around in Arizona—and we've got to talk with your man who got the information. Where is he?"

"Right at present he's up at the camp and picnic ground," Drake said. "His name's Kelton. I told him to go up there and wait. He has a jeep."

"Good work, Paul. How much of a drive is it up to the campsite?"

"Not much. The road's surfaced that far. We can make it within half an hour from here."

"Eats?" Della Street asked.

"Later," Mason said. "Let's go, Paul."

Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake found Kelton waiting at the Pine Glen campsite. "Can we get up to that cabin?" Mason asked, after Drake had performed the introductions.

"Sure," Kelton said, "if you want to ride in my jeep. You can probably make it with your car, but the jeep is a sure-thing bet."

"All right," Mason told him, "take us up there. I want to look around. How about the police?"

"They've left," Kelton said. "They've fingerprinted everything, photographed everything and were finished with the place by three o'clock this afternoon."

They crowded into Kelton's jeep, and Kelton eased the car into motion.

"Got plenty of gas?" Mason asked.

"Nearly full," Kelton said.

"How long will it take?" Mason asked.

"Not long. It's only a mile and a half from the campground to the cabin."

Kelton put the car into the lower gear ratio and left the shifting lever in high. The car twisted its way up the road. Kelton fought the steering wheel over the slick places, kept the wheels churning steadily through the soft places, never applying too much pressure on the gasoline pedal, but keeping the car moving at steady speed.

"You've evidently done quite a bit of mountain driving," Mason ventured, studying Kelton.

"Lots of it," Kelton admitted. "I like it."

They were silent for a few moments; then Kelton swung the car sharply to the left and said, "This is the best place to park—there's been a lot of traffic here. The cabin is about a hundred and fifty yards farther up the road. Some of this ground is still pretty soft. Miss Street is going to get her shoes muddy."

"Perhaps you'd better wait here, Della," Mason told her.

"Not even if I have to buy new shoes," she said.

She flung open the door of the car and jumped to the ground. "Come on, let's go—and quit worrying about my feet."

Kelton had a small fountain-pen flashlight, and he used this to light the way up the road.

The weather had cleared and the stars were blazing steadily down through the pure mountain air. There were a few rather soft places in the road, but it had dried out somewhat and the brawling stream down in the canyon was the only real reminder of the storm.

They worked their way up to the cabin, and Kelton said, "Now, we can get in this window—this is the south side. It's a window that opens on the bedroom where the crime was committed."

"Now, look, Perry," Paul Drake said, "I don't know just where we stand on this. Do we have any right to go into that house?"

"Not a bit," Mason admitted cheerfully. "Who owns the cabin?"

"I don't know."

"Who's living here?"

"Apparently no one. According to the police, someone has it rented, but no one has been really living here. They keep blankets on the beds and pillow slips on the pillows. Evidently it is some sort of an overnight rendezvous."

"Love nest?" Mason asked.

"Hard to tell," Kelton said. "Police just aren't satisfied. They think they'll find out a lot more when they identify the corpse. Apparently he spent some time here.

"There were quite a few canned provisions on the shelves, but there's no refrigeration and everything in the line of food is canned. There's coffee, powdered cream, sugar, canned butter—a fair supply of hooch—everything a party would need for a weekend."

"Fingerprints?" Mason asked.

"Very few. The humidity was bad. They got some prints, I understand, but not very many and not any that were any good."

"How about the discarded bottles and cans?" Mason asked.

"There aren't any. Apparently they were all hauled down to the picnic ground and put in the trash containers there.

"In short, the cabin is something of a mystery, but (*Continued on Page 100*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Harold would rather fish than eat."

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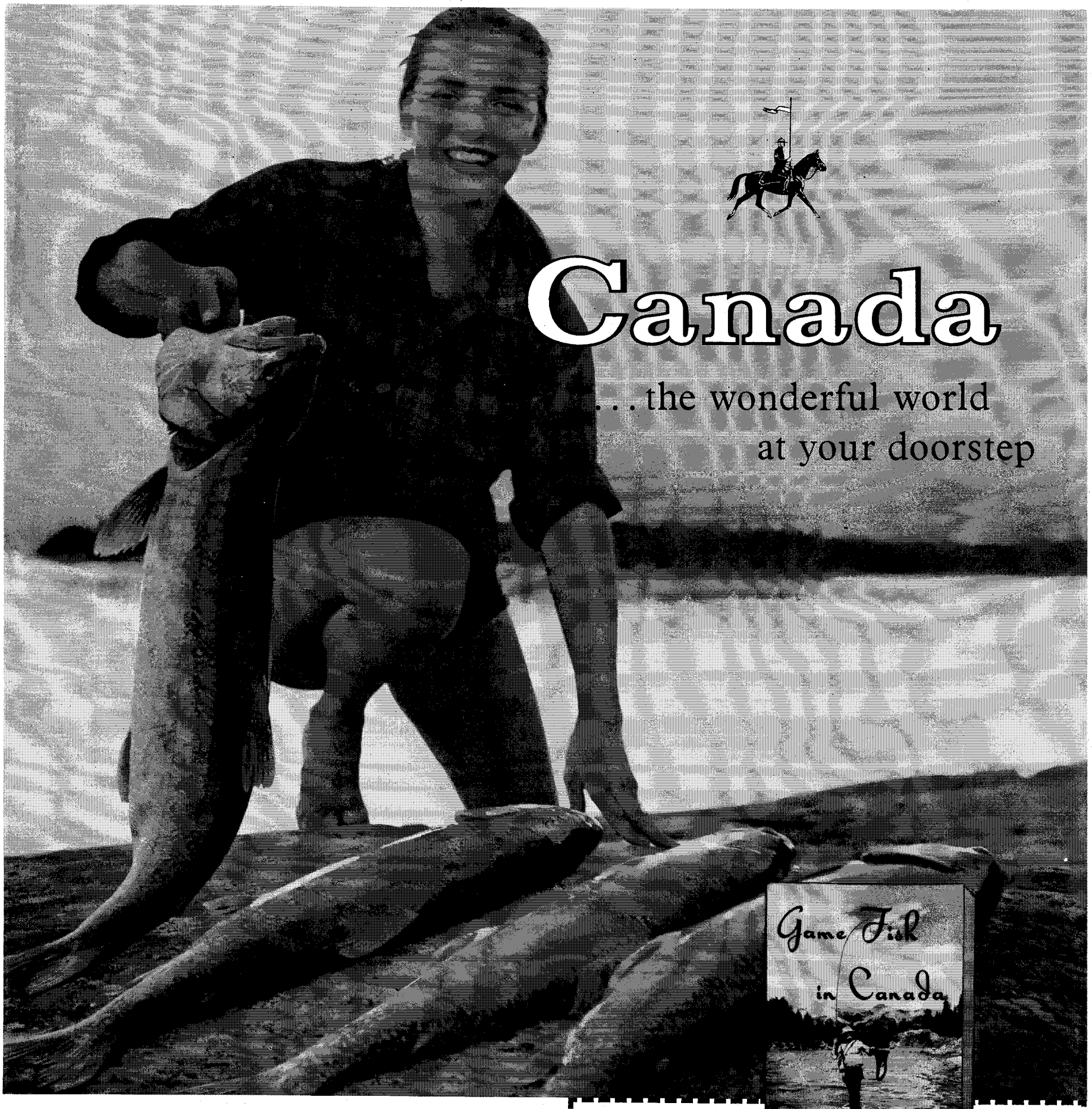

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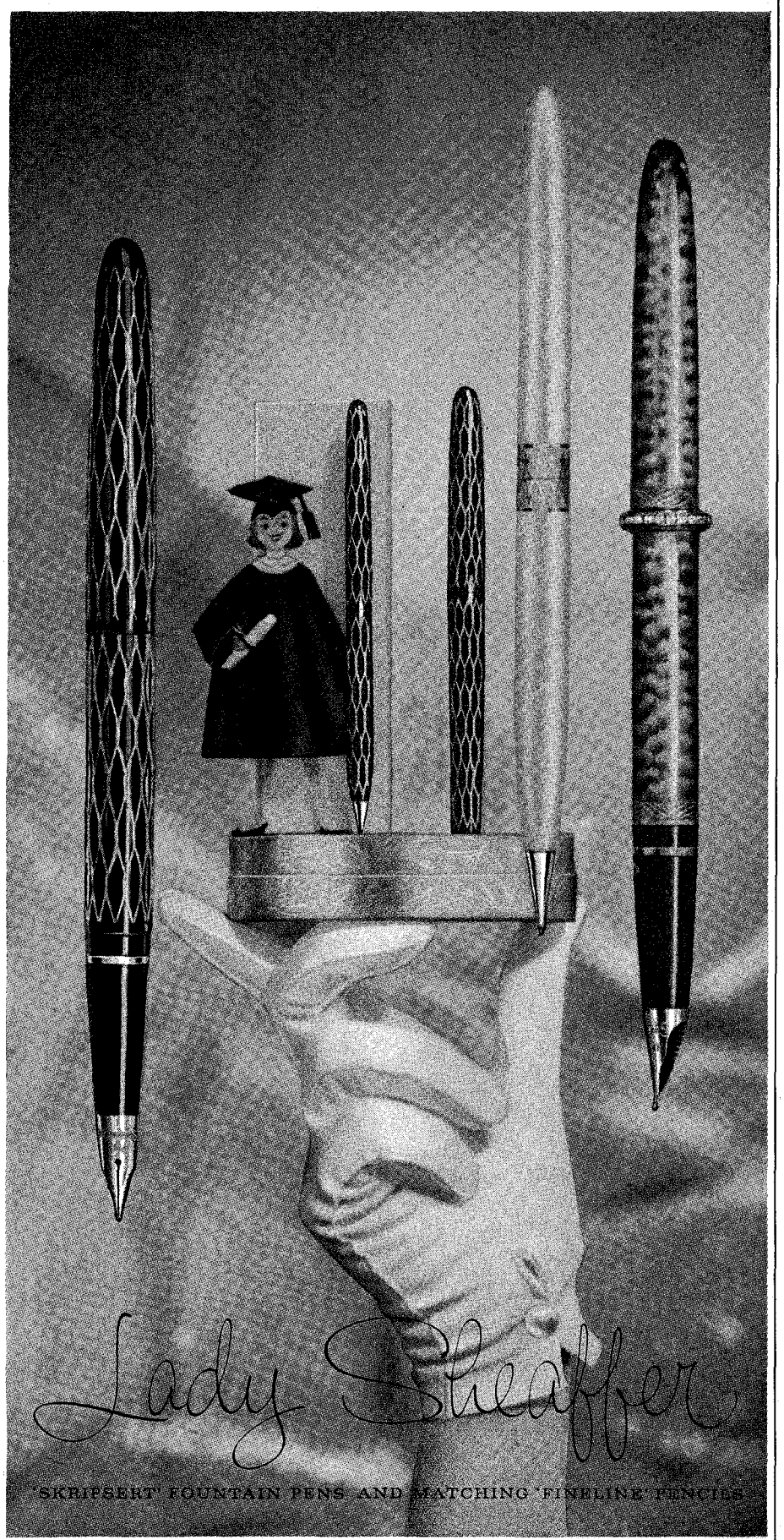

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(*Continued from Page 98*) police are working on it. They hope to have something soon."

"I think that, under the circumstances, we can take a look inside," Mason said. "I'm representing a young woman who's accused of committing a murder here. I might be guilty of trespass, but—well, I want to take a look around. How did you say we get in?"

"This bedroom window. There's no lock on it," Kelton said. "It works with gravity. You just push the window up and prop it with something."

"Got something to prop it with?" Mason asked.

"There was a stick around here in the mud somewhere," Kelton said, "standing before the window on the south side—*wait a minute, here it is.*"

He stooped, picked up the stick, raised the window, propped the stick under the sash. "Just the right length," he said. "Want to go in?"

"I'm going in," Mason said. "Give me a boost up so I can get my foot over the sill." He crawled in through the window.

Della Street laughed nervously. "Give me your hands, chief, and let Paul give me a boost. I'm coming in too."

She scrambled in through the window. Drake followed suit, and then Kelton, with the aid of the others, was pulled through the window.

"Lights?" Kelton asked.

"How's your flashlight? The batteries fresh?" Mason asked.

"The batteries are fresh, and I have spare batteries in my pocket."

"All right. We'll use your light," Mason said. "We won't use the lights in the place."

"Here's where the body was lying," Kelton pointed out, the beam of his flashlight showing a sinister red stain on the rough pine boards. "Now you notice these beds have no sheets, but there are nice, clean blankets. There are pillow slips and they're clean.

"There's an oil tank out there and a stove which works with a gravity oil feed and warms the place. There's a fireplace in addition to that, and then there's a wood-burning cookstove. The other bedroom is back here, and the bathroom is between the living room and this other bedroom. The bedroom on the south opens into the living room."

"You've been in here before?" Drake asked.

"Sure," Kelton said. "I cased the place."

"How thoroughly did you search?" Mason asked.

"I didn't search. I just looked the place over to get the lay of the land. I was trying to find something that would give me a line on the person who owned the place."

They moved around through the rooms, their steps echoing in the grim silence of the cabin.

"What's up here?" Mason asked, standing by the kitchen stove and pointing to a cupboard which was closed off with sliding doors.

"A cupboard with lots of canned provisions," Kelton said. "I understand the officers found a beautiful new teakettle up there—stainless steel and copper-bottomed. The teakettle on the stove is a big aluminum kettle that they evidently kept full of water whenever there was a fire in the cooking stove. That other teakettle apparently hadn't ever been used."

Mason slid back the panel doors. The beam of the flashlight showed the shelves, illuminating a rather nondescript array of containers of different sizes bearing labels printed on them—FLOUR, SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, MATCHES, and row after row of canned goods.

"Where's that teakettle you were talking about?" Mason asked. "The new stainless-steel one?"

"I think they found something on it," Kelton said. "They took it to headquarters."

"What would a new teakettle be doing up there?" Mason asked.

"That's the point," Kelton said. "I understand it was a new kettle that apparently had never had any use. Now, all these other pots and pans and stuff represent an assortment of battered equipment which probably has been with the cabin ever since it was built."

They looked the place over, then crawled out through the window. "How about underneath the house?" Mason asked. "*Anything under there?*"

"Just an assortment of junk," Kelton said. "The place is built on a pretty good slope. On the east the distance between the floor of the cabin and the ground is enough so a person can stand up without hitting his head. It's a mess under there, an old casing or two, some junk, a few boxes and stuff like that. On the west the floor is within two and a half feet of the ground. That board is loose. You pull it back and you can get under."

"Let me have your flashlight," Mason said. "I'll take a look."

The lawyer pulled back the loose board and eased his way under the house, prowled around, sending the beam of the flashlight darting this way and that, presently emerged carrying a can marked COFFEE.

"It's like that one in the cabin," Della said.

Mason examined the can. "It is, for a fact."

He used a handkerchief, so that he would leave no fingerprints, and took the top off the can.

Mason held the flashlight over the can, then gingerly lifted a cloth out of the interior. "There's something heavy in this cloth," he said.

"That's a woman's scarf," Della Street said.

Mason lifted out the printed silk scarf. "Oh-oh," he said.

"What?" Drake asked.

"A scarf with the traditional three monkeys, see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil," Mason said. "Now what's this?"

He lifted the cloth from the can. There was a sag in the bottom of the scarf where something heavy had been deposited.

Mason unfolded the scarf. "Well, well, well," he said, "a box of twenty-two-caliber long-rifle shells."

He took the cover off the box, looked at the shells neatly arranged in rows.

"Some missing," Drake said.

Mason nodded, counted the shells, said, "Seven missing."

"That accounts for it," Kelton said. "Those are the same shells that were used in the murder, all right. The gun held seven. There were six in the magazine. One had been fired and ejected."

Mason thoughtfully replaced the cover on the cartridge box, put the cartridge box back in the scarf, folded it all together and dropped it in his pocket. Then he replaced the cover on the coffee can, still taking care to leave no fingerprints, and replaced the coffee can under the house where he had found it.

"Now what are you going to do with that stuff?" Drake asked.

"I don't know," Mason admitted at length. "I'm going to evaluate it."

"That's evidence, Perry. You've got to turn it in."

"Evidence of what?"

"Evidence of a murder."

"They don't need any evidence of a murder," Mason said. "They've proved the murder. They've got the corpse."

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"You know what I mean. It's evidence linking someone with the murder."

"Who?"

"I'm not making any guesses," Drake said. "However, the police will."

Mason thought for a moment, then said, "The police aren't going to know anything about this, Paul, at least for a while. I want you folks to promise that you'll say nothing about this to anyone."

"We can't," Kelton blurted.

"Why not?"

"That would be suppressing evidence."

Mason said, "You simply keep your mouth shut. I'll take all the responsibility. Say you're acting on my orders."

Kelton started to say something, then checked himself.

"Perry, you can't do it," Drake pleaded. "This is hot stuff."

Mason nodded. "I've got to do it, Paul. I'll take all the responsibility."

"Well, O.K.," Drake yielded with poor grace. "Kelton, don't say a word about this to anyone."

"Come on," Mason said, "let's get out of here."

Returning to the city, Della Street said, "I suppose there are rather late but satisfying eats in the offing."

"Your supposition is entirely correct," Mason said. "I think we're making progress. I'd like to keep one jump ahead of the police, but we certainly are going to eat."

Paul Drake smacked his lips. "Now this," he said, "is something I like. Usually you and Della Street are out in one of the fine restaurants enjoying a thick steak, while I'm sitting in the office with a hamburger in one hand and a telephone in the other. The hamburger is soggy by the time I get it. By the time I'm half through, the bun has turned into a paste. I'm still hungry, but I can't go the rest of it and I throw it away.

"Tonight, knowing that I'm eating on an expense account, I'm going to give my stomach the surprise of its life. I'm going to have a jumbo shrimp cocktail, consommé, a salad with anchovies across the top, a thick steak medium rare, lyonnaise potatoes, the best red wine that they have in the house, a side dish of creamed onions and some hot apple pie à la mode."

"Don't," Della Street begged; "you're giving my mind St. Vitus's dance trying to count calories."

"Don't count them at a time like this," Drake told her. "When you're eating on an expense account with a client who usually keeps you on a diet of soggy hamburgers and lukewarm coffee, you want to go the limit."

"How about the Golden Fleece?" Mason asked Della Street, while Drake was still engaged in his mental drooling.

"Fine," Della Street said.

"It's only a few minutes from here," Mason told her.

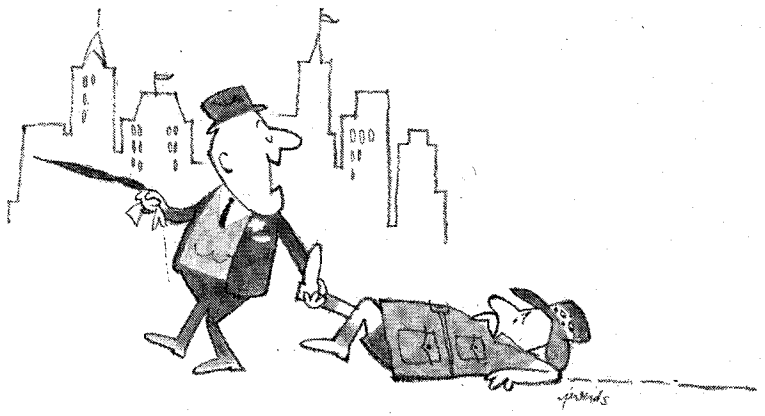
"Then what?" Della Street asked.

"Probably," Mason said, "we call it a night. There's not a great deal we can do at the moment. Tomorrow, if I can find any opportunity for sabotaging the case the police have worked up against Gladys Doyle, I'll file a writ of habeas corpus. I'll insist either they charge her or let her go. They won't want to charge her with the evidence they now have—at least, I don't think so."

Mason drove to the Golden Fleece and surrendered his car to a parking attendant. A deferential headwaiter greeted Mason obsequiously.

"A table for three?" Mason asked.

"There is always a table for Perry Mason," the headwaiter said.



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At the Bronx Zoo, Sam became almost lyrical. Trotting his now-weary guest from cage to cage, he named the animals, carefully explained how rare each was. "Yes, sir," he said finally. "Right here you see the world's finest collection of wild animals."

"Of course, old boy," his guest agreed. "We ship you our animals, you know."

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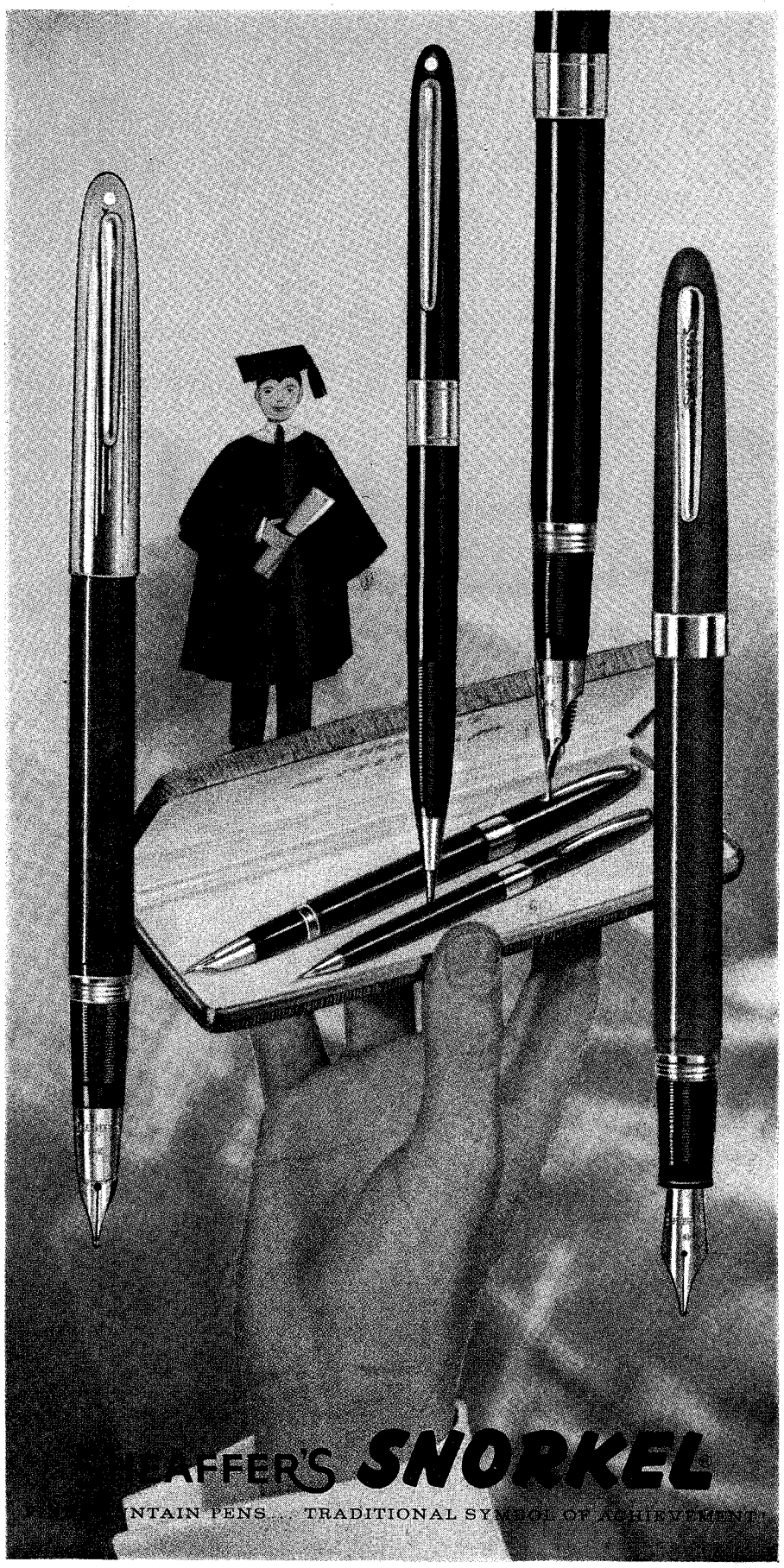

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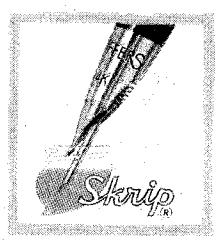

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He seated them at a table near the dance floor, summoned a waiter and directed him to take good care of Mason and his party.

"You wish drinks before seeing the menu?" the waiter asked.

Mason glanced at Della Street, nodded, said, "Bring a manhattan for the lady.... What do you want, Paul?"

"A double manhattan, sweet," Drake said.

"I'll take a rum cocktail," Mason said, "and then you can bring the menu."

"Now wait a minute," Drake said. "I have a horrible hunch about this thing. I would prefer to give my order right now. I don't need any menu, and I know what you and Della are going to eat—I have a hunch we may have to bolt this meal, even if we're going to get it at all."

Mason's eyes narrowed thoughtfully as he thought about what Drake had said. "Hold everything for a minute, waiter.... Call your office, Paul. Let them know where we are and see if there's a report on anything urgent."

"You wait right there," Drake said to the waiter. "I'll be back and confirm that order."

Drake started for the phone booth, and the waiter said to Mason and Della Street, "I'll bring the menus. Shall I bring the drinks now?"

"Hold the drinks," Mason said, "until he gets back from the phone, but you can bring the menus."

Mason smiled across at Della Street. "Paul can't believe he's really going to relax and have some good food. Usually he's chained down to that office of his."

The waiter brought menus. Mason studied his menu carefully. Della Street glanced at it, made up her mind, put the menu aside, looked up toward the phone booth and said, "Oh-oh."

"What's the matter?" Mason asked.

"Paul," Della Street said. "Look at him."

Drake was hurrying toward their table.

TO BE CONTINUED

Einstein's Great Idea

(Continued from Page 41)

title On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies. The paper embodied a vision. Poets and prophets are not alone in their visions; a young scientist—it happens mostly to the young—may in a flash glimpse a distant peak which no one else has seen. He may never see it again, but the landscape is forever changed. The single flash suffices; he will spend his life describing what he saw, interpreting and elaborating his vision, giving new directions to other explorers.

At the heart of the theory of relativity are questions connected with the velocity of light. The young Einstein began to brood about these while still a high-school student. Suppose, he asked himself, a person could run as fast as a beam of light, how would things look to him? Imagine that he could ride astride the beam, holding a mirror just in front of him. Then, like a fictional vampire, he would cause no image; for since the light and the mirror are traveling in the same direction at the same velocity, and the mirror is a little ahead, the light can never catch up to the mirror and there can be no reflection.

But this applies only to *his* mirror. Imagine a stationary observer, also equipped with a mirror, who watches the rider flashing by. Obviously the observer's mirror will catch the rider's image. In other words, the optical phenomena surrounding this event are purely relative. They exist for the observer; they do not exist for the rider. This was a troublesome paradox, which flatly contradicted the accepted views of optical phenomena. We shall have to see why.

The speed of light had long engaged the attention of physicists and astronomers. In the seventeenth century the Danish astronomer Römer discovered that light needed time for its propagation. Thereafter, increasingly accurate measurements of its velocity were made and by the end of the nineteenth century the established opinion was that light always travels in space at a certain constant rate, about 186,000 miles a second.

But now a new problem arose. In the mechanics of Galileo and Newton, rest and uniform motion (*i.e.*, constant velocity) are regarded as indistinguishable. Of two bodies, A and B, it can only be said that one is in motion *relative* to the other. The train glides by the platform; or the platform glides by the train. The earth approaches the fixed stars; or they approach it. There is no way of deciding which of these alternatives is true. And in the science of mechanics it makes no difference.

One of the questions, therefore, was whether, in respect to motion, light itself was like a physical body; that is, whether its motion was relativistic in the Newtonian sense, or absolute.

The wave theory of light appeared to answer this question. A wave is a progressive motion in some kind of medium; a sound wave, for example, is a movement of air particles. Light waves, it was supposed, move in an all-pervasive medium called the ether. The ether was assumed to be a subtle jelly with marvelous properties. It was colorless, odorless, without detectable features of any kind. It could penetrate all matter. It quivered in transmitting light. Also, the body of the ether as a whole was held to be stationary. To the physicist this was its most important property, for being absolutely at rest the ether offered a unique frame of reference for determining the velocity of light. Thus while it was hopeless to attempt to determine the absolute motion of a physical body because one could find no absolutely stationary frame of reference against which to measure it, the attempt was not hopeless for light; the ether, it was thought, met the need.

The ether, however, did not meet the need. Its marvelous properties made it a terror for experimentalists. How could motion be measured against an ectoplasm, a substance with no more substantiality than an idea? Finally, in 1887, two American physicists, A. A. Michelson and E. W. Morley, rigged up a beautifully precise instrument, called an interferometer, with which they hoped to discover some evidence of the relationship between light and the hypothetical ether. If the earth moves through the ether, a beam of light traveling in the direction of the earth's motion should move faster through the ether than a beam traveling in the opposite direction. Moreover, just as one can swim across a river and back more quickly than one can swim the same distance up and down stream, it might be expected that a beam of light taking analogous paths through the ether would complete the to-and-fro leg of the journey more quickly than the up-and-down leg.

This reasoning was the basis of the Michelson-Morley experiment. They carried out a number of trials in which they compared the velocity of a beam of light moving through the ether in the direction of the earth's motion, and another beam traveling at right angles to this motion. There was every reason to believe that these velocities would be different. Yet no difference was observed. The light beam seemed to move at the same velocity in either direction. The possibility that the earth dragged the ether with it having been ruled out, the inquiry had come to a dead end. Perhaps there was no difference; perhaps there was no ether. The Michelson-Morley findings were a major paradox.

Various ideas were advanced to resolve it. The most imaginative of these, and also the most fantastic, was put forward by the Irish physicist, G. F. Fitzgerald. He suggested that since matter is electrical in essence and held together by electrical forces, it may contract in the direction of its motion as it moves through the ether. The contraction would be very small; nevertheless in the direction of motion the unit of length would be shorter. This hypothesis would explain the Michelson-Morley result. The arms of their interferometer might contract as the earth rotated; this would shorten the unit of length and cancel out the added velocity imparted to the light by the rotation of the earth. The velocities of the two beams—in the direction of the earth's motion and at right angles to it—would appear equal. Fitzgerald's idea was elaborated by the famous Dutch physicist, H. A. Lorentz. He put it in mathematical form and connected the contraction caused by motion with the velocity of light. According to his arithmetic, the contraction was just enough to account for the negative results of the Michelson-Morley experiment. There the subject rested until Einstein took it up anew.

He knew of the Michelson-Morley findings. He knew also of other inconsistencies in the contemporary model of the physical world. One was the slight but persistent misbehavior (by classical standards) of the planet Mercury as it moved in its orbit; it was losing time (at a trifling rate, to be sure—forty-three seconds of arc per century), but Newton's theory of its motion was exact and there was no way of accounting for the discrepancy. Another was the bizarre antics of electrons, which, as W. Kaufmann and J. J. Thomson discovered, increased in mass as they went faster. The question was, could these inconsistencies be overcome by patching and mending classical theories? Or had the time come for a Copernican renovation?

(*Continued on Page 104*)

Lament for a Shining Past

Oh, for those carefree days
when I
Was youthful, dashing,
lusty!
I'm not the blade I used to
be;
I've gotten pretty rusty.

Richard Wheeler

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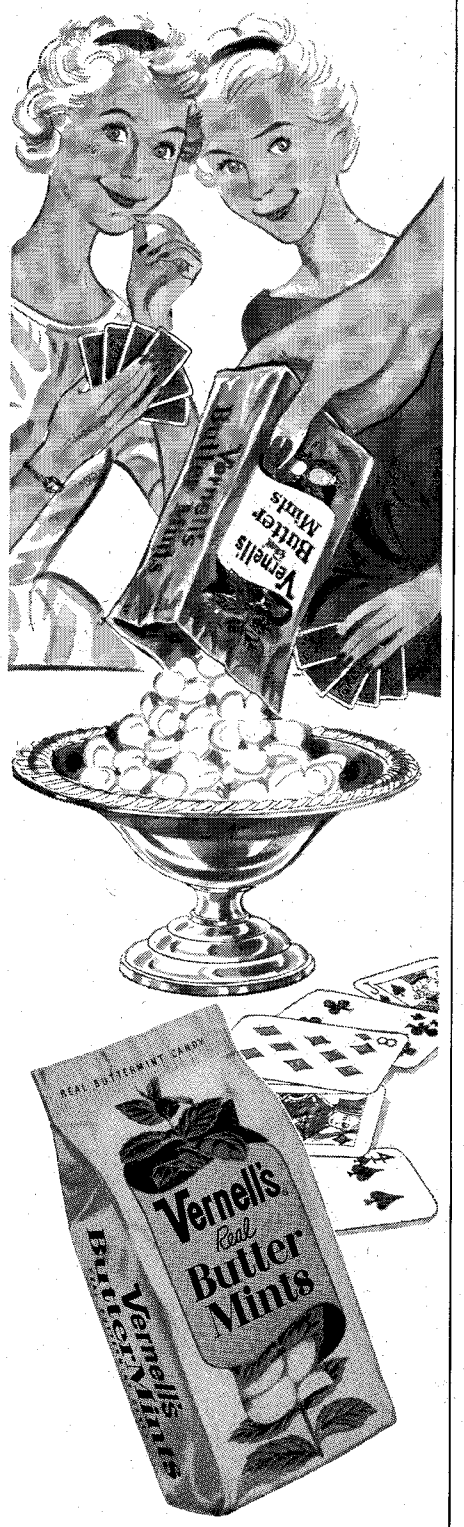

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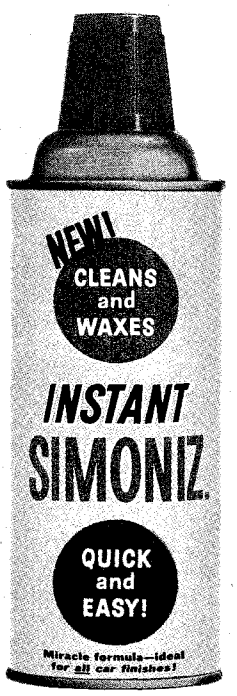

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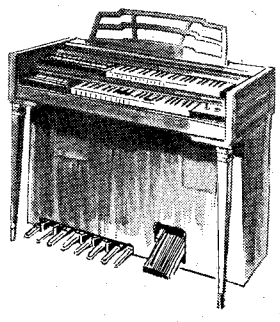

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(*Continued from Page 104*) respect to a given frame of reference has the same velocity as light from a source at rest with respect to the same frame. (As one physicist suggested, this is as if we were to say that a man walking up a moving stairway does not get to the top any sooner than a man standing still on the moving stairway.) This seems absurd. But the reason it seems absurd is that we take it for granted that the velocity of the moving source must be added to the normal velocity of light to give the correct velocity of the beam emitted by the source. Suppose we abandon this assumption. We have already seen, after all, that motion has a queer effect on space and time measurements. It follows that the established notions of velocity must be reconsidered. The postulates were not inherently contradictory; the trouble lay with the classical laws of physics. They had to be changed. Einstein did not hesitate. To preserve his postulates he consigned the old system to the flames. In them were consumed the most cherished notions of space, time and matter.

One of the clichés about Einstein's theory is that it shows that everything is relative. The statement that everything is relative is as meaningful as the statement that everything is bigger. As Bertrand Russell pointed out, if everything were relative there would be nothing for it to be relative to. The name relativity is misleading. Einstein was in fact concerned with finding something that is *not* relative, something that mathematicians call an invariant. With this as a fixed point, it might be possible to formulate physical laws which would incorporate the "objective residue" of an observer's experience; that is, that part of the space and time characteristics of a physical event which, though perceived by him, are independent of the observer and might therefore be expected to appear the same to all observers. The constancy principle of the velocity of light provided Einstein with the invariant he needed. It could be maintained, however, only at the expense of the traditional notion of time. And even this offering was not enough. Space and time are intertwined. They are part of the same reality. Tinkering with the measure of time unavoidably affects the measure of space.

Einstein, you will notice, arrived at the same conclusion as Fitzgerald and Lorentz without adopting their electrical hypotheses. It was a consequence of his postulates that clocks and yardsticks yield different measurements in relative motion than at rest. Is this due to an actual physical change in the instruments? The question may be regarded as irrelevant. The physicist is concerned only with the difference in measurements. If clock springs and yardsticks contract, why is it not possible to detect the change? Because any scales used to measure it would suffer the same contraction. What is at issue is nothing less than the foundations of rational belief.

Earlier I mentioned Kaufmann's and Thomson's discovery that a moving electron increases in mass as it goes faster. Relativity explains this astonishing fact. The first postulate sets an upper limit to the velocity of light, and permits of the deduction that no material body can exceed this speed limit. In Newton's system there were no such limits; moreover, the mass of a body—which he defined as its "quantity of matter"—was held to be the same whether the body was at rest or in

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Yes, dear . . . right, dear . . . will do, dear . . ."

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MULTI-CYCLE AUTOMATIC WASHER

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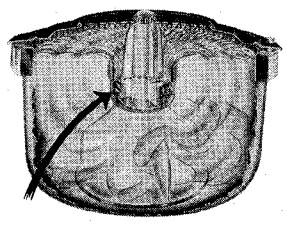

LINT CATCHER

While the clothes are being washed, Speed Queen's rolling water action flushes through the LINT CATCHER which screens out lint, fuzz and loose dirt. Also serves as a soap dispenser.

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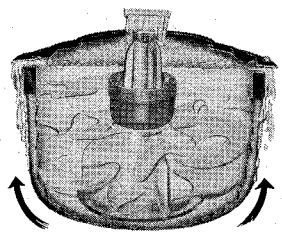
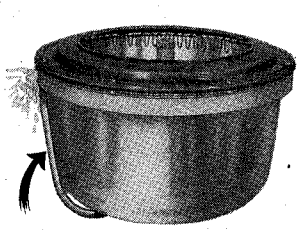


LINT-E-JECTOR

At the end of the WASH cycle, fresh water is added so that tub overflows, causing lint and dirt to float over side of tub and *down drain.* (Not pumped back into tub.)

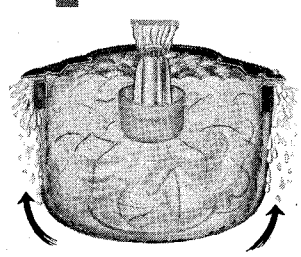
3



SEDIMENT EJECTOR

All sand and grit which settles to bottom of tub is forced out through the "ejector" tube when tub spins. Tub is sediment-free at start of each new load.

4



FINAL DE-LINTING AND RINSING

After first rinse is completed, tub is refilled with fresh water. With tub overflowing and agitator working, any remaining lint and dirt particles are floated off and down drain.

Tests prove that this four-step method is the most efficient system for removing lint in any washer.

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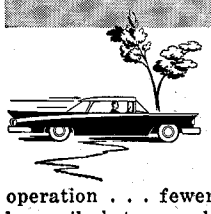

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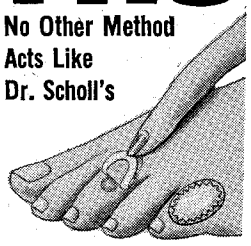

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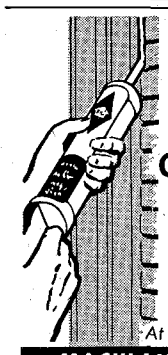

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(*Continued from Page 102*) Making his own way, Einstein turned to another aspect of the velocity problem. Velocity measurements involve time measurements, and time measurements, as he perceived, involve the concept of simultaneity. Is this concept simple and intuitively clear? No one doubted that it was; but Einstein demanded proof.

I enter my study in the morning as the clock on the wall begins to strike. Obviously these events are simultaneous. Assume, however, that on entering the study I hear the first stroke of the town-hall clock, half a mile away. It took time for the sound to reach me; therefore while the sound wave fell on my ears at the moment I entered the study, the event that produced the wave was not simultaneous with my entry.

Consider another kind of signal. I see the light from a distant star. An astronomer tells me that the image I see is not of the star as it is today, but of the star as it was the year Brutus killed Caesar. What does simultaneity mean in this case? Is my *here-now* simultaneous with the star's *there-then?* Can I speak meaningfully of the star as it was the day Joan of Arc was burned, even though ten generations will have to pass before the light emitted by the star on that day reaches the earth? How can I be sure it will ever get here? In short, is the concept of simultaneity for different places exactly equivalent to the concept for one and the same place?

Einstein soon convinced himself that the answer is no. Simultaneity, as he realized, depends on signals; the speed of light (or other signal) must therefore enter into the meaning of the concept. Not only does the separation of events in *space* becloud the issue of simultaneity in *time*, but relative motion may do so. A pair of events which one observer pronounces simultaneous may appear to another observer, in motion with respect to the first, to have happened at different times. In his own popular account of relativity (see box on Page 108), Einstein gave a convincing and easy example, which showed that *any* measurement of time is a measurement with respect to a given observer. A measurement valid for one observer may not be valid for another. Indeed, the measurement is certain not to be valid if one attempts to extend it from the system where the measurement was made to a system in motion relative to the first.

Einstein was now aware of these facts. Measuring the speed of light requires a time measurement. This involves a judgment of simultaneity. Simultaneity is not an absolute fact, the same for all observers. The individual observer's judgment depends on relative motion.

But the sequence does not end here. A further inference suggests itself, namely, that simultaneity may also be involved in measuring distances. A passenger on a moving train who wants to measure the length of his car has no difficulty. With a yardstick he can do the job as easily as if he were measuring his room at home. Not so for a stationary observer watching the train go by. The car is moving and he cannot measure it simply by laying a yardstick end on end. He must use light signals, which will tell him when the ends of the car coincide with certain arbitrary points. Therefore, problems of time arise. Suppose the thing to be measured is an electron, which is in continual motion at high speed. Light signals will enter the experiment, judgments of simultaneity will have to be made, and once again it is obvious that observers of the electron who are in motion relative to each other will get different results. The whole comfortable picture of reality begins to disintegrate: neither space nor time is what it seems.

The clarification of the concept of simultaneity thrust upon Einstein the task of challenging two assumptions, assumptions hedged with the divinity of Isaac Newton. "Absolute, true, and mathematical time, of itself and from its own nature, flows equably without relation to anything external. . . ." This was Newton's sonorous definition in his great book, *Principia Mathematica.* To this definition he added the equally majestic, "Absolute space, in its own nature, without relation to anything external, remains always similar and immovable." These assumptions, as Einstein saw, were magnificent but untenable. They were at the bottom of the paradoxes of contemporary physics. They had to be discarded. Absolute time and absolute space were concepts which belonged to an outworn metaphysic. They went beyond observation and experiment; indeed, they were refuted by the nasty facts. Physicists had to live with these facts.

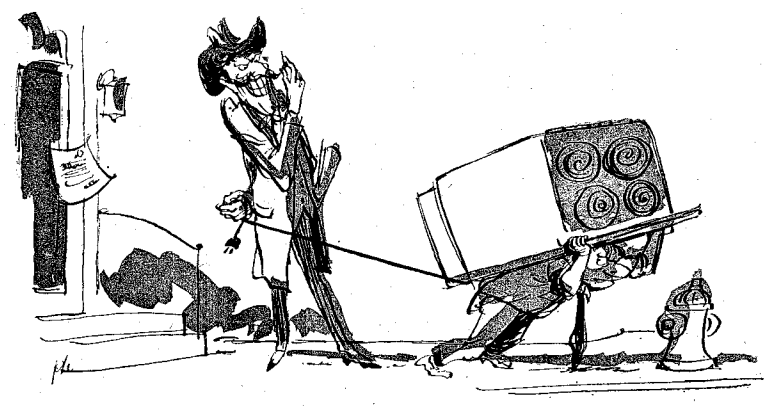
To live with them meant nothing less than to accept the Michelson-Morley paradox, to incorporate it into physics rather than try to explain it away. From the point of view of common sense the results were extraordinary, yet they had been verified. It was not the first time that science had had to overrule common sense. The evidence showed that the speed of light measured by *any* observer, whether at rest or in motion relative to the light source, is the same. Einstein embodied this fact in a principle from which a satisfactory theory of the interaction between the motion of bodies and the propagation of light could be derived. This principle, or first postulate, of his Special Theory of Relativity states that *the velocity of light in space is a constant of nature, unaffected by the motion of the observer or of the source of the light.*

The hypothesis of the ether thus became unnecessary. One did not have to try to measure the velocity of light against an imaginary frame of reference, for the plain reason that whenever light is measured against *any* frame of reference its velocity is the same. Why then conjure up ethereal jellies? The ether simply lost its reason for being.

A second postulate was needed. Newtonian relativity applied to the motion of material bodies; but light waves, as I mentioned earlier, were thought not to be governed by this principle. Einstein pierced the dilemma in a stroke. He simply extended Newtonian relativity to include optical phenomena. The second postulate says: *In any experiment involving mechanical or optical phenomena it makes no difference whether the laboratory where the experiment is being performed is at rest or in uniform motion; the results of the experiments will be the same.* More generally, one cannot by any method distinguish between rest and uniform motion, except in relation to each other.

Is that all there is to the special theory of relativity? The postulates are deceptively simple. Moreover, to the sharp-eyed reader they may appear to contradict each other. The contradictions, however, are illusory, and the consequences are revolutionary.

Consider the first point. From the postulates one may infer that on the one hand light has the velocity c, and, on the other hand, even when according to our traditional way of calculating it should have the velocity $c + q$ (where q is the velocity of the source), its velocity is still c. Concretely, light from a source in motion with (*Continued on Page 106*)



You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

To salvage what he could when he lost his small apartment house through foreclosure, Boswell removed the electric ranges. The mortgage holder sued to halt him.

"Whatever is attached to a building is part of the real estate," the mortgagor contended. "The vents above these stoves, and the fact that the stoves rested flush with the sink drainboards, go to show that they were permanent fixtures."

"Not so," Boswell replied. "They belong to me personally, as they were connected to the kitchen wall only by an ordinary electric plug like those of floor lamps and radios."

If you were the judge, would you let Boswell get away with the stoves?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Boswell kept the stoves. The court ruled that if an object can be moved without material damage to itself or the building, it remains personal property. It added, "An ordinary plug cannot change personal property into realty."

Based upon a 1956 Oregon decision.

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motion. But just as his laws of motion have been shown not to be universally true, his concept of the constancy of mass turns out to be flawed. According to Einstein's Special Theory, the resistance of a body to changes in velocity increases with velocity. Thus, for example, more force is required to increase a body's velocity from 50,000 to 50,001 miles per hour than from 100 to 101 miles per hour. The scientific name for this resistance is *inertia*, and the measure of inertia is mass. (This jibes with the intuitive notion that the amount of force needed to accelerate a body depends on its "quantity of matter.") The ideas fall neatly into place: with increased speed, inertia increases; increased inertia evinces itself as increased mass. The increase in mass is, to be sure, very small at ordinary speeds, and therefore undetectable, which explains why Newton and his successors, though a brilliant company, did not discover it. This circumstance also explains why Newton's laws are perfectly valid for all ordinary instances of matter in motion: even a rocket moving at 10,000 miles an hour is a tortoise compared to a beam of light at 186,000 miles a second. But the increase in mass becomes a major factor where high-speed nuclear particles are concerned; for example, the electrons in a hospital X-ray tube are speeded up to a point where their normal mass is doubled, and in an ordinary TV-picture tube the electrons have 5 per cent extra mass due to their energy of motion. And at the speed of light the push of even an unlimited accelerating force against a body is completely frustrated, because the mass of the body, in effect, becomes infinite.

It is only a step now to Einstein's fateful mass-energy equation.

The quantity of additional mass, multiplied by an enormous number—namely, the square of the speed of light—is equivalent to the energy which was turned into mass. But is this equivalence of mass and energy a special circumstance attendant upon motion? What about a body at rest? Does its mass also represent energy? Einstein boldly concluded that it does. "The mass of a body is a measure of its energy content," he wrote in 1905, and gave his now-famous formula, $E = mc^2$, where E is energy content, m is mass (which varies according to speed) and c is the velocity of light.

"It is not impossible," Einstein said in this same paper, "that with bodies whose energy content is variable to a high degree (*e.g.*, with radium salts) the theory may be successfully put to the test." In the 1930's many physicists were making this test, measuring atomic masses and the energy of products of many nuclear reactions. All the results verified his idea. A distinguished physicist, Dr. E. U. Condon, tells a charming story of Einstein's reaction to this triumph: "One of my most vivid memories is of a seminar at Princeton (1934) when a graduate student was reporting on researches of this kind and Einstein was in the audience. Einstein had been so preoccupied with other studies that he had not realized that such confirmation of his early theories had become an everyday affair in the physical laboratory. He grinned like a small boy and kept saying over and over, '*Ist das wirklich so?*' Is it really true?—as more and more specific evidence of his $E = mc^2$ relation was being presented."

For ten years after he formulated the Special Theory, Einstein grappled with the task of generalizing relativity to include accelerated motion. This article cannot carry the weight of the details, but I shall describe the matter briefly.

While it is impossible to distinguish between rest and uniform motion by observations made within a system, it seems quite possible, under the same circumstances, to determine *changes* in velocity or direction, *i.e.*, acceleration. In a train moving smoothly in a straight line, at constant velocity, one feels no motion. But if the train speeds up, slows down or takes a curve, the change is felt immediately. One has to make an effort to keep from falling, to prevent the soup from sloshing out of the plate, and so on. These effects are ascribed to what are called *inertial forces*, producing acceleration—the name is intended to convey the fact that the forces arise from the inertia of a mass, *i.e.*, its resistance to changes in its state. It would seem then that any one of several simple experiments should furnish evidence of such acceleration, and distinguish it from uniform motion or rest. Moreover, it should even be possible to determine the effect of acceleration on a beam of light. For example, if a beam were set parallel to the floor of a laboratory at rest or in uniform motion, and the laboratory were accelerated upward or downward, the light would no longer be parallel to the floor, and by measuring the deflection one could compute the acceleration.

When Einstein turned these points over in his mind, he perceived a loose end in the reasoning, which others had not noticed. How is it possible in either a mechanical or an optical experiment to distinguish between the effects of gravity, and of acceleration produced by inertial forces? Take the light-beam experiment. At one point the beam is parallel to the floor of the laboratory; then suddenly it is deflected. The observer ascribes the deflection to acceleration caused by inertial

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forces, but how can he be sure? He must make his determination entirely on the basis of what he sees *within* the laboratory, and he is therefore unable to tell whether inertial forces are at work—as in the moving train—or whether the observed effects are produced by a large (though unseen) gravitating mass.

Here then, Einstein realized, was the clue to the problem of generalizing relativity. As rest and uniform motion are indistinguishable, so are acceleration and the effects of gravitation. Neither mechanical nor optical experiments conducted within a laboratory can decide whether the system is accelerated or in uniform motion and subjected to a gravitational field. (The poor wretch in tomorrow's space ship, suddenly thrown to the floor, will be unable to tell whether his vehicle is starting its rocket motor for the home journey or falling into the gravitational clutches of Arcturus.) Einstein formulated his conclusion in 1911 in his "principle of equivalence of gravitational forces and inertial forces."

His ideas invariably had startling consequences. From the principle of equivalence he deduced, among others, that gravity must affect the path of a ray of light. This follows from the fact that acceleration would affect the ray, and gravity is indistinguishable from acceleration. Einstein predicted that this gravity effect would be noticeable in the deflection of the light from the fixed stars whose rays pass close to the huge mass of the sun. He realized, of course, that it would not be easy to observe the bending because under ordinary conditions the sun's brilliant light washes out the light of the stars. But during a total eclipse the stars near the sun would be visible, and circumstances would be favorable to checking his prediction. "It would be extremely desirable," Einstein wrote in his paper enunciating the equivalence principle, "if astronomers would look into the problem presented here, even though the consideration developed above may appear insufficiently founded or even bizarre." Eight years later, in 1919, a British eclipse expedition headed by the famous astronomer Arthur Eddington, confirmed Einstein's astounding prediction.

In 1916 Einstein announced his General Theory of Relativity, a higher synthesis incorporating both the Special Theory and the principle of equivalence. Two profound ideas are developed in the General Theory: the union of time and space into a four-dimensional continuum (a consequence of the Special Theory), and the curvature of space.

It was to one of his former professors at Zurich, the Russian-born mathematician, Hermann Minkowski, that Einstein owed the idea of the union of space and time. "From henceforth," Minkowski had said in 1908, "space in itself and time in itself sink to mere shadows, and only a kind of union of the two preserves an independent existence." To the three familiar dimensions of space, a fourth, of time, had to be added, and thus a single new medium, space-time, replaced the orthodox frame of absolute space and absolute time. An event within this medium—one may, for example, think of a moving object as an "event"—is identified not only by three spatial co-ordinates denoting *where* it is, but by a time co-ordinate denoting *when* the event is there. *Where* and *when* are, as we have seen, judgments made by an observer, depending on certain interchanges of light signals. It is for this reason that the time co-ordinate includes as one of its elements the number for the velocity of light.

With absolute space and time discarded, the old picture of the universe proceeding moment by moment from the past through the present into the future must also be discarded. In the new world of Minkowski and Einstein, there is neither absolute past nor absolute future; nor is there an absolute present dividing past from future and "stretching everywhere at the same moment through space." The motion of an object is represented by a line in space-time, called a "world-line." The event makes its own history. The signals it emits take time to reach the observer; since he can record only what he sees, an event present for one observer may be past for another, future for a third. In Eddington's words, the absolute "here-now" of former beliefs has become a merely relative "seen-now."

But this must not be taken to mean that every observer can portray only his own world, and that in place of Newtonian order we have Einsteinian anarchy. Just as it was possible in the older sense to fix precisely the distance between two points in three-dimensional space, so it is possible in the four-dimensional continuum of space-time to define and measure distance between events. This distance is called an "interval" and has a "true, absolute value," the same for all who measure it. Thus, after all, "we have found something firm in a shifting world."

How is the concept of curved space related to this picture? The concept itself sticks in the craw. A vase, a pretzel, a line can be curved. But how can empty space be curved? Once again we must think not in terms of metaphysical abstractions, but of testable concepts.

Light rays in empty space move in straight lines. Yet in some circumstances (*e.g.*, where the ray is close to the sun) the path of motion is seen to be curved. A choice of explanations offers itself. We may, for example, say that a gravitational mass in the neighborhood of the ray has bent it; or we may say that this gravitational mass has curved the space through which the ray is traveling. There is no logical reason to prefer one explanation to the other. Gravitational fields are no less an imaginary concept than space-time. The only concrete evidence comes from measuring the path of the light itself—not the field or space-time. It turns out to be more fruitful to explain the curved path of the light ray as an effect of curved space-time, rather than as an effect of the direct action of gravity on light.

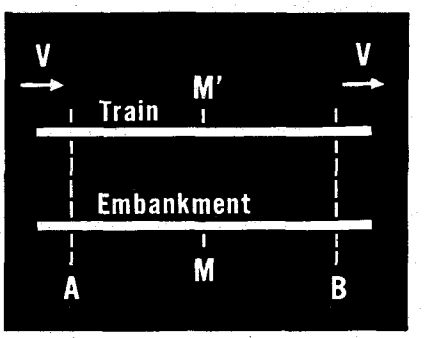
Let me suggest an analogy. A thin sheet of rubber is stretched over a large drum-kettle. I take a very light marble and permit it to roll over the sheet. I observe that the path of its motion is a straight line. I now take several lead weights and place them at different points on the rubber sheet. Their weight dimples it, forming small slopes and hollows. Suppose I release the marble on this surface. The path of motion will no longer be straight, but will curve toward the slopes and eventually fall into one of the hollows. Now think of space-time as corresponding to the sheet of rubber, and large gravitational masses to the lead weights; think also of any "event"—a moving particle, a beam of light, a planet—as the counterpart of the marble rolling on the membrane. Where there are no masses, space-time is "flat" and paths of motion are straight lines. But in the neighborhood of large masses space-time is distorted into "slopes" and "hollows," which affect the path of any object entering upon them.

This is what used to be called the attraction of gravitation. But gravitation in Einstein's theory is merely an aspect of space-time. The starlight bent toward the sun "dips" into the "slope" around it, but has enough energy not to be trapped in the "hollow"; the earth circling the sun is riding on the "rim" of its "hollow" like a cyclist racing round a velodrome; a planet which gets too deep into the "hollow" may fall to the bottom. (This is one of the hypotheses astronomers make about collisions which may have formed new planets in our universe.) There are slopes and hollows wherever there is matter; and since astronomical evidence seems to favor the hypothesis that matter is on average uniformly distributed throughout the universe, and finite—though not necessarily constant—Einstein suggested the possibility that the whole of space-time is gently curved, finite, but unbounded. It is not inconsistent with this hypothesis that the universe is expanding, in which case the density of matter would decrease. A finite but unbounded universe is roughly analogous—though it is of higher dimension—to the two-dimensional curved surface of the earth. The area is finite without boundaries, and if one travels in a "straight line" in a given direction one must, after a time, return to the original point of departure.

Einstein's achievement is one of the glories of man. Two points about his work are worth making. The first is that his model of the world was not a machine with man outside it as observer and interpreter. The observer is part of the reality he observes; therefore by observation he shapes it.

The second point is that his theory did much more than answer questions. As a living theory it forced new questions upon us. Einstein challenged unchallengeable writs; he would have been the last to claim that his own writs were beyond challenge. He broadened the human mind.

EINSTEIN'S OWN EXAMPLE OF THE RELATIVITY OF TIME



The diagram shows a long railroad train traveling along the rails with velocity V, in the direction toward the right of the page. The bottom line denotes the embankment running parallel to the rails. The letters A and B mark two places on the rails, and the letter M marks a point on the embankment directly midway between A and B. At M stands an observer equipped with a pair of mirrors which are joined in a V and inclined at 90°. By means of this device he can observe both places, A and B, at the same time. We imagine two events at A and B, say two flashes of lightning, which the observer perceives in his mirror device at the same time. These he pronounces to be *simultaneous*, by which he means that the rays of light emitted at A and B by the lightning bolts meet at the midpoint M of the length A ⟶ B along the embankment. Now consider the moving train, and imagine a passenger seated in it. As the train proceeds along the rails, the passenger will arrive at a point M', which is directly opposite M, and therefore exactly midway between the length A ⟶ B along the rails. Assume further that the passenger arrives at M' just when the flashes of lightning occur. We have seen that the observer at M correctly pronounces the lightning bolts as simultaneous; the question is, will the train passenger at M' make the same pronouncement? It is easily shown that he will not. Obviously if the point M' were stationary with respect to M, the passenger would have the same impression of simultaneity of the lightning flashes as the observer on the embankment. But M' is not stationary; it is moving toward the right with the velocity V of the train. Therefore (considered with reference to the embankment) the passenger is moving toward the beam of light coming from B, and away from the beam coming from A. It seems clear then that he will see the beam emitted by the flash at B sooner than the beam emitted by the flash at A. Accordingly he will pronounce the flash at B as *earlier in time* than the flash at A.

Which of the two pronouncements is correct, the observer's or the passenger's? The answer is that each is right in its own system. The observer is right with respect to the embankment, the passenger with respect to the train. The observer may say that he alone is right because he is at rest while the passenger is moving and his impressions are therefore distorted. To this the passenger can reply that motion does not distort the signals, and that, in any case, there is no more reason to believe that he was moving and the observer at rest than that the passenger was at rest and the observer moving.

There is nothing to choose between these views, and they can be logically reconciled only by accepting the principle that simultaneity of events is meaningful only with respect to a particular reference system; moreover, that every such system has its own particular time, and unless, as Einstein says, we are told the reference system to which the statement of time refers, a bare statement of the time of an event is meaningless.

For readers who may wish to pursue this subject further, the following books are recommended:

Newman, James R. (editor)
WHAT IS SCIENCE?
Simon & Schuster
$4.95
(See chapter What is Physics? by E. U. Condon.)

Whitehead, Alfred North
SCIENCE AND THE MODERN WORLD
New American Library
$.50

Frank, Philipp
EINSTEIN: HIS LIFE AND TIMES
Knopf
$5.00

Eddington, Sir Arthur
THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD
Cambridge University Press
$4.25

Dampier, Sir William
A HISTORY OF SCIENCE
Cambridge University Press
$4.95

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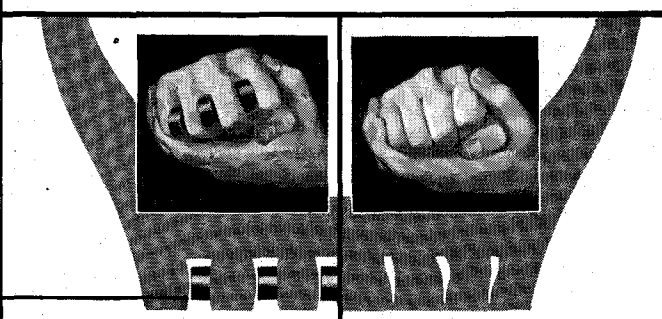

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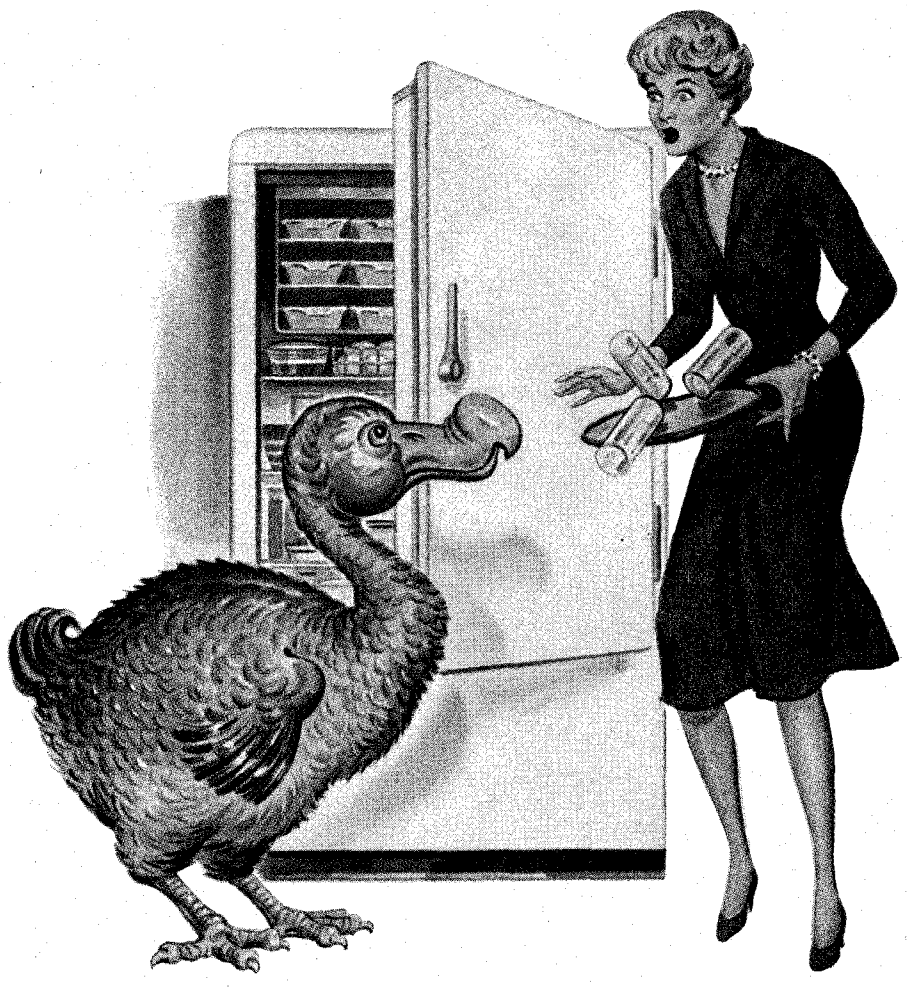

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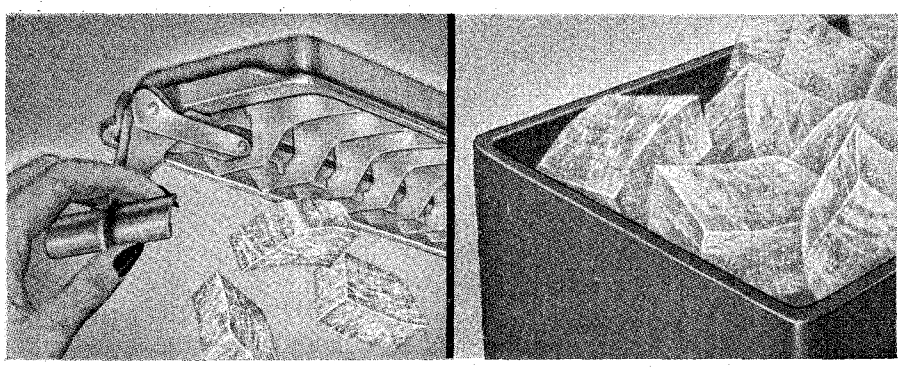

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I Sailed the Eighth Sea to Europe

(Continued from Page 25)

unfinished locks and canals on their way to the ocean. But the completion of the seaway this spring has added thirteen feet of draft—thirteen miraculous feet that will eventually change the lives of millions of Americans. It opens up mid-America to 80 per cent of the world's merchant shipping. Such a dramatic shift has never happened on the earth's sea lanes before, and ancient mariners, used to roaming the Seven Seas and taking marine achievements in their stride, are already referring to the new Great Lakes route as the Eighth Sea.

Cargo will still be king aboard the big fleet of newcomers, of course. But at least half a dozen ship lines will send in their newest and fanciest passenger-freighters to see if they can tempt tourists to travel this way. And at least one line, the Fjell-Oranje, is so sure of the result that they have built two brand-new boats, the Princess Irene and the Princess Margarit, for the trip. In addition to cargo, each will carry 110 passengers in a burst of nautical elegance that only the giant liners can match.

Last year, however, when I surveyed the route aboard a "salty"—sailor slang for vessels that cross the Atlantic—passengers were relatively rare. And evidence that such passengers still took a back seat to hides, lard, asbestos and farm machinery was available as soon as I boarded the Norwegian freighter Grindefjell moored in the Chicago River. We were scheduled for an evening sailing, but some hides had not yet arrived. I was told we would not leave for another day. I went to my stateroom and climbed into bed. From my window I could see a huge electric sign that insisted, far into the night, that "happy people eat Baby Ruth." My New Jersey neighbor, I decided, would have been more perplexed than ever about this way of getting to Europe.

But I awoke the next morning to discover one of the first advantages of the Eighth Sea: It offers a chance to see both Europe and America. I had almost the whole day to tour the town.

By four o'clock I was back on board, ready to sail. Ready? Well, not quite. The hides had arrived, but so had the homebound Chicagoans. The Outer Drive was so clogged with motorists that the bridge that barred us from Lake Michigan couldn't be opened.

Several hours later, just as I was convinced that my European trip would begin and end in the Chicago River, there was a sudden flurry of activity. Bells rang, whistles blew and faces you had never seen before appeared on deck. You knew somehow that this was it. And within minutes land began to inch away from the ship. As I watched the dock melt away, I suddenly realized that there were at least two ocean crossings between me and that wharf at the moment.

As we sailed into the lake, the whole city had a theatrical air, like a wide-screen backdrop. A large sun, of pure magenta, sank dramatically behind the Prudential Building, and the entire crew of thirty Norwegians swarmed the deck to see the spectacle. They were obviously happy to be under way. We were no longer just another cargo boat, tied up in the Chicago River. We were now a ship at sea. And we were on our way to Europe!

The next morning I awoke in Milwaukee. "Why Milwaukee?" I asked Peter Nilsen, our captain.

"Cheese," he said laconically. Then he gave a few directions for loading it. Later he explained that there was another reason: Milwaukee was a regular stop, just like Sarnia and Detroit and Cleveland. "We are a freighter," he said proudly, "not a tramp!" I looked puzzled. A tramp, he patiently pointed out, is like a taxi. It goes anywhere for a fare. A freighter is like a bus. It has a regular route and regular stops. "We are," he said, "a bus!"

I got off the "bus" for a few hours, wandered through the new Art Center on the acropolis near the harbor, bought some magazines and was back aboard the ship for a noon sailing.

I was not the only passenger. The captain's pretty wife and their nine-year-old daughter, Ellen, were aboard. Each year they accompany him on one trip to America, and this was it. Ellen and her mother gave a homey touch to the boat. In fact, the captain's deck had been turned into a Norwegian playground. A rope swing had been set up, and the crew had even made a swimming pool out of a large tarpaulin and an empty float. Ellen splashed her way across four of the Great Lakes.

Early the next morning we cruised under the giant span of the Mackinac Bridge, longest in the world. A ribbon of cars snaked along as slow as they dared to get a better look at us. Mackinac Island, one of the few places in the United States where automobiles are not permitted, looked green and delicious.

The weather was perfect. Lake Huron lay calm and more placid than Ellen's swimming pool. That night we tied up at Sarnia for cargo. The next day we glided through the St. Clair and Detroit rivers, the banks almost close enough to touch.

I left the Grindefjell in Detroit. Before embarking I had decided to sample two ships on my way to Europe, and I knew I could catch the Prins Willem V, which had left ahead of us, in Detroit.

The Prins was a new Dutch boat, built by the same line which had built the Princess ships, and although it was the same size as the Grindefjell, it was fitted out with all the comforts the most exacting passengers could expect. Its six cabins—capable of carrying twelve passengers—had private baths and luxurious furnishings. A large *salon*, bright with polished woods and fresh flowers, had dining tables at one end and a lounge at the other. Like the Grindefjell and unlike large passenger ships, informality was the watchword. The sleekly gray-and-white Prins Willem was a perfect preview, in miniature, of what Europe-bound passengers could expect this spring on boats three, four or five times its size.

At the moment, however, there was not a single passenger for Europe. We picked up an admiralty lawyer and his wife in Cleveland, as well as a Coast Guard commander and his wife and son, but they were guests of the line, bound only for Montreal.

The weather continued sunny. Lake Erie, the shallowest and most easily ruffled of the Great Lakes, was in its most docile mood, and we sailed across it with scarcely a ripple.

The problem of getting from the Great Lakes to the ocean has always been not so much a matter of descending some 600 feet as of getting around the boiling falls, rapids and other water barriers. And in going from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario we had to bypass the most formidable barrier of all—Niagara Falls! This is done by the Welland Canal. Although it is only twenty-seven and a half miles long, it takes all day to maneuver because there are eight locks to drop you down a total of 327 feet.

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The procedure at each lock is always the same. You inch into it, the sluice gates close and you sit expectantly, like a duck in a bathtub. The water runs out and soon you find yourself forty feet lower, with only a ring to show where you once were and perhaps a few sight-seers' heads staring down at you from the top of the "tub." Then the gates open and you sail onto the next lock. In between you pass along banks laced with sycamore trees and embroidered with fields of Queen Anne's lace.

The delays in going through the locks are welcome, of course, because they give you a chance to do something you can never do on transatlantic liners: get off!

The crew was always the first to take advantage of this. The youngest member, a diminutive Dutchman of seventeen years with the wistfulness of Oliver Twist—he'd been nicknamed "Goliath" by the crew—was the first to swing ashore on a line. He and another crewman tied up the ship and then wandered off in the fields to play with a stray dog or pick wild flowers. The passengers quickly learned to follow by way of a ladder.

In the middle of the Welland Canal there are three locks in a row—a delay of at least three hours. Since Niagara Falls are only seven miles away and I had never seen them, I decided to do something about it. I remembered a friend who lived on the Canadian side. Luckily he was at home when I telephoned, and in fifteen minutes he appeared at the ship's side in a bright-red sports car.

In several hours, thanks to my friend and the delay at the locks, I had seen the works: Canadian and American falls, Rainbow Bridge, the Maid of the Mist, Cave of the Winds, Goat Island and the rest of the fantastic tricks nature has tucked away into this corner of the world. There was no time to climb down to Bridal Veil Falls, but I could see the long, thin line of tourists in yellow slickers, like saffron-robed monks on pilgrimage to a Buddhist temple.

Back on board the Prins Willem shortly after lunch, there were still a few locks to go before we were through the canal. It was sunset before we'd cleared the last one and cruised out on the broad back of Lake Ontario.

We awoke the next morning in sight of land again, but what land! We were cruising among the Thousand Islands, the fantastically lovely overture to the St. Lawrence, the river which would carry us directly to the ocean.

The distance from here to Montreal is only 185 miles, but it constitutes the second great barrier to the sea. A series of impassable rapids drops the water 226 feet more to sea level at Montreal. Most of the seaway construction has taken place here, and this year the whole section will be navigated with only seven locks. Last summer, however, there were still thirteen, and we took two days to negotiate them, passing through new ones as well as alongside those not yet finished.

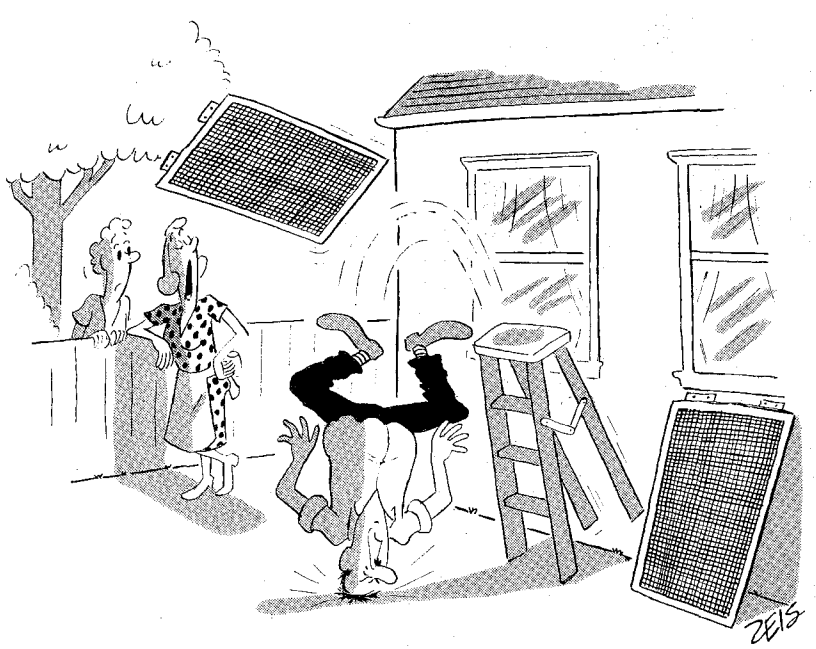
The whole billion-dollar project has been called the biggest earth-moving project of all time and has already attracted millions of visitors. Anticipating hordes of "sidewalk superintendents," the governments of the United States and Canada have built sight-seeing platforms alongside each lock so that tourists can enjoy one of the engineering marvels of the age.

There was little sleep in the St. Lawrence: There was too much to see. The first day we were up at dawn not to miss anything, and by the time we anchored at Coteau Landing for the night, most of us were glad to go for a swim in the river. It helped refresh us for the captain's dinner, held for the passengers who would disembark at Montreal the next night.

A few of us who had been to Holland put in a special request for pea soup, and Capt. Jan Leer, who looked like Spencer Tracy, saw that the cook produced it. Traditionally, it is thick enough for a spoon to stand up in, and at least one passenger managed three bowls of it. This, plus a dazzling assortment of appetizers, stopped the meal for most of us at this point. But a few persisted to the last course, a flaming Vesuvius omelet.

My twelve-year-old cabinmate, the Coast Guard commander's son, insisted he wanted to get up at three A.M. to watch us start the final day's maneuvering through the locks. I had no such wish. At three A.M., however, it was I whom the room steward persisted in waking. I kept pointing to my young cabinmate, but it did no good.

Once up, of course, I was glad I hadn't slept longer. We were starting the Soulanges Canal, and the boat crept along so slowly that we got out and walked at just about the same speed as the ship. It turned into a bright, sunny morning, and the banks were studded with wild pink morning-glories and blue gentian. I had never "walked" my way to Europe before, and I was sure that this was one part of the



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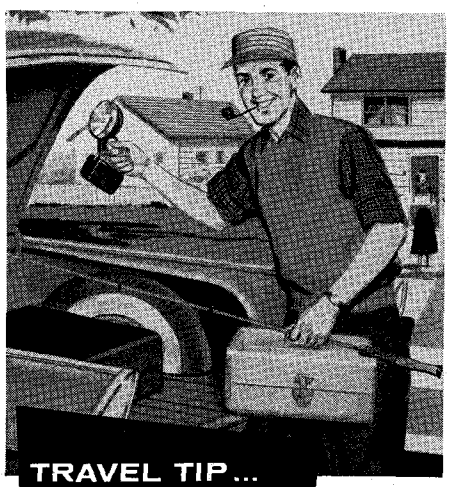

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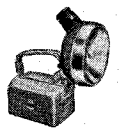

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A BEAR FOR WEAR SINCE 1893

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trip that my New Jersey neighbor would never believe.

The last three locks were right in the heart of the city of Montreal, almost in the shadow of Mount Royal, with sizable buildings on both sides. It was like sailing down Fifth Avenue, with St. Patrick's Cathedral on the left and Rockefeller Center on the right.

We stayed a day and a half in Montreal, lost our Great Lakes passengers and acquired a set of new ones, bound for Europe: a medical professor and his wife returning home from a conference, a young clergyman from Rotterdam, a pretty lady doctor married to a Canadian and bound for Holland to see her parents, a middle-aged woman who had been visiting her newly married son in Canada and two young Germans who had been studying in Canada to be NATO pilots. All except the last were Dutch.

From Montreal to the open ocean is a run of about two days, down the ever-widening St. Lawrence. We stretched it to three and a half because of cargo stops in Three Rivers and Quebec. We had only half a day in the latter city, but it was enough to inhale its special atmosphere. We scrambled ashore, took tea at the Château Frontenac, rode through the granite walls of the city in carriages, and climbed to the Plains of Abraham, where Montcalm lost Canada for the French. When we got back, the cargo was loaded and we were ready to sail. Quebec was our last port in the New World.

I expected it to be our last stop, too, but I was mistaken. We made two more stops on our way to Europe, not for cargo, but for a reason I never would have guessed—to fish! Several years ago the Dutch ships learned that the fish-loving Norwegians always stopped to try their luck, and they decided to do so too. The habit caught on. Now it's a rare "salty" that doesn't have at least one session with hook and line before hitting the Atlantic.

The first morning we anchored off the Gaspé Peninsula for an hour while the crew dropped their lines and hauled in 200 pounds of cod. The second day we had better luck. Off the coast of Labrador, crew and passengers—including myself—caught ninety-nine cod in an hour and fifteen minutes. The haul, a record for the ship, totaled 448 pounds. For lunch we had the freshest fish I'd ever eaten.

Once in the wide Atlantic with no land visible, our ship was much the same as any other passenger ship afloat. Except, of course, for the informality. By the time the ocean is reached, crew and passengers on Great Lakes' boats have been through so many experiences together that the whole thing has the slightly disheveled air of a family excursion. It will probably not be very different when vessels four or five times the size of the present "salties" ply the route. They will still be cargo-passenger liners, and life aboard them will still lack the formality of the exclusively passenger ships.

On the Prins Willem, for example, there was no planned entertainment. We made our own. There were deck chairs to sun in, an engine room to visit, a chartroom to plot one's course in, a wheelhouse where the officers would let you steer the ship and at night the radar box which kept whirling round and round, mysteriously sketching ships or icebergs on its bright, green-black disk. There were impromptu poker games and, as it developed, no end of practical jokes. The Dutch have a taste for this form of humor, and there was a lot of it among the crew. Wives' pictures were found in the wrong rooms, beds were sprinkled with salt, and at least one startled lady passenger woke up to see an officer's uniform hanging neatly on the wall opposite her bed.

The crew was a constant source of surprises. Our quiet, mild-mannered chief steward, Pieter Wenig, for example, turned out to have a hobby which had made him famous in Holland and in at least two American cities. He collected matchbook covers for hospitalized children in the Netherlands, covers which were neatly pasted into scrapbooks by the young patients as a therapy. In several years of sailing the Great Lakes, he had collected thousands of matchbooks. Then, not long ago, a newspaper in Cleveland heard about his hobby and printed a story about it. In no time at all he was inundated with a half-million match covers.

The final night of the voyage, as we neared the English Channel, there was the inevitable captain's dinner. But this time there was entertainment. The cook, Marcel den Ouden, turned out to be a first-rate magician, possibly the only seagoing one. Having spent the voyage pulling elaborate dinners out of his tiny galley, it seemed only natural that he pull rabbits out of hats, table-tennis balls out of curtains and red scarves out of completely empty boxes. His assistant, John Barwyn, equally talented musically, presented a program of songs in French, English, Dutch, German and Spanish.

The entertainment helped us forget a minor tragedy of the voyage. In the middle of the ocean, a swallow had appeared on deck and promptly landed in some wet paint. Unable to fly with oil on his wings, he was taken in hand by the crew, carefully washed off and given the freedom of their quarters. For a few days he throve, especially with the crew spending their free time bagging flies for him to eat. But the day before we landed, he suddenly decided he'd had enough, turned up his feet and went to his Maker. No culinary legerdemain on the part of the cook-magician could revive him.

One of the older seamen, accustomed to the ancient practice of reading the sign language of the sea, saw it all as a symbol of the passing of the old seaway. "In the spring," he said, "new birds—new boats!" This Coleridgean version of things, whether acceptable or not, seemed to lessen the tragedy.

The next morning the sun broke through the clouds just as we entered the harbor of Le Havre, freshly rebuilt after its destruction in World War II. I was the only passenger to disembark—the others were going on to Rotterdam—and as I went down the gangplank, my pockets were bulging with the addresses of people in Holland and Germany and Canada that I had sworn to visit.

It was exactly twenty-one days since we'd sailed out of that dramatic Chicago backdrop and set the waters of the Eighth Sea churning into two long ribbons of foam, like braids down the lake's back. Larger, speedier vessels would soon cut the time to thirteen or fourteen days, but the adventure would still have the same general shape—a long look at the green heartland of America, a touch of its busy cities, a lope through the man-made canals and gigantic locks, a view of the serene, haunting beauty of the mouth of the St. Lawrence and then suddenly the wide emptiness of the ocean before the reward of Europe.

If you're in a hurry, it still won't make much sense. There are far quicker ways to get to Europe; but fortunately not all Americans are in a hurry. Especially when there's a new "sea" to sail—right on your own doorstep! THE END

"His idea of a perfect evening is to eat my mother's cooking, smoke my father's cigars and look at our TV."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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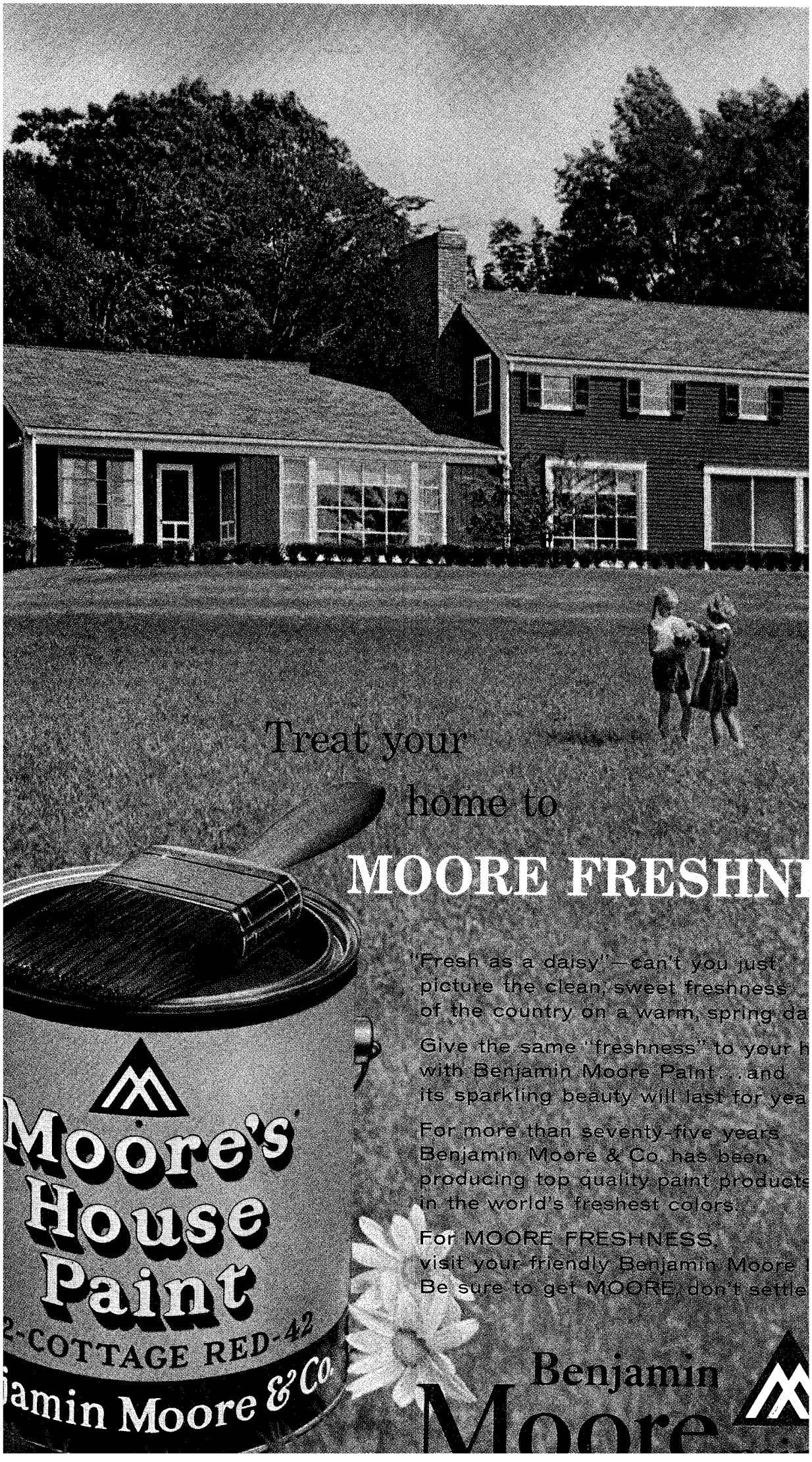
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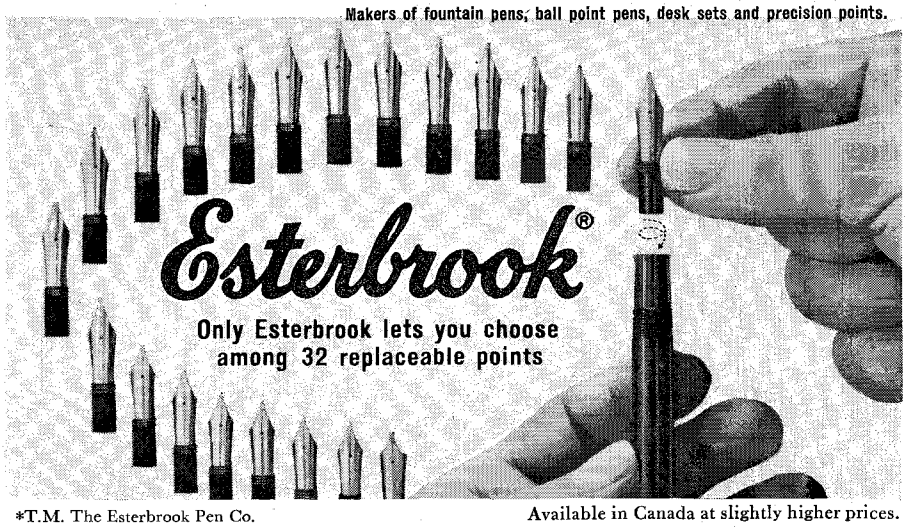

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Our Gamble With Destiny

(Continued from Page 23)

and propaganda purpose in his missile boasts. But there is also, one suspects, a human factor as well. After the war Joseph Stalin concluded that he needed "atomic artillery which could bombard New York." To the late, unlamented Lavrenti Beria he gave the main responsibility for breaking the American atomic monopoly. To his bouncy henchman, Khrushchev, he gave the responsibility for creating the "artillery," and both before and since Stalin's death Khrushchev has been personally in charge of the Soviet Union's missile program.

Here, then, is the brawny blacksmith's son, illiterate until his twenties, who sees himself as personally responsible for the brilliant achievements of the Soviet scientists and engineers. In a human sense, it is not surprising that he talks about his missiles with the gloating pride of a small boy boasting about the shiny new toys he got at Christmas. And though Khrushchev is not a madman, this intense personal pride in his "rockets" must be taken into account. Small boys do not like their Christmas toys kept tucked away in the attic. They like to play with them.

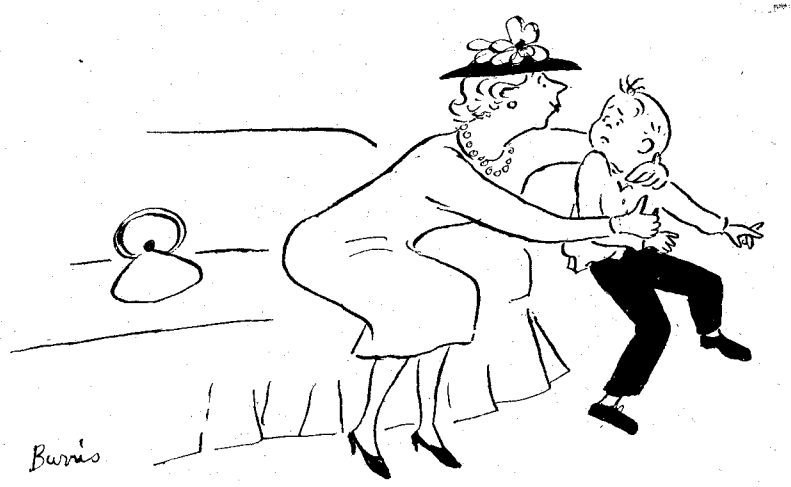
Khrushchev's almost obsessive pride in his beloved rockets was most clearly displayed in his hours-long harangue to the Communist Party Congress in Moscow in January. He devoted a major portion of his long speech to the theme that the Communist bloc was now decisively stronger than the West militarily, thanks to the rockets. KHRUSHCHEV SAYS ROCKET SUCCESS SHIFTS WORLD BALANCE TO SOVIET was the way The New York Times headlined the story.

Does Khrushchev really believe that the world balance of power is now heavily weighted in his favor? And if so, does he have solid grounds for so believing?

The world balance of power is not something that can be neatly calibrated and simply expressed in a mathematical formula. There are just too many imponderables in the equation. But if you try to look at the world through Khrushchev's eyes, you can only conclude that the answer to both the questions above is "yes," if the balance of power is weighed wholly in terms of potential military force.

Consider first the conventional power balance—the balance which would exist if every nuclear warhead in the world were sterilized by the wave of a magic wand. In 1951, as commander of the NATO forces, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower called for the creation of at first forty and ultimately ninety-six divisions on the Continent. The purpose was to maintain the European power balance against the foreseeable day when the Soviets would trump the American nuclear ace by achieving a great nuclear striking force of their own. "It can be done," General Eisenhower said. "It must be done."

It has not been done. "With 175 divisions in the, that is, of Soviet divisions," President Eisenhower asked last March, "in that neighborhood, why in the world would we dream of fighting a ground war?" Nikita Khrushchev knows that the United States has in its whole Army fourteen divisions (as against twenty-four divisions in 1952), which is hardly more than half the divisions the Red Army maintains in East Germany alone. He knows that the whole NATO force consists of some twenty-one divisions, as against the ninety-six divisions General Eisenhower called for in 1951. He knows, in short, that the West would not "dream of fighting a ground war" with the Communist bloc, simply because in such a war the Communist bloc would win.



The Perfect Squelch

Lawrence, aged seven, was summoned from a wonderful game with other boys to meet an old school chum of his mother's. The visitor immediately smothered him with kisses and hugs. Despite his gentle squirming, she held him in her clutch and asked question after question:

What class was he in? Did he like his teacher? Was he a good little boy in school? Did he play with little girls?

Finally the visitor demanded: "Tell me, Lawrence, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"When I grow up," he said firmly, "I'm going to be let alone."

Harold Coffin

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So much for the conventional military-power balance. How, then, does the atomic balance of power look through Khrushchev's small, shrewd, cold eyes? In trying to answer that question, three assumptions can be safely made. First, Khrushchev knows that the nature of nuclear warfare grants an enormous advantage to the side which strikes first. Second, he knows that, in a nuclear war, what matters is not the weapons you hope to have at some future date but the actual operational force in being. Third, Khrushchev is also certainly well aware of something that many Americans have failed to grasp.

"As far as Mr. K.'s concerned," one authority has remarked privately, "we ain't got no missiles." In terms of the missiles Khrushchev has to worry about, missiles which can be confidently relied upon to deliver nuclear warheads to Soviet targets, that sad statement is literally true. It will be substantially true for at least two years. During those two years, and more, the United States will be utterly dependent on the manned bomber to deliver nuclear weapons to target—and Khrushchev knows it.

We have heard so much about so many fancy missiles with fancy names—Thor, Jupiter, Polaris, Atlas, Titan, Minuteman—that we tend happily to count these weapons among our existing assets. But without exception, they either do not now exist, or they are very doubtful assets indeed.

Thor and Jupiter are land-based intermediate-range ballistic missiles—IRBM's. They do exist. They could be fired in anger today. The first six-missile squadron of Thors is being organized in Britain as this is written. Within a year, there will be three more such squadrons. In time there will be a few Jupiter squadrons in Italy, Turkey, perhaps elsewhere. But the Thor squadrons in Britain, for example, will be easy targets for surprise Soviet missile attack—a fact which the British left-wing Laborites, who like to run these days against Thor rather than against Macmillan, are fond of pointing out. More important, the IRBM's, with their limited range, cannot be fired from American bases (except for one base in Alaska, which will command parts of Soviet Siberia). They are thus not subject to American political control, and they can only be fired after a time-consuming process of negotiation between the host country and American authorities. Missiles, like time and tide, wait on no man. The experts agree, "in the room," that Thor and Jupiter are essentially political rather than military assets. Production on both missiles may soon be stopped.

Polaris, the submarine-launched or ship-launched solid-fuel IRBM, will no doubt be a very fine weapon—in time. But the best current guess is that we will not have our first fully equipped Polaris-type nuclear submarine, capable of firing its sixteen Polaris missiles in anger and with reasonable assurance of hitting the target, until about the summer of 1961.

Polaris has been widely advertised as the answer to all our prayers. Perhaps it will be—in time. But in order to meet the schedule both its range and its warhead-carrying capacity have had to be reduced—to 800 miles and about half a megaton respectively. The figures I have given on the Polaris, as to time and range, will be disputed in official quarters, but I am confident that they will be more accurate in the end than some of the official claims.

Another widely advertised answer to all our prayers is the solid-fuel ICBM, Minuteman, big brother of Polaris. No doubt Minuteman, a mobile, relatively cheap missile, will also be a very fine weapon—but, again, in time, and a lot more time than in the case of Polaris. There has been optimistic talk recently about testing the first Minuteman before the 1964–65 target date. But the fact is that no one is dead sure that a solid-fuel missile with true intercontinental range can be built at all, and the need to reduce the range of Polaris sharply is not a good augury. Even the optimists do not claim that we will have a serious operational force of Minuteman ICBM's for three years at the very least.

Then there is Titan, the second-generation liquid-fueled ICBM. Titan will be a good weapon, too, although far more cumbersome than Minuteman. But we will not have our first squadron of nine operational Titan missiles until midsummer, 1961, more than two years from now. So you come back to Atlas, the only ICBM which has actually been tested and which is actually in production. As far as missiles are concerned, Atlas is what Mr. Khrushchev has to worry about—and for at least two years, just about all he has to worry about.

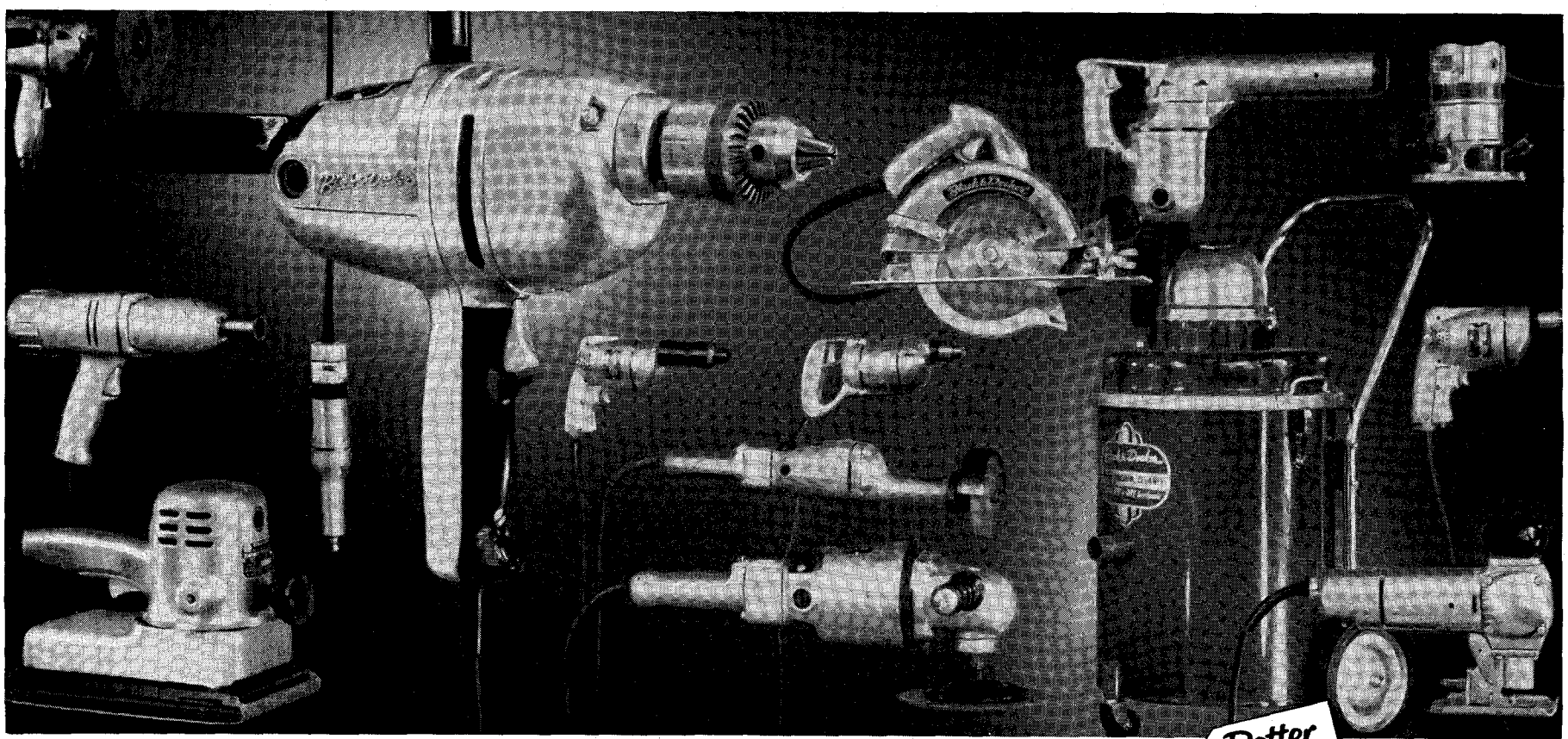
Atlas, known as the "Beast" among the missilemen, is designed to fly 7500 miles with a warhead of somewhat over one and a half megatons. The word "designed" is used advisedly. As this is written, Atlas has never had a fully operational test, although it was tested without a warhead over a 6000-mile range in November. But the Beast was ordered into production even before the November test, and there will be three Atlas missiles in place by midsummer at the Vandenberg Air Force Base in California, if all goes according to schedule. By the beginning of next year they will be joined by six beastly brothers, and we will then have our first full squadron of nine ICBM's. This first Atlas base will be primarily a training base, but the nuclear warheads will be available, and the Beasts could be fired in anger. By about midsummer of 1961—unless the Atlas program is stepped up—there will be only three more Atlas squadrons in place.

But just how beastly do the Beasts look through Mr. Khrushchev's eyes?

The answer is that they probably do not look very beastly, because the Beasts are "soft" beasts. If you want to understand the peculiar realities of the missile age which we are now entering, it is important to understand the difference between a "soft" missile base and a "hard" base. The specialists in such matters use a complicated shorthand—PSI for pounds of blast pressure per square inch, CEP for Circular Error Probable, and the like. But it is not necessary to go into such technicalities to grasp the central fact.

On a soft base, the delicate, hideously complicated Beasts, and their even more complicated guidance systems, are above ground. Because of the enormous thrust developed by the Soviet Sputniks, it is assumed by the intelligence that Khrushchev's hints that his missiles will deliver a five-megaton warhead are true. A five-megaton warhead would destroy the Beasts or their guidance system on a soft base if it landed within a big bull's-eye of some 150 to 200-square miles around the missiles. Thus the first Atlas squadrons will have only "first-strike capability," in the argot of the trade. It must be assumed that, in case of a surprise missile attack by the Soviets, the Atlas squadrons would be destroyed.

By the summer of 1961, we should be getting our first fully hard bases, with the fifth Atlas squadron, and the first squadron of inertially guided Titans. On a hard base the missiles are dug into the ground and protected by concrete silos. To knock out a missile on a hard base, the enemy



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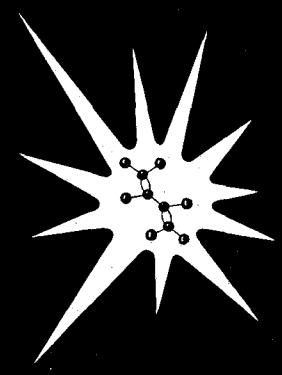

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warhead would have to hit a relatively tiny bull's-eye, within an area of perhaps two or at most three square miles. Thus a hard base will have "second-strike capability." The missiles, or most of them, will surely be fired, even if the Soviets strike first—and Khrushchev will know it.

The difference between "first-strike capability" and "second-strike capability" is a crucial one. Administration spokesmen, replying to critics of defense policy, are fond of pointing out that we have the "firepower" to destroy the Soviet Union several times over. That is no doubt entirely true—if we struck first. But for all sorts of reasons, which are certainly quite clear to Mr. Khrushchev, we are exceedingly unlikely to strike first. Thus the only realistic way to measure our true power is to assume that he has struck first.

That is the main reason why the first Atlas squadrons must be counted doubtful assets on our side of the power ledger. We could double our Atlas production, for about $90,000,000 per squadron, and we ought to do so, if only to complicate the Soviet target problem. The third and fourth Atlas squadrons will be dug into artificial valleys, and thus "semi-hardened." But for technical reasons involving the guidance system of the first Atlases, we cannot get fully hardened bases much before two years from now.

For at least two years, therefore, we will lack any sure "second-strike capability" with our missiles. Thus for the next two years—and really much longer—we shall be utterly dependent on our manned bombers as the sword and shield of the West. To deter Khrushchev from taking his new toys out of the attic and playing with them—as he must be deterred—we must depend almost wholly on our 500 or so B-52 heavy bombers and our 1300 or so rapidly obsolescing B-47 medium bombers plus, in time, about 100 supersonic medium B-58's.

Now consider the real meaning of this utter dependence on the manned bombers. Some weeks ago, in testimony before a Senate committee, Gen. Thomas Power, chief of the Strategic Air Command, made two statements well worth pondering. The first was this: "We can live with the warning system that is provided against aircraft. But against missiles, today there is no warning system in being, and it is of the utmost importance that we get warning against missiles as quickly as we can. If I have no warning, and if I have no capability to operate under conditions of no warning, it is conceivable that you could knock out SAC."

If you consider the real meaning of those words, you will understand what the famous "missile gap" is all about. Suppose Khrushchev decided to attack the West with his manned bombers alone. Even the fastest jet bombers require several hours to fly to targets half a world away. Because "the warning system that is provided against aircraft" is now efficient, Khrushchev could never hope to catch SAC by surprise. He would know, without any question at all, that the bulk of the great SAC force would be in the air, bomb-loaded and racing for Soviet targets, before a single bomb had fallen on American soil. He would know that he would have to pay the price—the near-total destruction of the Soviet Union. And because Khrushchev is not insane, he would not be willing to pay that price.

But the Beasts are a different order of animal. The ICBM's travel high in space half around the globe in a half hour or less, which is why there is "no warning system in being," and why, therefore, "it is conceivable that you could knock out SAC." If Khrushchev could knock out SAC, he would have destroyed the guts of our power. He would have played Delilah to our Samson. Can he do it?

Again, let us try to examine the problem through those small shrewd eyes of his. There are about forty SAC bases in this country, all soft. Khrushchev knows, of course, just how many there are, and where they are. If you count all the SAC bases abroad, and if you throw in all the target areas from which a nuclear counterattack might be launched—the V-bomber bases in Britain, the heavy carriers, some forward tactical bases—you come up with something under sixty targets. Altogether, if Khrushchev could destroy with heavy hydrogen bombs something less than a total of 100 soft targets, he would have cut out the guts of our retaliatory power. Can he do it?

The answer to that question depends on what he has got to do it with. He has a fleet of about 150 long-range bombers, notably the Bison jets and Bear turbo-jets, plus a bigger fleet of medium bombers. But he himself has repeatedly declared that the manned bomber is obsolete, and in the last two years the production of Soviet long-range bombers has slowed to a trickle. "If you strike at a king, you must strike to kill," and Khrushchev knows that his manned bombers would not kill King SAC. So let us leave Khrushchev's bombers entirely out of the power-balance equation, and consider his missiles only.

Back in 1955 the Air Force established in Turkey and elsewhere a missile-monitoring system—huge radar-tracking-screens, bigger than a football field. The system is capable of picking up the upper trajectory of ballistic missiles fired anywhere in the Soviet land-mass. As soon as it was established, the system began picking up numerous firings of medium missiles up to 1200 miles in range. More than 1500 medium-missile firings have been recorded, and in recent months the missiles have been fired on frequent, regular schedules, which suggests that the testing period is over and the period of crew training well begun. It is therefore assumed by the intelligence that Khrushchev's boasts to Lippmann, Macmillan

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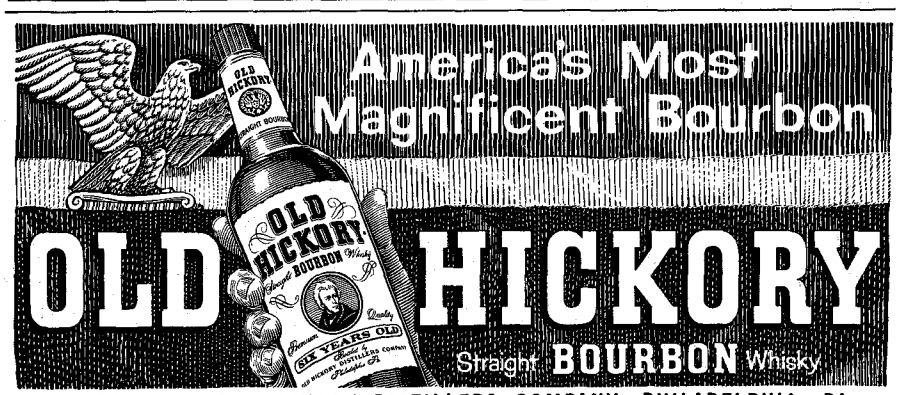

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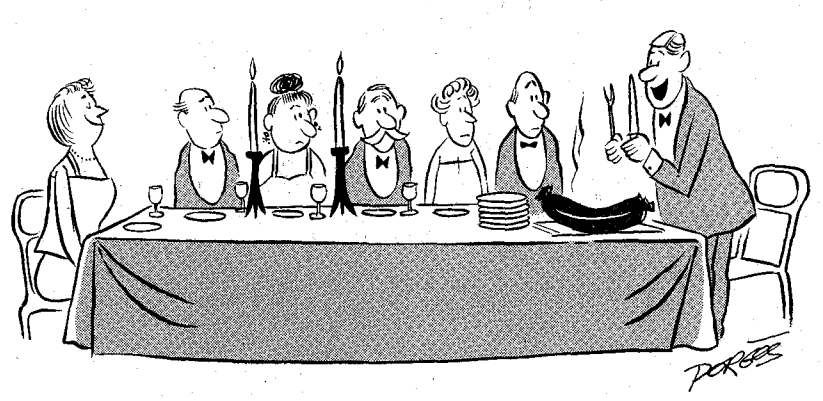

"Now then—who likes skin?"

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and others—that he already has missiles capable of bringing all the forward bases under fire—are substantially true. For that reason, a redeployment, costly in terms of SAC's striking power, of the medium-range B-47's back to bases in this country is already in progress.

The real question—the 64,000,000-people question, it has been called, in grim tribute to the killing power of fallout from dirty thermonuclear warheads—concerns Khrushchev's ICBM's, designed for use against targets in this country. How many has he got and how good are they? Neither Mr. Allen Dulles, able chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, nor anyone else this side of the Kremlin, really knows for sure the answer to the 64,000,000-people question.

We do know some things. We know, for example, that the first Soviet ICBM test occurred in the summer of 1957, some weeks before the first Sputnik was hurled into orbit. We know that there have since been about a dozen further tests, including four "aborts," in which the missiles malfunctioned. This is oddly few, compared with the very frequent IRBM firings. We know that there was a mysterious period, between about April last year and early this year, when there were no Soviet ICBM tests at all. We know that none of the Soviet missiles have been tested at full intercontinental range—as Khrushchev himself complained to Hubert Humphrey, there isn't room enough even in the enormous Soviet land mass for a full-range test of an ICBM.

What, then, does Khrushchev have now in his ICBM stockpile? And what will he have during the years immediately ahead, when we will still be almost totally dependent on SAC's manned bombers? The official answer to these questions, as given by Defense Secretary McElroy and others before Congressional committees, is as follows: As of now, no operational Soviet ICBM's, or only a handful. As of next year, "on the order of" 100 Soviet ICBM's. As of two years from now, about 300 ICBM's, and as of three years from now, upward of 500.

This is an honest answer. Allen Dulles and the others principally responsible for it are honest men. But this does not mean that it is an accurate estimate. With one exception (Bison bomber production) our official estimates of Soviet technical-military progress have been with awful consistency deep underestimates. The official ICBM estimate has itself been sharply reduced from the estimate of a year ago, which put the Soviet production schedule at least a year earlier. The chief reason for reducing the estimate was that mysterious ten-month gap in Soviet ICBM testing, a gap which has now ended.

There are qualified experts who deeply fear that even the original and gloomier estimate was short of the reality. They contend that it is at least entirely possible that the Soviets will have, not 300 ICBM's two years from now, when we shall still be dependent on the manned bomber, but well over 1000.

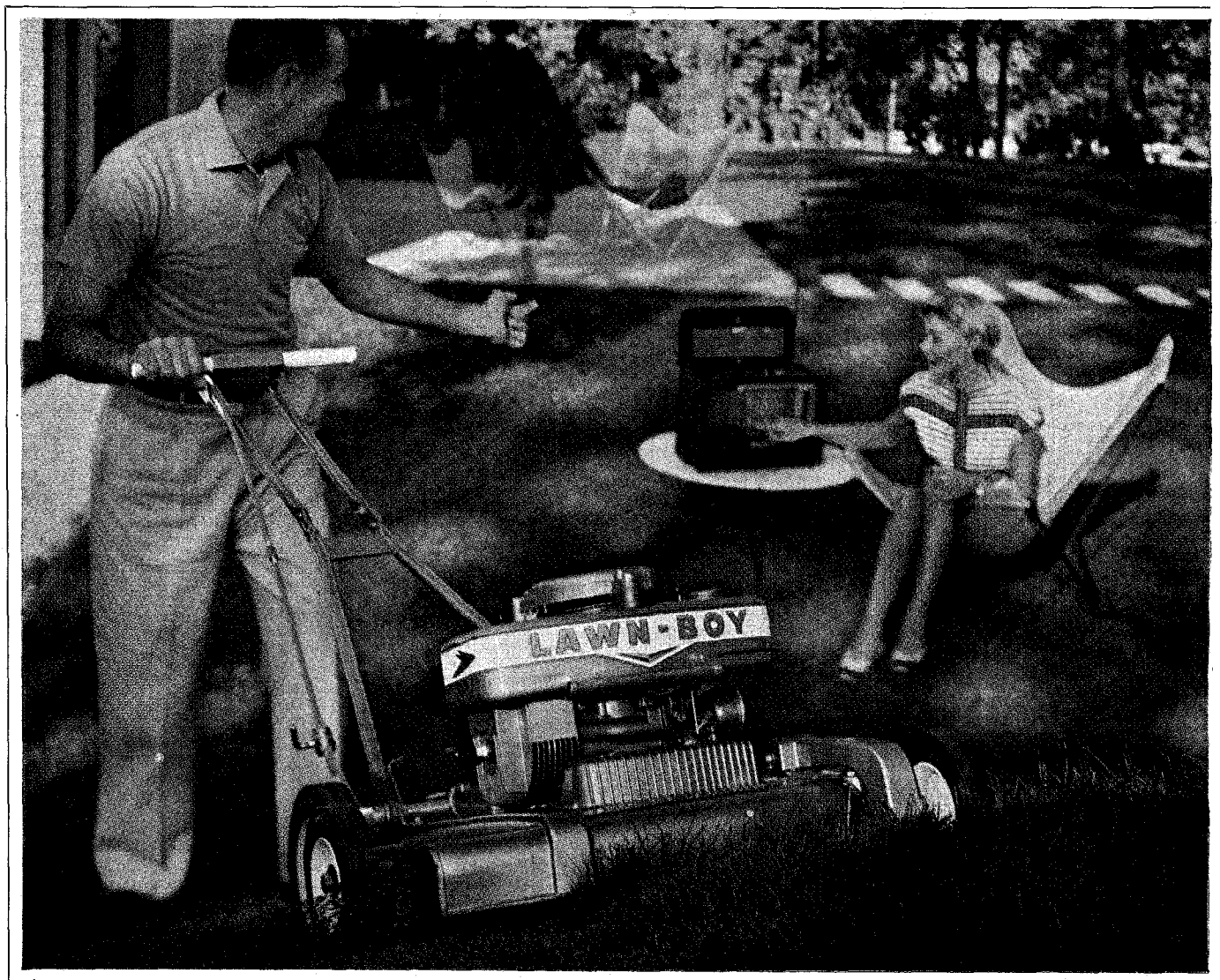
To support this view, they cite, first, the Sputniks. From the performance of the Sputniks and Lunik any good scientist with a slide rule can prove that the Soviets can build the necessary thrust, range, warhead-carrying capacity, and—probably—accuracy into their missiles to do the grisly job of carrying a very powerful hydrogen warhead to targets in this country. They cite, second, the known Soviet production capacity. A great ICBM production base has been in operation for at least a year, in the area of Dnepropetrovsk, and a second such complex is being built with all speed—even in the closed society of the Soviet Union, so huge an industrial complex cannot be hidden.

They also cite the now well-established Soviet custom of freezing on a weapons model when once they are satisfied with it—a custom so different from our own perfectionist dillydallying that it partly explains the habitual underestimation by the intelligence of Soviet capabilities. And finally, the pessimists cite what Khrushchev himself has said.

Back in the fall of 1957 Khrushchev was already boasting that he had "intercontinental rockets" capable of "delivering hydrogen-bomb warheads to any point in the globe." This boast, even the pessimists agree, was probably premature.

Premature boasts are a Soviet habit. Molotov boasted of the Soviet atomic bomb some weeks before it was first tested, and Bulganin made a similarly premature boast about the first Soviet hydrogen bomb. But both boasts subsequently proved all too accurate. Since his 1957 boast to Humphrey and others, Khrushchev has been increasingly precise and confident about his ICBM's, and at least twice in the last several months he has stated flatly that the Soviet Union was in serial [or mass] production in its ICBM plants.

You may disagree with the pessimists if you like and assume that Khrushchev is lying. But then you must answer a question for yourself. We know, from the Sputniks and other evidence, that Khrushchev can produce the kind of ICBM he described to Humphrey. We know that he considers the ICBM the ideal answer to SAC, and the key to that shift in the world-power balance which he has so confidently proclaimed. We know that the Soviet Union has the productive capacity



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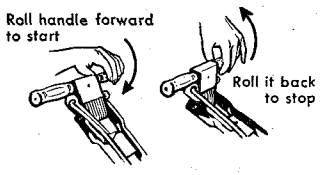

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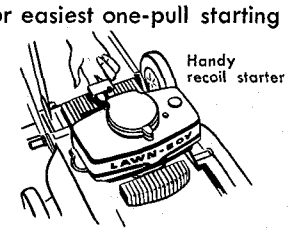

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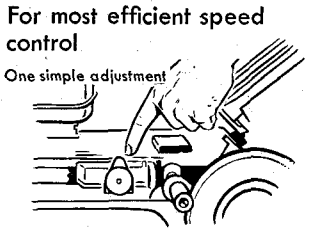

The Automower lets you dial a fast or slow walking speed—*and still maintain the most efficient cutting speed for the mowing blade!*

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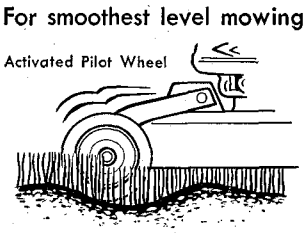

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to turn out these weapons in great numbers. Knowing these things, how can we safely assume that the Soviet Union is not in fact mass-producing these weapons, as Khrushchev says it is? This reporter has asked many men with full access to the facts that question, and has yet to hear a convincing answer.

It is not enough, of course, to equate one missile to one target, and conclude that 100 Soviet ICBM's equal 100 American targets destroyed. Generous allowance must be made for aborts and for missiles which fall wide of the killing range. Even the pessimists do not think that it is likely that Khrushchev could "knock out SAC" today. But the official estimates themselves suggest that the time may be coming when Khrushchev might *think* that he could knock out SAC, and thus destroy the guts of the West's power.

Consider the second significant statement which General Power made on Capitol Hill: "It doesn't make any difference what anybody in this country thinks about the Strategic Air Command from a deterrent point of view. The only thing that is important is what does Mr. Khrushchev think of the Strategic Air Command."

That is the whole point. And it seems at least possible that Khrushchev may already be beginning to think along some such lines as these: "These Americans are not crazy. They know that as far as conventional military power is concerned, I have the West by the throat—Eisenhower has already said as much. They know I'm way ahead on the missiles, which are the decisive weapons—they've admitted that too. If I talk tough enough, and if I give them some face-saving way out, they're sure to back down in the end, in Berlin or elsewhere. And if the Americans back down, everybody will back down, and I've won the game."

He could be thinking along these lines too: "Suppose I lose the gamble. Suppose the Americans force the issue. My missilemen tell me I can knock out the bulk of SAC on the ground if I strike by surprise, and my air-defense people tell me I can knock out the bulk of the manned bombers that survive. We may get hurt, but not as badly as in the last war, and the Americans would have no choice but to sue for peace. And perhaps now is the time to have a preventive showdown anyway, before the Americans catch up with my missiles."

Surely it is at least possible that Khrushchev is beginning to think in these terms. If he is, it would explain the peculiar combination of outright threats and sweet-seeming reason he has displayed since he touched off the Berlin crisis. And if he is beginning to think in such terms, we of the West are, to put it mildly, in a jam. As long as the basic equation in the nuclear-power balance is Khrushchev's missiles against our manned bombers, we shall still be in a jam.

In this situation, there is one essential requirement. We must at all costs persuade Khrushchev that if he attacks the West he will still most surely pay the price of the destruction of the Soviet Union. General Power, in a couple of phrases, gave the means of meeting this requirement. "It is of the utmost importance," he said, "that we get warning against missiles as quickly as we can." A ballistic-missile early-warning system is already planned for the northern approaches. It must be pushed forward with every conceivable priority, and at whatever cost.

"If I have no warning and if I have no capability to operate under conditions of no warning," the general also said, "then it is conceivable that you could knock out SAC." While the missile warning system is abuilding, General Power must at all costs be given "the capability to operate under conditions of no warning." There are several means to that end, including the hardening of SAC bases and the "penny-packet dispersion" of SAC planes on certain civilian airfields. But the only sure way is a continuing air alert. A contingent plan already exists for keeping sixty-eight of SAC's big bombers high in the air at all times, invulnerable to Khrushchev's missiles, bomb-loaded and target-assigned. An air alert would subject SAC's fine crews to great strain, and it would cost about a third of a billion dollars a year, but the strain and the dollars seem small prices to pay to persuade Khrushchev that he cannot knock out SAC.

There are other things that badly need to be done, in the view of the best of the experts. To ensure SAC's "second-strike capability" many more jet tankers are needed than are provided for in the current budget. An urgent effort is needed to close the missile gap—Titan as well as Atlas, for example, could be greatly accelerated. In the longer run the West's terrible feebleness in conventional power must be righted, and what General Eisenhower said could and must be done in 1952 must really be done now. Ways must be found to get more real return in terms of combat power from our defense investment in men and dollars. Why, for example, are we spending more than $5,000,000,000 in antiaircraft defense, when it is obvious that, if Khrushchev attacks, he will not attack with manned bombers? Again, why should the American Army have such an incredibly huge proportion of noncombat troops that we have about four times as many soldiers in uniform per division as the Red Army?

We must always remember, too, that Khrushchev has his weaknesses, and that we have our strengths. The Soviet system builds Sputniks or ICBM's all too efficiently, but in human terms it is a ghastly failure. Why, after all, did Khrushchev announce that Berlin was a "malignant tumor" which "must be cut out?" Partly, no doubt, because he thinks that he now has the strength to cut it out. But partly because Berlin, with its ancient, magnetic attraction of freedom for unfreedom, *is* a malignant tumor through Khrushchev's eyes. As Khrushchev weighs the world balance of power, he must surely weigh that magnetic attraction in the balance. He must remember what happened in East Germany in 1953, in Hungary and Poland in 1956—and what could happen, if shooting began, all over the restive, hate-filled Soviet satellite empire.

Of course, there are many other factors in the world power balance which ought to be weighed, from the vast military manpower of the Chinese Communists, to the vast economic power of the United States. But there is one final factor, intangible but decisive. That is guts—above all, American guts. We Americans find ourselves, after all, in a situation in which no great power has ever been before. We are faced with an implacably hostile power with the means at hand to devastate this country as no country in history has been devastated. In this situation, thanks to the feebleness of our conventional arms, our only ultimate sanction is our willingness to devastate the Soviet Union, even at the cost of devastation of the United States. We must be willing to use this power, if the vital interests of the West are threatened, at whatever cost to ourselves—*and Khrushchev must know that we are willing to use it*. We must, if you will, be willing to die in order to live. And if we do meet this final test of simple guts, it still seems likely that Khrushchev, who is, after all, not a madman, will stop short of the brink of nuclear war.

Warning to Young Men

(Continued from Page 31)

than the streetcar stop outside the school when I began to feel awfully alone. Johnny Lang, who played end on the touchball team in my block, ambled by. "Hey, Johnny," I said, "come on downtown with me. You won't be sorry. I'll pay your fare."

We rode downtown and walked into the overpoweringly elegant hostelry. With quavering voice, I inquired the number of the champ's room, and we rode up the elevator in stricken silence. Halfway down the corridor to his room I stopped. "Maybe he isn't there," I said to Johnny. "Maybe he's asleep. Maybe he's in a big business conference. He might get mad. He's pretty strong."

Just then a door banged open and out burst the champ himself, with a nameless gentleman. They strode past us as Johnny and I plastered our skinny frames against the wall. The champ was laughing and pretending to cuff Nameless about the head. We followed at a short but respectful distance. The elevator doors opened, they stepped in and the champ said, "Going down, kids?" In utter silence I stood beside the great man all the way down. In utter silence I followed him to the street. As he waited for his cab, I said, "Sir, I—ah—I am from the high-school newspaper and ——"

He said, "You want an interview? O.K. Work hard. Live clean. Get a lot of exercise."

I said, "Gee, thanks very much." How I made a story out of this exchange I'm not sure, but journalists, as everyone knows, live by their wits and their adjectives.

By the age of eighteen I was a reporter on the Minneapolis Journal and far gone in the habit of bold starts and bashful endings. There was the case of the Fake Waiter and Katharine Hepburn. I was the Fake Waiter. She was Katharine Hepburn, the real one. She failed, that subzero morning, to descend from her Pullman car at the station, so I announced to the shivering colleagues, "I'll fix *her*. I got a plan."

Two hours later, when she rang for breakfast from her room in the Curtis Hotel, she was attended by two white-coated waiters, one real. The star was in bed, her beautiful hair spread over a bank of pillows, and she was dictating a family letter to a secretary who scribbled at a desk. I was transfixed by this intimate proximity with glamour. She spoke to me, and I stammered. She requested a dish, and I dropped it. She smiled sweetly and wasn't fooled for a minute. By the time I was escaping through the lobby, she had already bawled out the hotel manager, and I suspect that if the advertising department had got its way, "Richard Harding Davis" would have been fired. As a matter of fact, I did get fired. But that was much later, and it was stupidity, not timidity. I got the Veterans of Foreign Wars

(*Continued on Page 120*)

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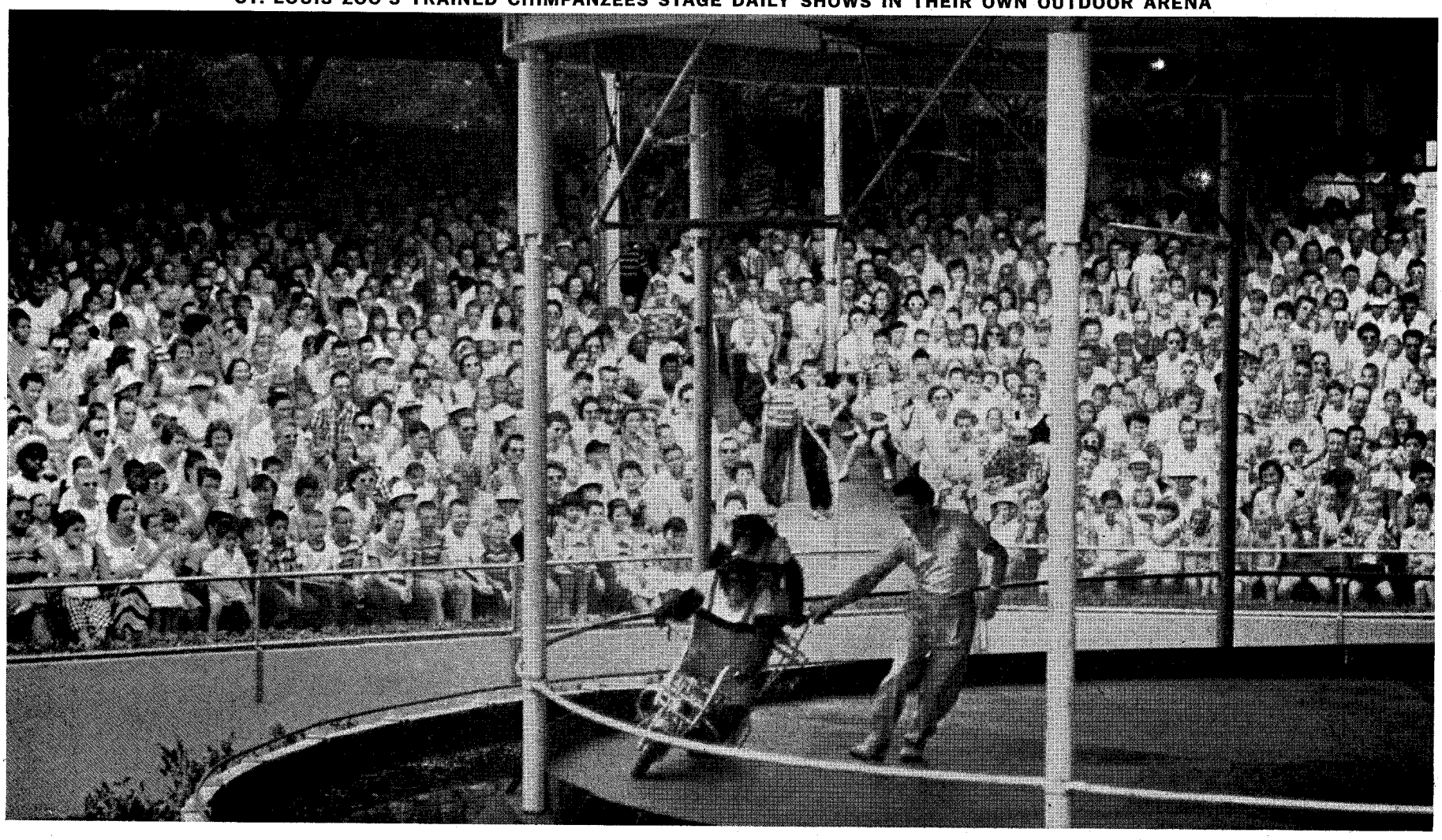

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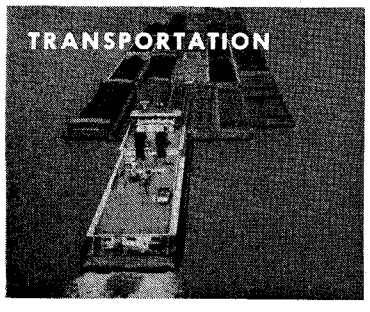

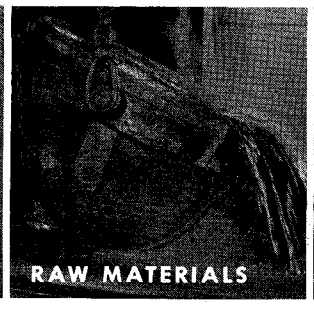

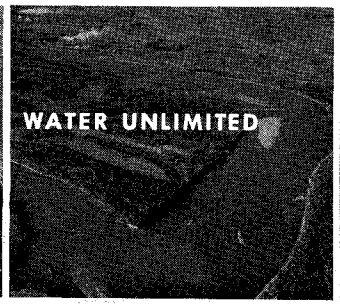

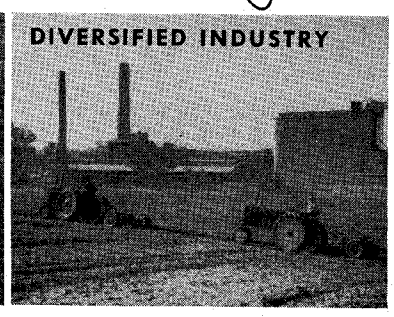

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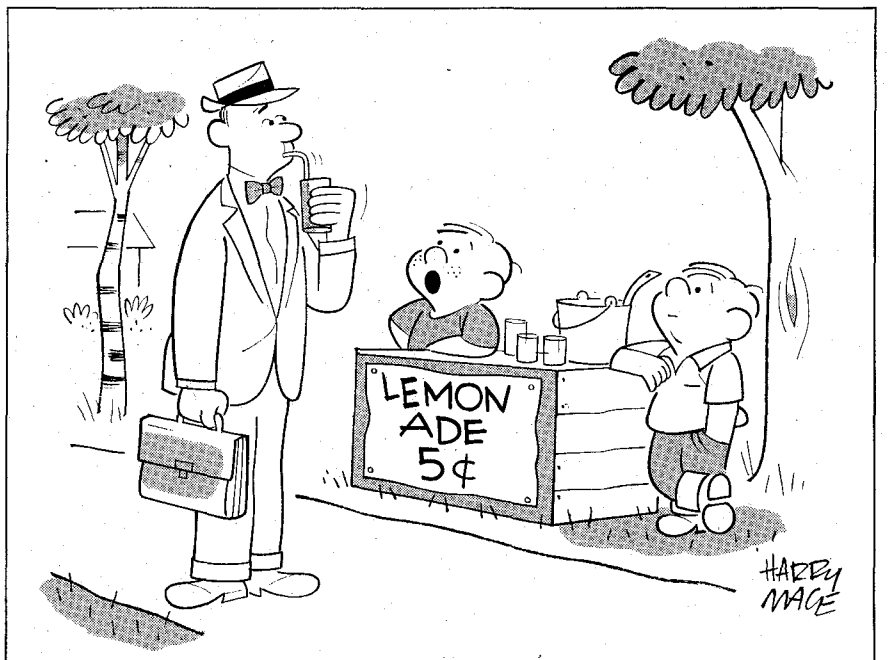
(*Continued from Page 118*) mixed up, in a story, with the American Legion. There seemed to be a difference between them—the first were *not* members of the second.

It was stupidity that prevented me from walking right in on a holdup and getting either (a) a conk on the head or (b) a big scoop, and maybe both. Casey Jones, the city editor, had said, "Look, punk, there's nobody around but you. Beat it over to Number Such-and-Such on Hennepin Avenue. Loan company being held up. Guy heard the talk over an open telephone. Cops aren't there yet. This is your big chance, punk. Hennepin Avenue."

I had just been writing a squib with the words "Nicollet Avenue" in it, and I am the sort of writer who dreams over every one of his own words. I promptly dashed to the corresponding number of Nicollet Avenue and consumed fifteen minutes trying to persuade the bewildered manager of a shoe store that he had been held up. By the time I got to the loan company on Hennepin, all was over, including my big eyewitness scoop.

One Saturday night Casey said, "Punk, go over and look in on that dance marathon in the auditorium that the Good People are fussing about." In the auditorium a municipal bureaucrat whispered in my ear that the mayor was about to raid the place. This sweet scoop was mine, all mine. But I needed more dope. I sidled up to a uniformed policeman who hung on the rail, watching the soiled and sordid couples shuffling around in their sleep. "When do you put the muscle on the joint?" I inquired out of the corner of my mouth. One minute later, my money had been not very cheerfully refunded at the box office and I was out in the street. The place was raided, all right, but R. H. Davis, alias The Punk, wasn't there. Rather slowly it dawned on me that the special policemen hired by the marathon management wore uniforms remarkably similar to those of the city police.



"Go easy on that straw, mister, it's the only one we got."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

But all that was in my extreme youth. As I grew older and exchanged Minneapolis for Paris, and newspapers for radio, I became more and more adept at Stupidity, Timidity, Bad Luck and Bad Timing. As I think back over the remarkable roster of my anti-scoops, I rather incline toward giving first place to my performance on the day France declared war, in September of 1939. During the morning hours of that anguished day I played right out of character. I mean I got the only copy through the official censors which stated that France would go to war at five o'clock. André Glarner, who ran a French news agency, telephoned to say that he had heard of my unique status and intended to flash a bulletin, without benefit of censorship, at one P.M., the opening minute of my historic broadcast-to-be, saying that CBS had reported the French decision. Now, it is not often that one lone reporter possesses the privilege of exclusive announcement to the world of an event like a great power declaring war. I savored those moments as the studio clock ticked toward one P.M. I anticipated in my mind, word for word, the congratulatory telegram that would come from CBS news director Paul White in New York. I tasted various guesses as to the amount of my pay increase, upping it each time.

"Hello, New York. . . . Hello, London," I called as the talk-up period began.

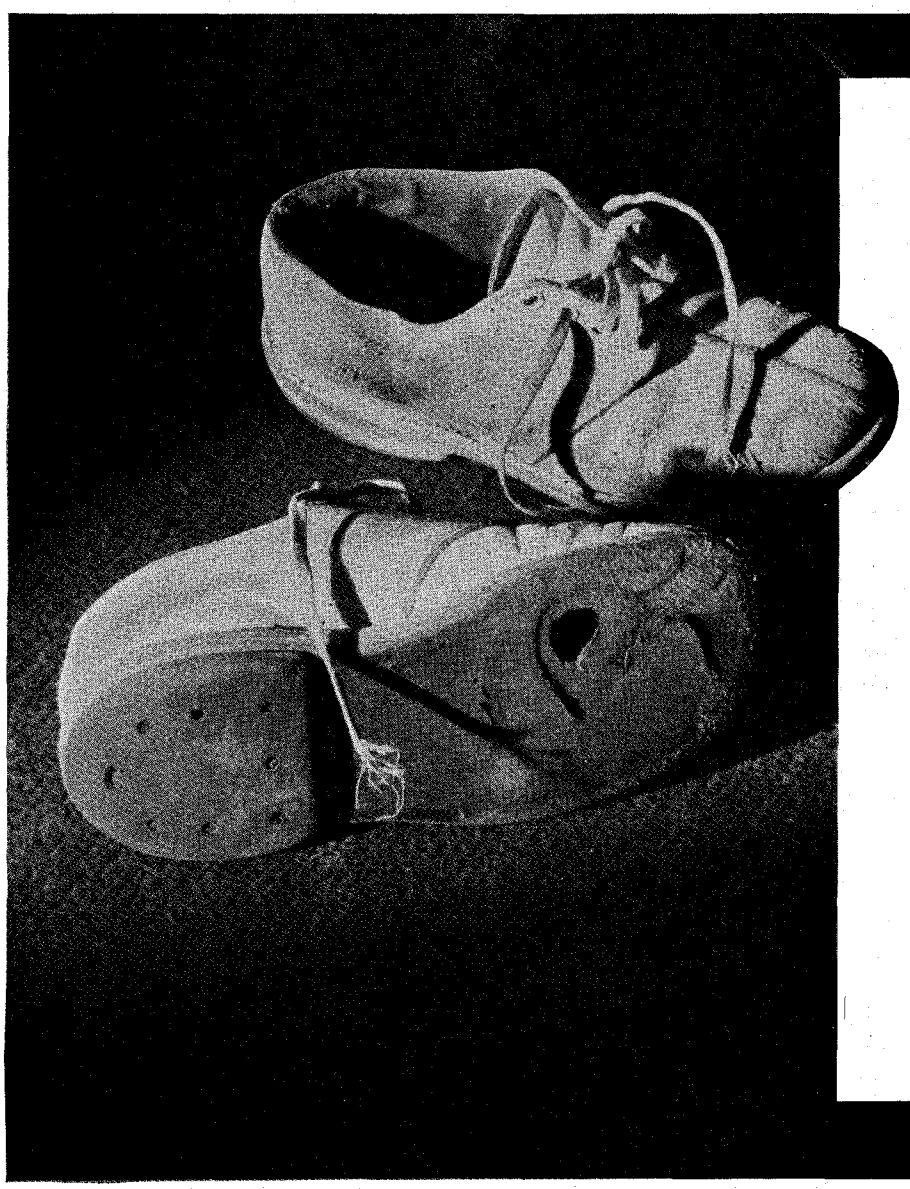
Only the short waves of static responded. I called again. I began to holler, a bit hysterically. The French studio engineer poked his head around the door and said, "London says big story, Britain gone to war two hours ago."

"But everybody knows that!" I screamed. "Nobody knows about France! Tell London to call me in!" The engineer popped back. The minutes passed. All the minutes. He popped out again and said, "London says very sorry, but very big story over there. They want you up tonight."

Glarner, I believe, got a world scoop, based on a Sevareid broadcast that was never made. Ed Murrow, they tell me, was quite eloquent from London that day.

My next exploit should be put into Category No. 2—Timidity. The understanding in Paris was that no journalists of any nationality were allowed to go to the front until all arrangements and credentials were in order. Days passed. Occasionally a wire service reported a great battle at the Belfort Gap or some such impressive-sounding place. But the world remained in total ignorance, believing one day that vast armies were drenching the soil in blood, believing the next day that nothing was happening whatsoever.

Over the second or third Pernod, we said to each other, "Are we men or mice?"—"we" being Walter Kerr of the Herald Tribune; Geoffrey Cox of the London Express, and Chuck Findley, an American newsreel executive. So, on a Sunday morning, we trundled off in Cox's tiny car toward the rising sun. At Cha-



Piston Rings wear out, too!

You can't see the wear on your piston rings. But you can feel it—in your engine's loss of power—and in your pocketbook.

At the first sign of oil-pumping, smoking exhaust or loss of power, ask your motor specialist for a ring check-up. If your car needs new rings, you'll be money ahead on gas and oil . . . and avoid big repair bills later on by installing new Hastings Piston Rings now.

They stop oil-pumping, seal compression and provide the special lubrication worn engines need.

Don't gamble with the power and economy that are built into your engine. Restore it, keep it, enjoy it. Get new rings. And be sure they're Hastings—the only rings engineered exclusively for replacement service in your car. Truly the best money you can spend on your car.

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Piston Rings, Casite Additives, Oil Filters, Spark Plugs
U. S. Patent Nos. 2614899; 2712971

HASTINGS
Piston Rings

TOUGH but oh so Gentle

TOUGH on oil-pumping • GENTLE on cylinder walls

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teau-Thierry the military guard said, "They will stop you at Verdun." At Verdun the guard said, "You won't get past Metz." However, at Metz they said nothing. Beyond Metz we proceeded as far as daylight, military traffic and Findley's unexpected appendix attack would permit. But it was close enough. We knew. No fighting was going on whatsoever—except for a few lackadaisical artillery exchanges.

We could write the first eyewitness descriptions of what the second great war of the western front was really like.

As I was composing mine in my Paris hotel room, Cox phoned to say we were in trouble. General Gamelin had heard about our trip, and a French official had called Cox with threats of punishment. The delay had already lost Cox his first edition of the Express. So I wrote my broadcast very carefully, avoiding any proclamations of "first" or "exclusive," but making it perfectly clear to the intelligent listener, I thought, where we had been and what the truth was. It went through censorship, I delivered it, and brother Murrow, listening at London, said, "Very, very nice."

Cox phoned again. "It was a hoax," he said. Kenneth Downs, of I.N.S., had heard about our journey as soon as we had regained Paris. The threatening phone call to Cox had been made by a man named Wilson in Downs' office, impersonating a high official.

Three or four days later, Downs, Paul Ward, Edgar Mowrer and Edmond Taylor made essentially the same trip. No timidity there. They hit the story for all it was worth, especially Downs. One week later Time magazine carried the pictures of these four and a long story about their daring exploit to bring the truth to the world. Two weeks later Editor & Publisher published an account by Downs of how he had studied the "rules," perceived a loophole and organized their historic trip. Of our trip, no mention anywhere.

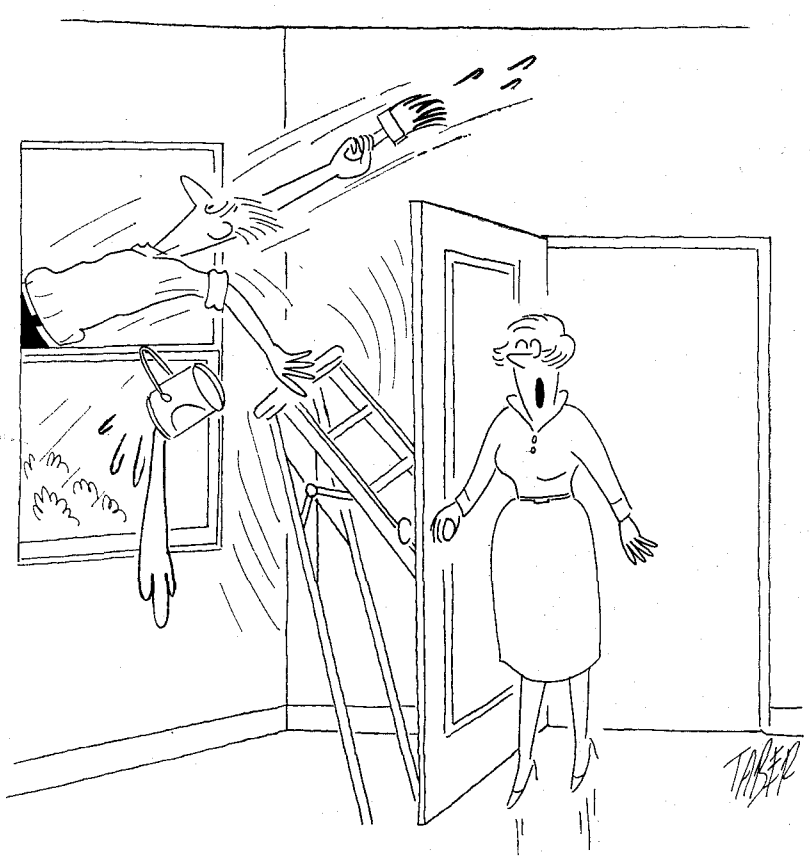
Except in the French High Command. General Gamelin was sore. We did get in trouble—in fact, we were almost expelled from France. Downs and company escaped scot-free, on the grounds, apparently, that they had merely followed our wicked example.

In the months of the "phony war" that followed, I must not have been myself—I didn't get beat on anything big, an unnerving sensation for one so conditioned as I. Well, there was the time I got sick and couldn't make that famous taxi ride through the Siegfried Line from Luxembourg, along with Walter Kerr, and Bob Casey of the Chicago Daily News. And there was that Christmas Eve in a Maginot Line fortress when an engineer in Paris or New York considered that cutting through to the Mannerheim Line in Finland produced enough fortress talk, so that William L. White spoke his famous "There Shall Be No Night" piece to millions of radio listeners in America and I spoke graphically to myself. But those I put down to Bad Luck.

Indeed, that winter I managed to argue my way into a French concentration camp for Central European refugees and reported the story. In the spring I beat the world with the news of the German tank break-through at Sedan which sealed the fate of France, by means of a prearranged cable code with New York. Though, of course, CBS didn't dare credit me by name in the justified fear that I would end up in a French Army guardhouse. And around June 10, 1940, I'm pretty sure I got the first definite word out that the French Government and Army had abandoned Paris. That was one of those "last broadcasts from"; when the tide of war turned, the style changed to "first broadcasts from," as reporters foot-raced one another into places like Kokokooma Village, Somewhere in the Pacific.

A bit later in June of 1940, with the capitulation of France at Bordeaux, I found my old stride again. I burst with antipride over that one. Timidity lifted me to the very heights.

BACKGROUND: All news copy from the hundred or so scrambling, exhausted journalists had to go by automobile



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Clip this ad..take it to your Druggist for FREE MEDICATED dermassage

CARES FOR YOUR BODY 5 IMPORTANT WAYS

1. **HEALS** chapped, dry, irritated skin, chafed backs, knees and elbows.
2. **RELIEVES** sunburn, windburn, rough, weather-dried skin; cold-irritated nostrils—that "all-over" itch!
3. **COOLS** and comforts hot, burning, tired, aching feet.
4. **SOOTHES** over-exerted, stiff, aching muscles—arms, back, chest, legs.
5. **FIGHTS INFECTION** with miracle Hexachlorophene. Complete antiseptic and deodorizing qualities of Hexachlorophene combat skin bacteria.

Used In Over 4,000 Hospitals In Place of Skin-Drying Alcohol

It's no secret why your custodians of public health—the doctor, nurse, hospital administrator and pharmacist—have switched from rubbing alcohol to DERMASSAGE. They realize that alcohol dries the skin, whereas DERMASSAGE **lubricates** it. Rubbing alcohol is toxic, while DERMASSAGE is completely **safe,** even to children. Alcohol disinfects only temporarily, but DERMASSAGE, containing G-11 (Hexachlorophene), **destroys bacteria on contact** and creates a **continuous** antiseptic action on the skin to resist new bacteria. Alcohol is flammable, while DERMASSAGE is **not.**

Ideal For Sensitive, Tender Skin —Not Greasy—Can't Stain!

INSTEAD OF RUBBING ALCOHOL, ASK FOR

dermassage®

Medicated DERMASSAGE Has Proved to 78,000,000 Hospital Patients That It's the Finest Lotion for All-Over Body Rub. But Now You Don't Have to be Hospitalized to Convince Yourself!

Doctors in a majority of the Hospitals —nearly 300,000 Nurses—Pharmacists the world over —now use and recommend medicated DERMASSAGE... the creamy white body lotion that is replacing skin-drying rubbing alcohol **forever!**

But don't be convinced by anyone but yourself. Prove to yourself and your family—today—that DERMASSAGE is the finest, safest, most refreshing treatment for skin irritations and muscle conditions.

NOTHING TO BUY! NO OBLIGATION!

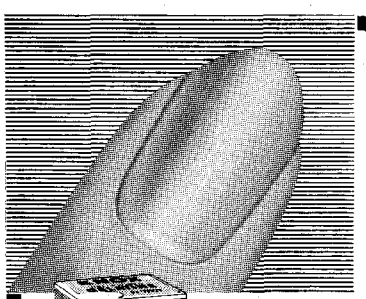
Discover why DERMASSAGE has won the acclaim of the medical profession everywhere. Present this ad to your druggist immediately. Receive in return, FREE, a Reg. 2-oz. size bottle of creamy white DERMASSAGE as a gift from your pharmacist. But hurry! Quantities are limited.

FREE!

REG. 2-OZ. DERMASSAGE!

Limit, one per person.

Redeem this ad at your druggist. If his supply is exhausted, send your name and address (include this ad and 10c to cover postage and handling) to S. M. Edison Chemical Co., 2710 South Parkway, Chicago 16, Ill. This offer expires June 15, 1959, and will not be repeated.



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begins from within

DRINK

KNOX Gelatine

Splitting, breaking nails need the *food factors* supplied by Knox Unflavored Gelatine. Medical journals report 7 out of 10 women restored problem nails within 3 months by drinking daily one envelope (about 5¢) of Knox in fruit or vegetable juice, bouillon or water. At your grocer's.

TO PHYSICIANS: All published studies have been conducted with Knox Gelatine. For reprints write Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y.

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You'll hear . . .

"Such good taste . . . so color-wise"

When you paint with Kyanize

Kyanize

the **good choice** in paints

Helps You Overcome

FALSE TEETH

Looseness and Worry

No longer be annoyed or feel ill-at-ease because of loose, wobbly false teeth. FASTEETH, an improved **alkaline** (non-acid) powder, sprinkled on your plates holds them firmer so they feel more comfortable. Avoid embarrassment caused by loose plates. Get FASTEETH at drug counters everywhere.

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courier, once every couple of hours, to a Press Wireless transmitter far out of the city, where it piled up in great gluts.

PLOT: Sevareid finds out that the Germans have not yet reached the mid-France radio transmitter used by Bordeaux Radio studios at the edge of Bordeaux. He will simply arrange to use the studio microphones on demand and have his graphic description of the denouement, when it comes, beamed to the Western Hemisphere. CBS, New York, monitoring around the clock, will pick it up.

ACTION: Sevareid slips quietly into office of the French radio director in the middle of Bordeaux to make above arrangements. Sevareid hears polite cough, looks around and finds NBC correspondent, suspecting plot afoot, has followed him into the office. Sevareid requests competition to leave. Competition grins. Competition is about half Sevareid's size. Sevareid does nothing about it. Broadcast arrangement made.

CLIMAX: Word comes to regiment of journalists that Pétain is premier, with list of new cabinet. This is It. Press journalists, discovering Press Wireless courier has just left, go insane, not being aware of Bordeaux Radio. Sevareid drives frantically to radio studio, dashes up stairs to microphone as NBC half-pint strolls down wearing same grin.

"What did you say on the air?" demands insane Sevareid.

"Why," says he, "I said this means continued resistance. Look at all the generals and admirals in the new cabinet."

Sevareid screams "Hah!" of maniacal joy, rushes to microphone and blurts out news to world that France will capitulate.

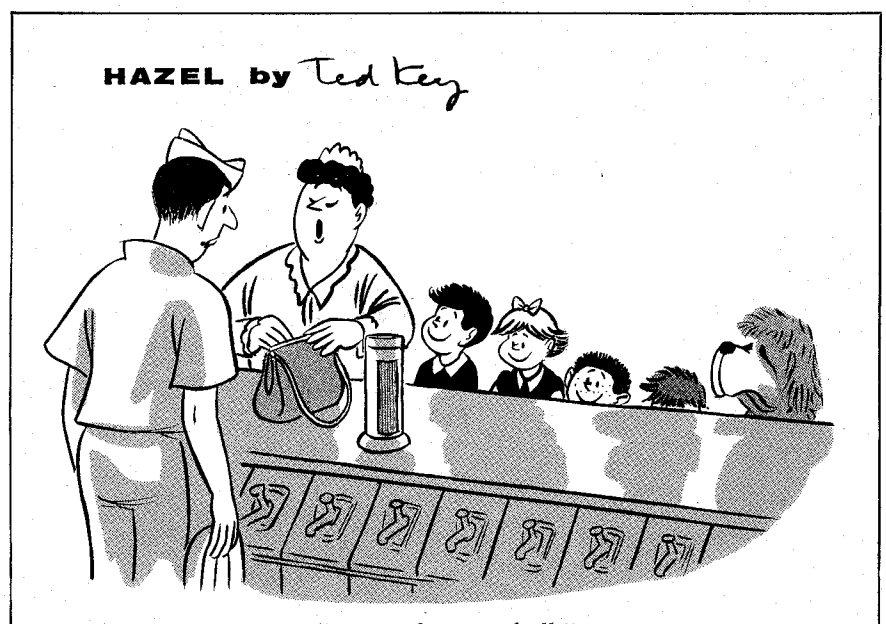
"Get it first, but get it right," says the motto of a great news agency. I got it right, but NBC with its flash on the cabinet change, got it first, and there went the bubbles out of *that* champagne.

To complete the story of this historic semi-anti-scoop, let me add that The New York Times, the newspaper of record chiefly consulted by historians, printed the account of my broadcast. I had said that the new Pétain cabinet would *not* mean continued resistance. The Times story, imperishable, on file for all posterity, had me saying that the new cabinet would *now* mean continued resistance.

Well, I had been overseas three years, long enough to prove the old saying that you can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy. I recrossed the Atlantic, and Timidity, Stupidity, Bad Luck and Bad Timing followed me like a school of sharks. I flew to Mexico City to cover the inaugural of President Camacho. Arriving at the American Embassy one night I found a fearful anti-Yankee riot going on, in protest against the visit of Vice President-elect Wallace. Wallace's entourage, including all other American reporters, was still miles away. What a gift!

I scribbled out a series of telegram "takes," handed them to my driver, Luiz—his card read INGLIS AESPINKING DRIVER—shooed him off to the telegraph office and relaxed with the embassy's best Scotch. I called New York the next day to be told that the riot was the headline story of the day—the other reporters having eventually reached the scene—and to be asked, "Why didn't you file it?" I never did learn the answer to that one. My Spanish and the torrent of INGLIS that Luiz spank to me didn't coincide closely enough.

Onward and upward. I did chores around Washington for a couple of years, covered the 1941 Army maneuvers—ignoring another reporter's advice to "go see a colonel at headquarters named Eisenhower"—and in 1943 flew off to China. The China experience, I claim, was strictly Bad Timing. It was a tremendous story—the bitter feud between Stilwell and Chiang and between Stilwell and Chennault; the fantastic inflation and the wastage of American war goods; the reeking corruption; the strength of the Communists; and particularly the incompetence and idleness of almost the entire Nationalist army. It was the complete reverse of the picture instilled in the minds of the American people by Madame Chiang and others. It amounted to a sensational shocker, but the truth had to come out if America was to be prepared for the almost inevitable collapse. I wrote my broadcast scripts and magazine articles in India, and took them back to Washington personally in a file sealed by General Stratemeyer. All of it was stopped, censored cold by the Department of State. A few months later, when Stilwell came home, the whole story erupted with a roar that was not stilled for years. I had timed it all wrong. No copybook maxim in journalism had ever warned me about being too *early* with a story.



". . . and a meatball."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Back to the war again, in North Africa and Italy. My genius for the anti-scoop remained unimpaired by past successes. Some Army boys and I lugged a mile of wire to the edge of Vesuvius' crater and made the first recording of that famous volcanic mountain in eruption. Message from New York two days later: "Sorry, static washed it out." Pure Bad Luck. Well, I had a *little* luck—an hour after we had left the crater's edge the section we had been standing on fell in.

Now, you will be thinking that somewhere the universal law of compensation would have to set in. And you are correct. Obviously, according to the laws of nature, a fellow who half kills himself in order to miss is going to fall into the rainbow's pot of gold someday when he's not even trying. Consider the case of the great breakout of American and British forces from the Anzio beachhead. That evening the following exchange of cables took place between New York and Italy. From CBS news director Paul White:

CONGRATULATIONS YOU DID IT AGAIN YOUR STORY UPJOINING SOUTHERN ETANZIO FORCES UPPICKED EVERY PRESS ASSOCIATION WIDELY FRONTPAGED STOP IF YOU MANAGE TO FIND ANYTHING SUFFICIENTLY POTABLE THEN BLOW YOURSELF BURDETT AND FOWLE LARGE EVENING OUR ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT LATER UNBLINKINGLY APPROVE EXPENSE ITEM AMID RESPECTFUL SILENCE.

From me to Paul White:

HOPE UNTOO MUCH PUBLICITY THIS BEAT WHICH DUE ENTIRELY DUMB LUCK HAVING BROADCASTING SPOT SCHEDULED MOMENT ANNOUNCEMENT RELEASED STOP MATTER FACT THEY FORGOT WAKE ME THIS MORNING EYE LAST REPORTER REACH SCENE JUNCTION TWO FORCES STOP ALL OTHERS AWARE MY BEAT NOW SAYING QUOTE WE SHOULD HAVE STOOD IN BED UNQUOTE.

Max Shulman's wise old father was clearly correct in his advice—"Git rich, sleep till noon." But habit won over intelligence again, and there I was, a few months later, working like mad on a ship, recording a sound history of soldiers approaching the invasion beaches of Southern France. As prearranged, a speedboat swirled up, the wire recordings were dropped to its deck, the speedboat sped off to a waiting seaplane which flew off to Rome, where the stuff would presumably be flown to New York. One of the greatest radio documentaries of the war, I figured, as I walked ashore in France. What a job Norman Corwin could do, writing the script for material like this! One year later, when the war was over the recordings arrived in New York. God and the United States Army know why; I don't.

Peace or war, Europe or America—it made no difference to Sevareid, the old reliable. True (black and) blue, that's me. Reassignment to peacetime Washington didn't break my stride for a minute. A civil servant in my morning car pool related, step by step, the weird story of a State Department fellow who was followed secretly by security agents for weeks and, when the dramatic arrest was made and his briefcase supposedly full of Russia-bound secrets was opened, the agents found his unfinshed Ph.D. thesis! I made careful notes on the story, went off to Rio on assignment, forgot about my notes and shortly thereafter Bert Andrews, of the Herald Tribune, won the Pulitzer prize for the same story, episode by episode.

Not that I favor the Herald Tribune particularly with my anti-scoops. In the fall of 1957, at the time Sputnik shook the country, I was told most of the findings in the still "secret" Gaither report. I related them, in two or three broadcasts. No reaction. Weeks later Chalmers Roberts of the Washington Post published the findings and won the Raymond Clapper Memorial Award. This couldn't have been Stupidity, Timidity or Bad Timing. It was Bad Luck, Grade A. It just so happened that on those two or three nights every one of the 175,000,000 people in the United States, in a kind of mass instinctive urge, like lemmings entering the sea, had turned off their radios and gone to bed early. There is only one other possible explanation—poltergeists short-circuited every one of the 149,000,000 radio sets in the United States on those nights. But I discount this theory. It would have got in the papers. I think some reporter would have uncovered it. I think he would have won the Pulitzer prize.

In the 1952 conventions I played 'way over my battered head. Late on the eve of the balloting, I heard a cryptic remark from an anti-Stassen Minnesota delegate and figured out that it could have only one meaning; so I grabbed a CBS Radio microphone on the floor and blurted out that after the first roll call, Minnesota would rise to change its vote from Stassen to Eisenhower and would thus shove the Eisenhower bandwagon to a one-ballot victory. I don't know why I always think of radio in a crisis; I might have known that most of the audience was following brother Cronkite on TV. I guess I'm the sort of sucker who is forever defending minorities.

Same thing in the Democratic convention that year. I borrowed part of Ed Murrow's radio program on the opening day to make the flat prediction that it was bound to be Stevenson. Predictions are not a reporter's proper business—and are outside CBS news policy—but I knew I was right and why. Murrow made the time for me, saying, "For a guy with your self-doubts, that fanatical look of yours impresses me—go ahead!" *Somebody* must have heard that show. I cling to the thought.

On the presidential election night, somebody somewhere must have had his radio on. But not the TV-radio critics; they never work past the hyphen. It was like this: I got into the CBS election studio early, that November night in 1952. At 7:10 P.M. I went on radio and said that Eisenhower had it in the bag. There was no mistaking even those early returns. At about 8:10 P.M. Ed Murrow walked into the studio. "It's all over, brother Ed," said I in a brotherly way. "Too soon, cousin Eric," said he, in a cousinly way. At about 8:45 P.M. brother Ed went on TV and said Eisenhower had it in the bag. The next day every TV-radio critic in the American newspapers—which for some reason were printed in bloodshot red that day—credited brother Ed with bringing the tidings of the Age of Ike.

So now you know the Story of My Life. My secret shame is out, along with that of ex-drunks, ex-addicts, ex-lechers and ex-movie stars, though they managed to expand theirs to book length.

I can write mine now because I, too, am an Ex. I am an ex-scoop artist. I have finally reformed and have found my true path. A mere snatch of conversation overheard has changed my life, like that of so many people you have read about in the Reader's Digest and in the works of Norman Vincent Peale.

A couple of reporters were arguing at the National Press Club bar as I was passing. One of them was saying, "Yes, but you have to admit that Lippmann is a great reporter in the sense that he is first with so many new ideas. He gets the 'intellectual scoops,' you might say—the 'think scoops.'"

The "think scoops!" At last I had hit upon my true métier. No more half-killing myself. No more frantic dashes to microphones and telegraph offices. Thinking! Why hadn't I thought of that before? That's what I'm doing now. No more Timidity, Bad Timing or Bad Luck. There is only Stupidity to get in my way.

My obstacles are three-fourths overcome, and nobody can expect everything. And what a fortunate coincidence that I do so much of my best thinking in the late morning, in bed. THE END

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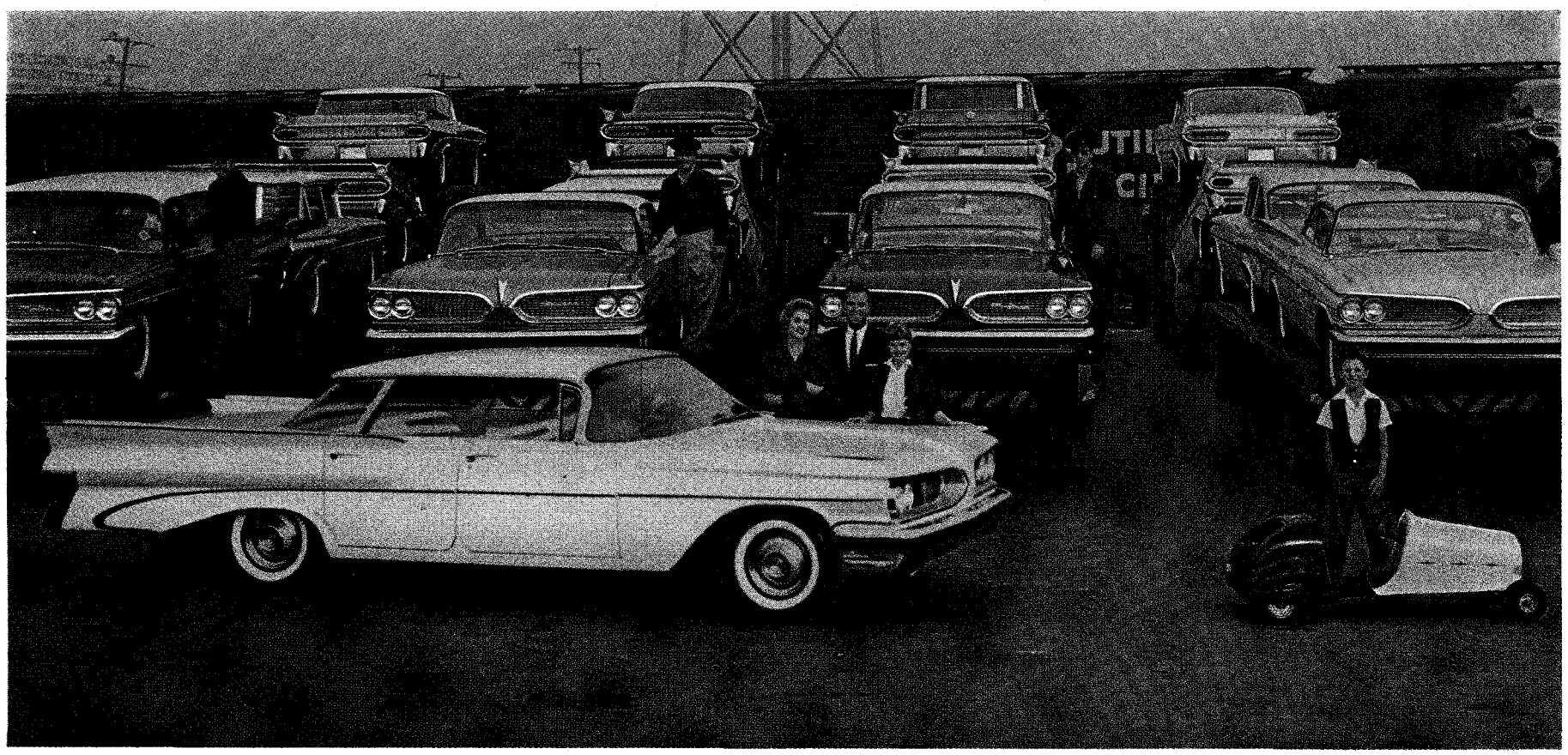

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32 New Pontiacs!
800 Vanguard Midget Automobiles
8,000 scale model Pontiac Kits
8,832 prizes
in General Mills $250,000 BIG 8 SWEEPSTAKES

General Mills

Look for the box with this bowl on the front.
"Better Breakfasts Begin With General Mills."

No jingles to write! . . . No boxtops to mail!

Win one of 32 spanking new Pontiacs—or one of 8800 other prizes—in General Mills Cereals' BIG 8 SWEEPSTAKES. Every one of your favorite ready-to-eat cereals—Wheaties, Cheerios, Trix, Kix, Jets, Hi-Pro, Cocoa Puffs and Betty Crocker Pick-A-Pack—has its own BIG 8 SWEEPSTAKES. Together, prizes total a quarter of a million dollars!

For BIG 8 SWEEPSTAKES rules, see specially marked "Sweepstakes" packages of all 8 cereals shown here, or write General Mills, Inc., Dept. 2, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota.

32 big Drawings—276 prizes in each.

32 1st Prizes—Glamorous, new 1959 Pontiacs . . . in 4 fabulous styles.

800 2nd Prizes—Gasoline-powered Vanguard Special Midget Automobiles . . . perfect for playing in your own yard . . . room for two youngsters, speeds up to 21 mph., fiberglass body, hand throttle and rear wheel brakes.

8000 3rd Prizes—Miniature Pontiac Customizing Car Kits . . . easy to assemble, easy to customize just the way you want. A perfect '59 Pontiac replica.

8 Drawings will be held on each of these dates:

*June 1 *June 22 *July 13 *August 10

Plus a special late-comers drawing for $1000 cash for all entries received, in all 8 sweepstakes, between August 10, 1959, and October 12, 1959.

After each drawing, all non-winning entries are saved and added to the entries for the next drawing. **So enter early, enter often!**

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The *only* car with Wide-Track Wheels for the most beautiful roadability you've ever known! Each prize Pontiac will be equipped with Hydra-Matic, radio and heater, whitewall tires, chrome wheel discs—and many other wonderful Pontiac accessories.

EACH CEREAL HAS ITS OWN SWEEPSTAKES . . . ENTER ALL EIGHT!

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KAYWOODIE

new Clarion shape
sets the style for spring

Our new Clarion shape adds a casual touch to your pipe wardrobe. A leisure look that means comfort. Comfort as you cradle the large bowl. Comfort as you puff the quarter-bent bit, balanced to make the bowl seem weightless.

And more than just good looking! The imported Kaywoodie briar smokes cool, sweet, dry. Cool because of the rare dense grain. Sweet because it's cut from the heart of the burl. Dry because the exclusive Drinkless Fitment condenses tars, screens irritants, traps moisture.

The Kaywoodie Cloverleaf is your guarantee of smoking pleasure.

See the new Clarion on the Shape-of-the-Month Display at your favorite pipe counter.
Available in:

Standard $5	Super Grain $6
Natural Burl $5	Relief Grain $7.50
"600" Syncro-Lok $6	Custom Grain $10

Gift Suggestions: Send 25¢ to Kaywoodie Pipes, New York 22, for colorful Catalog P12 showing Kaywoodie styles, $3.95 to $2,500.

KAYWOODIE BRIAR

KAYWOODIE
accents the male look

Keeping Posted

Brooding Newscaster

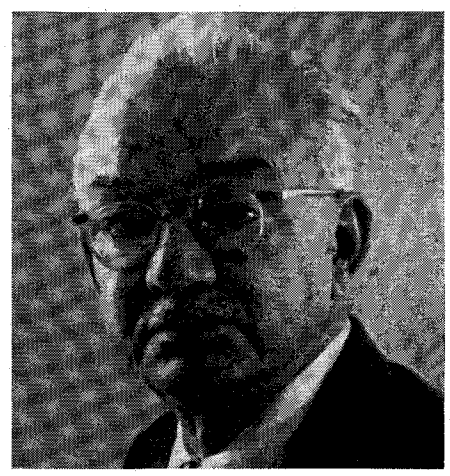
Eric Sevareid, chief Washington correspondent of CBS News, recalls that radio commentators have been defined as people who don't know what they think until they hear what they say. The definition, he feels, applies to his amusing page 31 article in which he describes some big news stories he has missed: "I didn't realize how many there were until I finished the piece, and I've been brooding ever since." Since the author's two sons are in college—Michael at Middlebury and Peter at Harvard—his home problems "are now reduced to a wife and a setter dog which finds quail for me to shoot at." His shooting resembles his manner of operating at big-story breaking: an easy shot he usually misses, but he has hit birds he could barely see through dense foliage; and last fall while rolling on the ground to avoid his sons' gunfire, he killed a quail at eighty feet. A letter received from Sevareid carries a startling pictorial letterhead showing him to be vice president in a friend's business firm called the Stearns Patent Horse Detacher. The company allegedly makes a remote-control clasp which releases a horse from the whippletree of a buggy just before crossing a railroad track if a train shows up. The buggy stops and the unimpeded horse gallops over the track in the nick of time.

Mary Agnes Thompson

Last year Keeping Posted referred to **Mary Agnes Thompson** as one of the most promising alumnae of the University of Oklahoma's creative-writing school, which has turned out a number of Post by-liners. In 1957–58 she sold the Post four stories; other magazines have carried her work, too, and one of her tales became the Elvis Presley movie, Loving You. Not long ago she motored east from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and with characteristic vivacity and enthusiasm discussed her future writing plans with Post editors. Her friends all knew that for a number of years she had been troubled with chronic asthma, but no one was prepared for the tragic news that, while undergoing a period of special treatment, she died suddenly on April seventh. Mary Agnes Thompson was forty-four.

Tales of the Authors

Flutist Betsey Smith and trumpeter Bill; there's music in their mother's story.



Norman Matson had a singing dog.

Regarding that picture of **Mary Chute Smith's** children, right after the flashlight went off, son Bill let go a blast on his trumpet—result: two nearby canaries didn't sing again for a month. The author's page 35 story can be traced to the fact that daughter Betsey, a tenth grader, is first flutist in the Syosset, New York, High School band and also in the orchestra, while Bill, grade six, is a torrid trumpeter in his own school band. "I admire schoolteachers," says Mrs. Smith, "and I'm proud that Betsey is planning to be one."

Speaking of singing, in what **Norman Matson** calls his smooth-dog story on page 38, a canine sings in a rather moany, off-key yet unmistakable way, "Here comes the bride!" Matson once had a wonderful dog which didn't sing that: "Her song was Juanita—I can hear her now moaning on an August dog day, 'Wah, wah, wahhh, neeta.'" Nor was his dog's name Louise as in the story. "That's absurd. It was Alice." Mr. and Mrs. Matson, whose son Peter is an associate editor of Pocket Books, live in midtown Manhattan. The author's first Post story ran in 1934 when his daughter Anna, now Mrs. Ivan Pluhar, was just learning to walk—which is what her youngest child is doing now.

Milton MacKaye says that while researching his article about Gov. Edmondson of Oklahoma (page 36) he learned about a political slogan that pleased him no end. D. A. Bryce, unsuccessful independent candidate for governor in last year's general election, is widely known by the nickname Jelly, and his campaign poster, which still survives on the wall of the State Capitol press room, exhorts: "Get out of the Jam with Jelly!"

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

The Untold Story of Little Rock, Arkansas

SEE PAGE 89

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